



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

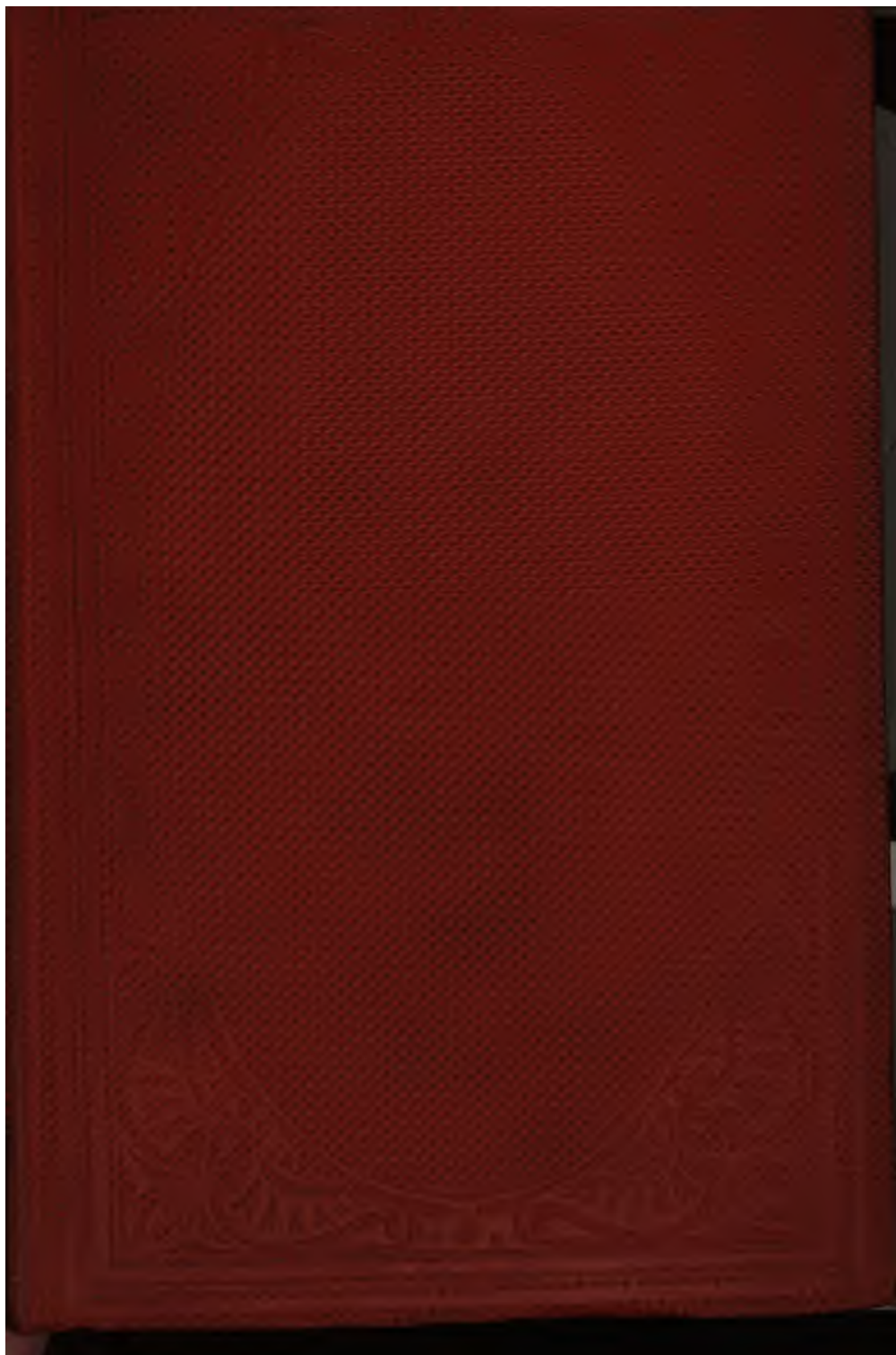
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

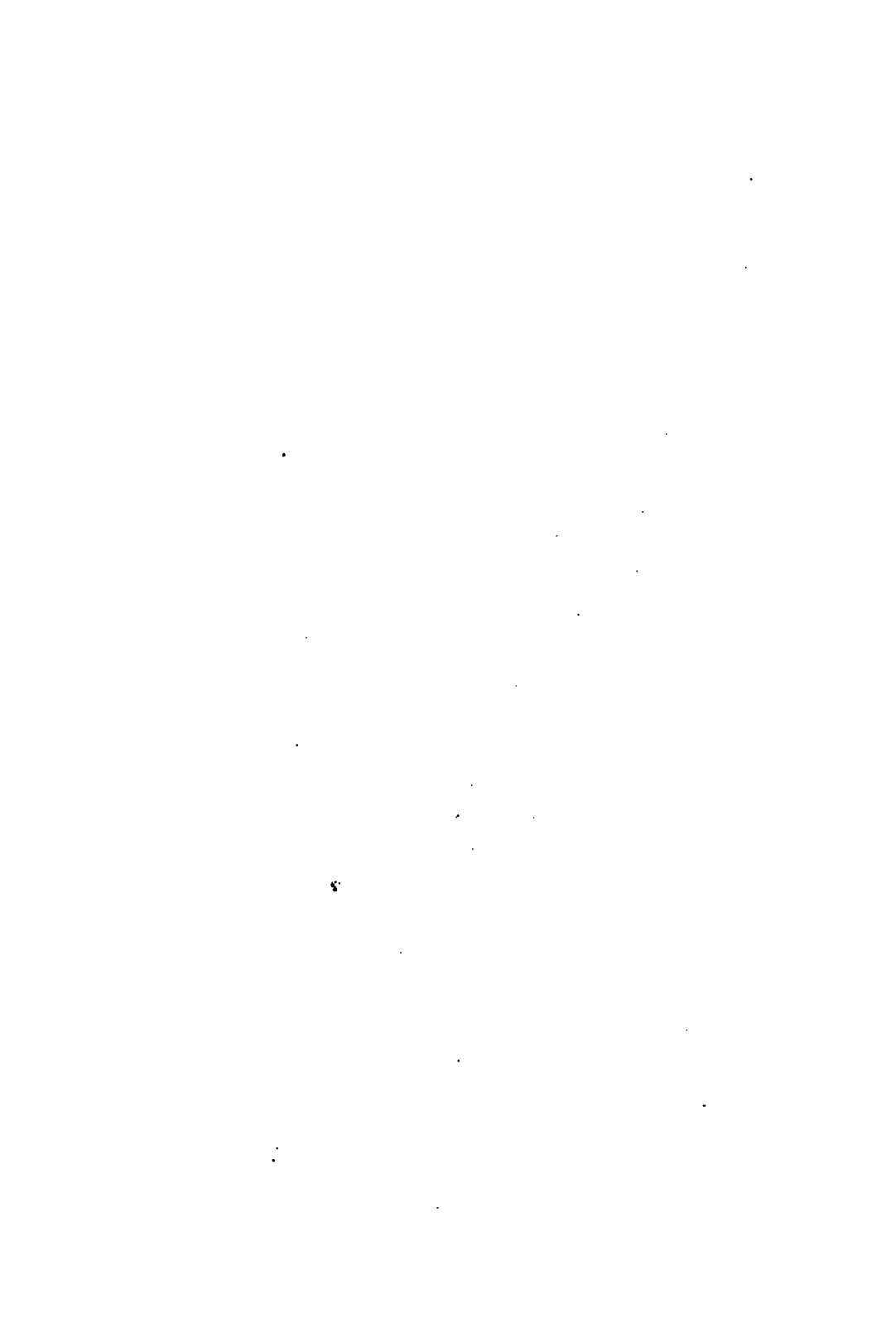
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600017006K





THE
ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY:

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE

IN THE
ROMAN STATES AND SARDINIA,
DURING A TEN YEARS' RESIDENCE.

By MRS. G. GRETTON.



VICTOR EMMANUEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,
1860.

The right of Translation is reserved.

203. b. 239.



CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.	PAGE
Conversazione continued—Match-making—The Codini opposed to travelling—Hopes of the liberals centred in Piedmont—Volumnia's pleasantries—Story of the young noble and his pasteboard soldiers	1
CHAPTER II.	
Unwillingness of the Italians to speak on serious topics—Indifference of the majority to literature—Reasons for discouraging the cultivation of female intellect—The Marchesa Gentilina relates her convent experiences—Admiration of English domestic life	16
CHAPTER III.	
On the study of music in the Marche—Neglect of painting—The young artist—His hopeless love—His jealousy—His subsequent struggles and constancy	35
CHAPTER IV.	
From Ancona to Umana—Moonlight view—The country-house—Indifference of the Anconitans to flowers and gardening—Ascent of the mount—Magnificent prospect at sunrise—Trappist convent	53

CHAPTER V.-VI.

- *The bishop's palace at Umana—Inroad of beggars—
The grotto of the slaves—The physician's political
remarks—Approach to Loretto—Bad reputation of
its inhabitants—Invitation from the Canonico . 69

CHAPTER VII.

- The Santa Casa—Pilgrims—The treasury—Exquisite
statues and bassi-rilievi—Chocolate at the Canon-
ico's—La Signora Placida—A survey of the house
—The rich vestments 88

CHAPTER VIII.

- Visit to the Carmelites at Jesi—Our joyous reception
—The casino and theatre—Infractions of convent
discipline—The dinner near the sacristy—In com-
pany with the friars we visit the nuns 107

CHAPTER IX.

- The writer's motives for not having dwelt minutely on
political or historical subjects—Antiquity of Ancona
—Its reputation under the Roman Empire—Its
celebrated resistance to the Emperor Frederic Bar-
barossa—Stratagem employed by its deliverers—
—Continues to be a free city till 1532, when it is
surprised by Gonzaga, General of Pope Clement
VII., and subjected to the Holy See—Flourishes
under Napoleon—Restoration of the Papacy—Ponti-
fical possessions—Explanation of the terms, Lega-
tions, and Romagna—Bologna conquered in 1506, by
Julius II., but retains a separate form of govern-
ment—Ferrara, Urbino, &c.—Dates of their annex-
ation 126

CHAPTER X.

- Injudicious policy of the Government at the Restora-
tion—Non-fulfilment of the *Motu proprio* of Pius
VII.—Disappointment of the pontifical subjects—
Inability of Cardinals Consalvi and Guerrieri to
contend against the narrow views of their colleagues
—Reasons of Austria's animosity against the former

CONTENTS.

V

PAGE

—Guerrieri's projected reforms bring about his fall
—The constitutional movement of 1820-21—Its effect in the Papal States—Abuse of Consalvi's instructions—Extreme political rigour under Leo XII.
—Distracted condition of the country—The *Sanfedisti* rising of 1831—First Austrian armed intervention in Romagna—Conferences at Rome—Mr. Seymour's protest—Fresh disturbances in the Legations—The Austrians again occupy Bologna—The French land at Ancona—The reign of Gregory XVI. 199

CHAPTER XI.

Accession of Pius IX.—The amnesty—His unbounded popularity—His reforms and concessions—Disasters entailed by the French Revolution—The encyclical of the 29th April—Revulsion of feeling—The Mazzinians gain ground—Austrian intrigues—Assassination of Count Rossi—The Pope's flight to Gaeta—Efforts of the Constitutionalists to bring about an accommodation—The republic is proclaimed in Rome—Excesses in Ancona and Senigallia—Moderation of the Bolognese—Their courageous resistance to General Wimpffen—Siege of Ancona—Extreme severities of the victors . . . 161

CHAPTER XII.

Rome subjugated by the French—Leniency of General Oudinot—Rigour of the Pope's Commissioners—Investigation into the opinions of Government *employés*—Disfavour of the constitutionalists—The Pope's edict and second amnesty—He returns to his capital, April, 1850—Bitter disappointment of the Romans—Count Cavour's appeal to the Congress of Paris on their behalf—The Papal progress in 1857—Public feeling at the opening of 1859—Excitement in the Pontifical States at the outbreak of the war—The Austrians evacuate Bologna—Establishment of a Provisional Government—The revolt spreads through the Legations—Ancona loses the favourable moment—Declares itself too late—Approach of the Swiss troops from Perugia and Pesaro—Capitulates to General Allegrini—Arbitrary pro-

	PAGE
ceedings of General Kalbermatten—The <i>Gonfaloniere</i> —His mendacious addresses to the Pope—Misery of Ancona—Contrast presented by the Legations	178

CHAPTER XIII.

The English community of Nice—A pleasant meeting—The Corniche road—The smallest sovereignty in the world—An oppressive right of the prince—Rumoured negotiation—Rencontre with pilgrims—An old Genoese villa—A Piedmontese dinner—The culture of lemon trees—Piedmontese newspapers—The towers of the peasantry—Cultivation of the olive and the fig-tree—Popular mode of fishing	204
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Excursion to Ventimiglia—The Duomo—Visit to a convent—La Madre Teresa—Convent life—A local Archaeologist—Cities of the coast—The presents of a savant—End of a pleasant visit	235
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

A glance at Turin in 1858—The progress of Sardinia—Exhibition of national industry—Productions of Piedmont—Appearance of the Piedmontese—Railway enterprise—Progress in machinery	255
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Turin in 1858—Partisans of the old régime—The Native Protestants—The conservative party—Their hostility to Cavour—Clerical intolerance—The fashionable promenade—Turinese characteristics—The Piedmontese dialect—A marriage in high life	270
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

The House of Savoy—Its warlike princes—The Green Count—Prostration of Piedmont—Persecution of the Vaudois—The Island of Sardinia—Genoa added to Piedmont—The constitution of 1848—War with Austria—Victor Emmanuel	299
--	-----

THE
ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

Conversazione continued—Match-making—The Codini opposed to travelling—Hopes of the liberals centred in Piedmont—Volunnia's pleasantries—Story of the young noble and his pasteboard soldiers.

MEANWHILE the representative of the knights-hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and the defenders of Rhodes and of Malta, did not seem at all to regard himself as an object of commiseration, but went on talking and laughing in the highest spirits, giving a rapid summary of all the recent Carnival gossip of Rome, and then asked, in his turn, the news of Macerata in the same gay, careless strain.

“So the Marchese Ridolfi has married
VOL. II. B

1

his *gobbina* daughter at last, I am told? It was no easy achievement, I should say. Who arranged the affair?"

"As for that, I do not exactly know," answered the timid old count, brightening up as he entered on a genial topic; for having disposed of his own daughters very advantageously some years before, he assumed an air of superiority whenever the subject was introduced, conscious that he was regarded with a sort of admiring envy by fathers still burdened with the care of settling theirs. "I do not exactly know," he repeated, rubbing his hands, "whether it was some *amico di casa* (family friend) or a matrimonial broker, who arranged the partito; but whoever did, it was clumsily done enough! The sposo, a Neapolitan baron, thought the *dote* very fair, and was tolerably satisfied with the portrait they sent him before he signed. Ridolfi, on his part, had no cause to complain of the information he received concerning the young man, his fortune, and so forth; and accordingly, near the end of Carnival, he arrived

for the celebration of the marriage. Then *corbezzoli!* there is a pretty piece of work! The baron perceives that one of the young lady's shoulders is much higher than the other, a fact the painter had omitted in her portrait—by the bye, it was only a medalion that was sent—merely the head, ha! ha!—and says, *tutto schietto*, just in two words, that unless a bag of three thousand additional dollars is produced, to give her form its required equipoise, he will go back to his own country as he came, and annul the contract! You should have seen the way Ridolfi was in. Nothing could bring him to reason for some time, and a lawsuit seemed inevitable. But then I and some others who had not been consulted before, came forward, and we mediated, and we talked. *Basta!* there was a compromise, and the wedding took place the last Tuesday of Carnival. I was really glad, for I had it upon my heart to get that poor girl married."

"I don't deny the sposo had some reason on his side," said the other Nestor of the

group, the Marchese Testaferrata. "But if Ridolfi had taken my advice, after what we heard of his vagabond dispositions—instead of thinking it a rather fine thing that his future son-in-law had been to Paris, and who knows where—he would have had nothing to say to the match. '*Senti, caro,*' I said to him, 'I have lived a few more years than you, and I never yet saw any good from wandering about the world. Let each man stay among his own people, where his fathers lived and died. What did for our parents, is surely good enough for us.' But he thought he knew better, *voveretto*; he would not listen to me, so I washed my hands of the business."

"What was he to do?" returned the other. "There was the girl to find a husband for, and he was obliged to adapt himself to what he could get. Besides, it is agreed that the sposi are to spend alternately six months with her family here, and six with his in Calabria."

I could not help mentally pitying the young couple when I heard of this arrange-

ment; but the next moment's reflection served to remind me that a *ménage tête-à-tête* between persons united under such circumstances could present nothing very inviting, and accordingly I withdrew my superfluous sympathy.

"And young Della Porta?" asked Checchino, "he has got into a lawsuit about something like Ridolfi's affair—has he not?"

"No; not precisely. It appears he employed a regular *sensale* (broker) to negotiate his marriage with a rich heiress of Ancona; and as she was really a capital match, and several other candidates were in the field, he promised him a large percentage—I do not recollect how much—upon the total amount of her fortune, should he succeed in arranging it. Everything went on smoothly, and the marriage took place; but somehow our good friend did not find it convenient to fulfil his agreement. So the broker cites him before the Tribunal, where Della Porta justifies himself by declaring it is through other channels that

success was obtained, and that the plaintiff's boasted influence *alone* would have been ineffectual. So they have gone regularly to law, and a fine affair they will make of it. To crown the whole, the father of the sposa is furious, for he finds the broker purposely deceived him about Della Porta's fortune : he is not half so well off as he gave him to understand. Ah, well, I can pity him, poor man : I pity all those who have daughters to marry."

"And I am sure I pity those who have married his daughters !" cried Checchino, as the door closed upon the two old gentlemen, who always went away together at the same hour, to the evident relief of the rest of the company. "And that old Testaferrata, too, with his still more ultra-codino theories. He ought certainly to have been a Chinese. I remember when his grandson wanted to visit the Great Exhibition of London. *Corpo di Bacco!* he might as well have requested leave to go to the infernal regions."

"Oh, as for that, I could tell you of scores of young men whose passports were

refused them by our most enlightened Government for that dangerous expedition."

"If I was to repeat that in England," I said, "I should either be accused of wilful exaggeration, or of being misled by party feeling."

"The signorina is right!" exclaimed the doctor. "It is easy to conceive that these miserable puerilities, these minutiae of despotism, are below the comprehension of a people who have never been denied either freedom of action or of speech."

"This condition of things cannot last, however," said the Conte Muzio, who, since the departure of the two codini, had become more animated; the presence of the old conte, so exulting over all those oppressed with matrimonial cares, always sensibly affecting him—so they afterwards told me—burdened as he was with five marriageable nieces, for whose sake he had long laid aside all projects for himself, devoting his little patrimony to augmenting his widowed sister's scanty resources. "No, no, it cannot last. From what my nephew writes

me from Turin, of the steadiness of the ministry amidst the attacks of the two extreme parties—the Retrogrades and Republicans—and their determination to uphold the constitution to the utmost, I augur better times for ourselves. Let it be but consolidated by a few more years, that precious constitution, the only reality left of the dreams and hopes, and alas! the excesses of a period so bright in its dawning, so dark in its close—let this be, and all of us, lifting up our drooping heads, looking to Piedmont as our example and regenerator, will yet find those beautiful words, ‘*Italia unita*,’ are no delusion.”

“Then he is as enthusiastic as ever with his adopted country, your nephew, *ehi*?” inquired Checchino. “He is quite a Piedmontese.”

“He is Italian, I hope,” said Muzio, quietly. “I look for the day when *that* will be the only designation of all born within the length and breadth of the fairest country in Europe.”

“You are an optimist, *caro*, as well as

the king of uncles. I hope we shall see him a general some day. Do you know, signorina," turning to me, "that this unparalleled Conte Muzio, to gratify his nephew's martial genius, took him to Turin, and has placed him in the military academy, where—— But who have we here at last? Signora Volunnia, I congratulate myself on seeing you so well. It appeared to me a thousand years till I saw you again!"

Volunnia received her cousin's greeting with great friendliness, reciprocating his compliments on the pleasure of meeting, but assured him her health was far from good, and announced that she purposed taking some cream of tartar the next morning as a *rinfriscante*, and would stay all day in bed. These particulars having elicited great sympathy from the assembled friends, she next playfully tapped the knight of Malta on the lower part of his waistcoat, remarking: "Ah, Checchino mio, cominci a metterti un po' di pancia," which, delicately translated, signifies, "You are growing rather corpulent;" a proceeding I could not help looking upon

as singular, especially after her strictures on English propriety.

Checchino, who evidently piqued himself upon his figure, bore the laugh this sally elicited with tolerably good grace, but revenged himself by telling Volunnia of the marriages of two or three young ladies in Rome whose mothers, he well knew, had been her contemporaries; and asked with tender interest after her sisters and their children, which last topic always irritated her extremely.

Then, when he thought her sufficiently punished, with the tact that is almost instinctive to an Italian, he brought back the conversation to the Conte Muzio's nephew, on whom the good uncle's hopes and affection were evidently centered.

"So he passed his examinations well on entering? That must have been a great consolation to you, after all the sacrifices you made, and the difficulties you had to overcome beforehand. Ah, it is a fine service, no doubt: the Piedmontese *are* soldiers!"

"My friend," said Muzio, "they are also sailors and engineers, and manufacturers and politicians—in a word, they are MEN. I would sooner my nephew had chosen another than the military profession: to some honourable employment I had always destined him; for I resolved at any cost to emancipate him from the life of caffès and theatres, which foreigners say is the sole aim of an Italian's existence, but that, more truly speaking, he is driven to by the peculiarities of his social position; and it would have suited better with our limited fortune had the boy made a different selection. But the bias was too strong: it would have been cruel to resist it."

"If he had not had you for his uncle," cried the marchesa, "he would have turned out a second Paolo Pagano with his toy-soldiers."

"Who is he?" I asked. "Is not Pagano the name of the old gentleman who went away with the Marchese Testaferrata?"

"*Per appunto*," she answered, "he is his father; but you do not hear so much of poor

Paolo, though he is more than thirty years old, as of the blessing of having disposed of all his daughters. He wanted to be a soldier too, but it was not to be thought of; so his military tendencies, denied their natural vent, have displayed themselves in a ludicrous form. For years he has been employed in the construction of thousands of little pasteboard figures, which he paints and equips with the utmost care, according to the uniform of different nations. To place these in line of battle, to repeat manœuvres he sees the Austrians practise while out exercising, to go through the routine of drill, parade, and bivouac, constitutes the occupation and enjoyment of his life."

"But you should see the order in which he keeps them," said Checchino: "the last time I was here, I got a sight of the army, all equipped for the winter campaign. You must know, it is believed that, being perplexed as to the means of providing for so large a body, he once appropriated the ample cloak of his uncle, a canon, and cut it up into wrappings for his soldiers!"

"We laugh at this," broke out the young doctor, rather fiercely; "but we have more need to weep at the reflections it calls up on the condition of our country, where it is impossible to gratify the yearning for military life so common to young men, unless by following the example of Conte Muzio, and, in addition to great personal sacrifice, incurring the suspicion and resentment of the Government—which there are few ready, like him, to brave. Here, in our States, to be a soldier is synonymous with disgrace! No career, except the church, is open to the patrician youth. And yet it is in presence of these abuses, this palsying idleness, that you find men of good faith, like Testa-ferrata and Pagano, whimpering after the good old times, which means, if possible, a greater state of slavery than the present, and anathematizing every prospect of reform!"

"*Carissimo dottore*," said Checchino, taking up his hat, "one must be just after all. Trees of liberty bearing bullets and poniards, do not tend to enlarge the understanding,

or give a taste for another season of such fruits and foliage. We laugh at Testaferrata, and those who think like him; but, upon my conscience, if you or I had been stabbed and shot at in the open daylight, as both he and Pagano were in Ancona in 1849, simply because it was known we did not coincide with the party which had got the uppermost (it was during the Pope's absence at Gaeta, and the short-lived republic at Rome, signorina), I don't imagine we should ever entertain very amiable sentiments towards the system whose advocates indulged in such questionable pleasantries."

"Those were exceptions, not the rule," cried the marchesa. "Who can be answerable for the excesses of a faction? It is not fair to bring up the assassinations of Ancona to the signorina."

"I am just—I am just," he answered, laughing; "it is but right to show the reverse of the medal. You were having it all your own way, if I had not put in a word on the other side. You have enough left to make out a very good case, my friends:

console yourselves with that. As for me, I do not expect to see better times, whatever our excellent Muzio may say to the contrary; so I do not kill myself with care, and endeavour to make the best of what we have, laugh and amuse myself, and keep out of politics.—*Signori miei*, good night.”

CHAPTER II.

Unwillingness of the Italians to speak on serious topics—Indifference of the majority to literature—Reasons for discouraging the cultivation of female intellect—The Marchesa Gentilina relates her convent experiences—Admiration of English domestic life.

ONE day so closely resembles another in the general course of existence in the provincial towns of Central and Southern Italy, that it would be difficult, with any regard to truth, to throw much more diversity into the description of twelve months than of twelve hours; the only variation of any importance being connected with the seasons when the Opera is open, for which the majority of the population retain the absorbing attachment that grave thinkers, like the good and enlightened Ganganelli, so far back as a century ago, lamented as the bane of the inhabitants of the Marche. On this, however, as on a

variety of other matters, his successors held different opinions from Clement XIV. ; and by their encouragement to the taste for theatrical performances, fostered the levity which that pontiff in his correspondence so much deplores—well content to see the eagerness, the interest, the hopes which in other countries men are *taught* it is more fitting to bestow on questions of science, politics, and religion, centre among their own subjects, on the *trilli* of a prima donna, or the legs of a *ballerina*.

That which, perhaps, out of a hundred other traits, most forcibly attracted my notice, as evincing the most striking contrast to English manners—for, be it remembered, I never set up for a cosmopolite, but, conscious of my inherent insularities, measure everything by the gauge of English opinion and English custom—was the complete absence, in their familiar conversation, of all allusion to a topic which, more or less, for better or for worse, is always a predominant one with us.

It was some time before I could assure

myself that the silence connected with religion, in all save its most material forms—such as just saying, “I am going to mass;” or, “How tiresome! to-morrow is a vigil, and we must eat *maigre*!”—did not arise from reserve at the presence of a heretic; but at length I was convinced that there was no design in this avoidance of themes which, in England, you can scarcely take up a magazine, or a fashionable novel, or pay a morning visit, or go twenty miles in a railway, without encountering. Instead of interweaving their conversation with phrases akin to those which, either from piety, or habit, or, alas! from cant, are so frequently upon the lips of English people, the Italians seemed anxious to put aside whatever tended to awaken such unpleasant considerations as the uncertainty of life or a preparation for eternity; casting all their cares in this last particular—when they considered it worth caring for—upon their priests, with a confidence it was marvellous to witness.

Never, certainly, judging them as a total-

ity, was there a set of people who "thought less about thinking, or felt less about feeling;" who went through life less troubled with self-questionings of what they lived for, or whether they lived well; or who, dissatisfied and listless as they might be in their present condition, manifested less inclination to dwell upon the hopes and prospects of futurity.

Yet, although thus opposed to any serious reference to sacred things, they resemble the French in the levity with which they will introduce them on the most unseasonable occasions, without any apparent consciousness of impropriety. Nay, there was thought to be nothing profane in a *tableau vivant* which I heard them talking of, as having recently taken place at the house of one of the noble ladies of the society; the subject—a Descent from the Cross, or the Entombment, I know not which—impersonated from an ancient picture. Suffice it to say, that our Saviour was represented by a remarkably handsome young student from Bologna, whose style of features and long brown hair

resembled the type which all painters have more or less followed in their pictures of Christ ; and that the Magdalen was the lady of the house, a Florentine contessa, whose Rubens-like colouring and billowy golden hair had first suggested her fitness to sustain a part for which her detractors, of course, added she was also in other respects well qualified.

The sentiments I expressed at this exhibition evidently caused surprise, as, in fact, was invariably the case at the manifestation of any religious tendency on my part. I think I have before mentioned that *Protestant* amongst these worthy people was but a polite term for Atheist ; as in the case of the Marchesa Silvia when I offered her one of our prayer-books, the superstitious shrink from being enlightened upon our tenets ; while to the unbelieving, they are a matter of profound indifference, respecting which they never dream of asking information. And under these two heads, with but rare exceptions, and a vast and increasing preponderance to the side of infidelity, it is no want

of charity to say that the population of the Pontifical States may be classified.

Second only to the avoidance of all serious subjects, that which most struck me was their complete indifference to literature, even in its simplest form. Unknown to them is the veneration we cherish for the popular authors of the day, our familiar reference to their works, our adoption of their sayings. During childhood they have no story-books to fill their minds with images which, converted into pleasant memories in advancing life, it is like letting sunshine upon the soul to muse over. Their ripening years see them with the same void; for, however it may be objected that a nation possessing Dante and Tasso, Filicaja and Alfieri, Monti and Leopardi, should never be taxed with the barrenness of its literature, I reply that I am here speaking of the requirements of the generality of the masses, for whose capacity such authors range too high. The only attempts to supply this deficiency which the present time has witnessed—or rather, it should be said, the jealous surveillance over

the press has permitted—have been half-a-dozen historical novels from the pens of Azeglio, Manzoni, Guerrazzi, and one or two others. But as yet the experiment has failed: you may say of the Italians as of a backward child, “They do not love their books!” Reading is looked upon as inseparable from study; as a monopoly in the hands of a gifted few; and the most hopeless part of the case is, that they are not sensible of their deficiency, nor lament the deprivation! Were scores of what we consider unexceptionable works for youth to be spread before Italian parents and preceptors—tales, travels, and biographies—they would not bid the rising generation fall to and read. “Let them alone,” they would say; “the boys must attend to their education: reading for mere amusement will distract their thoughts.” As for girls, the refusal would be still more decided, for they could be expected to gather only pernicious notions about seeing the world, or independence, or choosing for themselves in marriage, from the perusal!

I talked this over one day, not long before my return to Ancona, with the Marchesa Gentilina, who was sufficiently free from prejudice to listen quietly to some of my remarks, and sometimes even to acquiesce in their justice. But on this last point she was not amenable to my reasoning.

“It is all very well, *carina*; in England, I daresay, it may answer. But your women are of a different temperament, and society is differently constituted. As long as parents have the right, as with us, of disposing of their daughters in the manner they think best suited for their eventual benefit, the less they learn beforehand of the tender passion, the better. There are reforms enough wanted amongst our political abuses, without seeking to introduce innovations into private life. The whole system must be changed, or else girls had better be left in their present ignorance and simplicity.”

“But, marchesa ——! This from you, who are such an advocate for progress!”

“*Cosa volete?* I do not think the warm hearts of our daughters of the south could

read as phlegmatically as Englishwomen those tales in which love and courtship are ever, must ever, be predominant."

"And if they could thereby learn to form a more exalted idea of what we tax you Italians as regarding in too common-place a light? If they were led to look upon marriage less as a worldly transaction than as a solemn compact, not to be lightly entered into, but to be lovingly and faithfully observed?"

"If, if, my dear Utopist! If, instead of all these fine results, you gave them glimpses of a liberty and privileges they could never know, and so ended by making them miserable? Take my own case for an example. I was sixteen. I had never left the convent for nine years; I was always dressed in cotton prints, of the simplest make and description, and thick leather shoes, with great soles, that clattered as I walked along the mouldy old corridors, or ran about with the other pupils in the formal alleys of the garden, of which the four frowning walls had so long constituted our horizon. My

pursuits and acquirements had varied but little from what they were when I entered the convent; and to give you in one word the summary of the infantile guilelessness in which the *educande* were presumed to exist, I had never seen the reflection of my own face except by stealth, in a little bit of looking-glass, about the size of a visiting-card, which I had coaxed my old nurse to bring me in one of her visits, and that we smuggled through the grating of the *parlatojo* concealed between two slices of cake!

“I knew this was to go on till a *partito* was arranged for me, for my parents did not like it to be said they had an unmarried daughter at home upon their hands; besides, many men prefer a bride fresh from the seclusion of the convent, and in those days especially, this was the strict etiquette. I had seen my eldest sister discontented and fretting till she was nearly twenty, before the welcome *sposo* could be found, and I had no inclination to be incarcerated so long, though hope, and certain furtive glances at

my mirror, kept encouraging me to look for a speedier deliverance.

“ At last, one Easter Sunday—how well I remember it!—I was summoned to the parlatojo, and there, on the outer side of the grating, stood a group of my relations : my father and mother, my sister and her husband, and one or two of my aunts. I was so flurried at the sight of so many people, and so taken up with looking at the gay new Easter dresses of my visitors—my sister, I recollect, had an immense sort of high-crowned hat, with prodigious feathers, as was the fashion then, which excited my intense admiration and envy—that I had not time to bestow much notice upon a little dried-up old man who had come in with them, and who kept taking huge pinches of snuff and talking in a low tone with my father. My mother, on her side, was engaged in whispering to the Mother-Superior, and from her gestures, seemed in a very good humour ; while the rest of the party drew off my attention by cramming me with sweetmeats they had brought for my Easter present.

"The next day but one, I was again sent for, and, with downcast eyes, but a bounding heart, presented myself at the grating. There I found my mother, as before, in deep conversation with the Superior, who, on my bending to kiss her hand, according to custom, saluted me on both cheeks with an unusual demonstration of tenderness."

"'Well, Gentilina,' said my mother, 'I suppose you begin to wish to come out into the world a little?'

"I knew my mother so slightly, seldom seeing her more than once a month, that I stood in great awe of her; so I dropped a deep courtesy, and faltered, '*Si, signora*;' but I warrant you I understood it all, and already saw myself in a hat and feathers even more voluminous than my sister's!

"'The Madre Superiore does not give you a bad character, I am glad to find.'

"'*Ah davvero!*' was the commentary upon this, 'the contessina has always shown the happiest dispositions. At one time, indeed, I hoped, I fancied, that such rare virtues would have been consecrated to the glory of

our Blessed Lady, and the benefit of our order; but since the will of Heaven and of her parents call her from me, I can only pray that in the splendour and enjoyments that await her, she will not forget her who, for nine years, has filled a mother's place.' And at the conclusion of this harangue, I was again embraced with unspeakable fervour.

"In my impatience to hear more, I scarcely received these marks of affection with fitting humility; while forgetting all my lessons of deportment, I opened my eyes to their fullest extent, and fixed them on my mother.

"'Ha, ha! Gentilina,' she said, laughing, 'I see you guess something at last! Yes, my child, I will keep you no longer in suspense. Your father and I, ever since your sister's marriage, have never ceased endeavouring to find a suitable match for you. The task was difficult. You are young, very young, Gentilina; and we could not intrust our child to inexperienced hands. It was necessary that your husband should be of an age to counterbalance your extreme youth. On no other condition could we consent to

remove you from this so much earlier than your sister. But at last a sposo whom your parents, your family, the Madre Superiore herself, think most suitable, has been selected for you ; and ——’

“But I waited to hear no more. The glorious vista of theatres, jewels, carriages, diversions, which we all knew lay beyond those dreary convent-walls, suddenly disclosing itself before me, attainable through that cabalistic word matrimony, was too much for my remaining composure ; and clapping my hands wildly, I exclaimed, ‘*Mamma mia—mamma mia*, is it possible? Am I going to be married? Oh, what joy, what happiness!’ and then checking my transports, I said earnestly, ‘Tell me, mamma, shall I have as many fine dresses as Camilla?’

“I declare to you, signorina, that the name of my destined husband was but a secondary consideration ; and when they told me he was rich and noble—the same individual who had come to the grating on the previous Sunday to satisfy his curiosity

respecting me—I acquiesced without repugnance, ugly, shrivelled, aged as he was, in the selection of my parents. Knowing nothing of the world, having scarcely seen a man except our confessor, the convent gardener, and my father, I went to the altar eight days afterwards without a tear!—This sounds very horrible to you, I dare say,” she resumed, after a short pause, in which, notwithstanding her careless manner, I saw some painful memories had been awakened; “but let me ask you—had my head been filled with notions of fascinating youths, as handsome as my Alessandro when I first remember him kneeling at my feet, and saying, ‘Gentilina, I adore you!’—should I not have added a vast amount of misery to what, Heaven knows, was already in store for me—in resisting a fate which was inevitable, or whose only alternative would have been the cloister? No, no; since our domestic code is thus constituted, and as long as parents retain such arbitrary sway, let girls be left in happy ignorance that they have so much as a heart to give

away! If they are to be married, they will then not dream of any opposition; if, on the contrary, as in the case of my poor sister-in-law, a suitable match has not been attainable, why, they will not, like her, be full of romantic ideas gathered from their books: and so, instead of wearying their family with their blighted hopes, will take the veil, and retire contentedly to a convent, limiting their notions of happiness to standing high in the good graces of the father-confessor, or the preparation of confectionary and cakes."

"If I believed you to the letter, marchesa, you would have me conclude that all the women of the Roman States are, or should be, totally uncultivated."

"Before marriage, I meant, remember that! Afterwards, all is changed. A woman of intelligence soon gets wearied of the frivolities she has been brought up to prize so highly, and will eagerly seek to instruct her mind. Study will then be her greatest pastime and her greatest safeguard."

I knew she alluded to her own expe-

riences, but I could not forbear pressing the subject: "And for those who have no refined understanding to cultivate, no desire to study, and yet have learned too late they have a heart which they were not taught must be given with their hand—what safeguard is there for those, marchesa?"

"*Per Bacco!*" she cried, shrugging her shoulders, "that is the husband's affair; nobody else need meddle with it! You see, my dear," she added, laughing at my dissatisfied air, "we are a long way off from the state of things you would desire to bring us to; and if you would wish for any reformation in this as well as in any of our other abuses, you must request your friends the English ministers, next time we try to shake them off, not to lure us on by sympathy and approbation, and then abandon us to worse than our former condition."*

* The tone now assumed by the British Government relative to Italian affairs,—I mean since the liberal ministry came into office in the summer of 1859,—gives great delight to all who hold progressive opinions, and has regained England's prestige in the Peninsula.

Subsequently, I ascertained that the marchesa did not advance any more than the opinions generally held by her country-people upon this subject; although there seems a strange inconsistency in persons ever disposed to rail at the defects of their internal policy, upholding these *rococo* ideas, alleging in their justification that the impulsive Italian character in youth is unsuited to the liberty conceded at so early an age to Englishwomen.

A lady I conversed with upon this system, some time afterwards in Ancona—supposed to have had a liberal education, having been brought up in Northern Italy under her mother's roof—told me that, although she did not marry till twenty, she had not previously been allowed to peruse any work of fiction, excepting one after she was betrothed, and that was *Paul and Virginia*! For which restriction, it may be parenthetically remarked, she fully indemnified herself in the sequel, being of a studious turn, by devouring all the French novels she could lay her hands upon. I must add, however,

in fairness, that although they considered our national manners in respect to the training of young women ill adapted to themselves, they were all warm admirers of the virtue and harmony in married life which they believed to be the general characteristic of English people. *Un Matrimonio all' Inglese*, meant mutual fidelity, love, and devotion. In arriving at this conclusion, they were aided by an example of twenty years' standing constantly before their eyes: that of the English Consul at Ancona. From my uncle they judged that Englishmen make good fathers. Mr. * * * showed them what an English husband is like. His family lived retired in the country, and mixed but rarely in the society of the place; but they were sufficiently known and respected to be still quoted as an illustration of English wedded happiness.

CHAPTER III.

On the study of music in the Marche—Neglect of painting—The young artist—His hopeless love—His jealousy—His subsequent struggles and constancy.

I MUST now devote a little space to speak of the cultivation of the fine arts in the Marche; which, judging by the limited patronage and still scantier remuneration accorded to their professors, would seem to be considered by many as dangerous as reading to a maiden's peace of mind. Of late years, however, music enters much more frequently into the Italian programme of female education. Though not yet introduced into the native convents, it is taught at the Sacré Cœur at Loretto, and in many private families, happily as yet with more discrimination than in England—the absence of voice or ear being considered

insurmountable disqualifications. The art, especially in its vocal department, can boast, even in so remote a corner of Italy, of instructors superior to any procurable in England, except at those rates which some parents complacently mention as if to set a higher value on their daughters' acquirements. Blessings on the Italians in this respect, for they have no purse-pride! If you admire a lady's singing—and it is no rarity to hear streams of melody poured from those full rounded throats, such as would electrify a London drawing-room—some member of her family will not immediately inform you that she learned from the first masters at two guineas a lesson; that no expense was spared, and so forth. They do not understand John Bull's delight at framing all he does in rich gilding, and can enjoy the fine singing of their countrywomen, notwithstanding that, in Ancona at least, instruction from no mean professor was attainable at two *pauls* (tenpence) a lesson. .

The music-master who taught my cousins

was director of the opera, composed and understood music thoroughly, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to his profession: to these recommendations he added a very handsome exterior, great attention to his dress, gentlemanly and respectful bearing, and, nevertheless, gave twelve lessons, of an hour each, for a sum equivalent to ten shillings, and thought himself lucky too to get pupils at that rate!

Painting, the twin-sister of Music, does not enjoy the same amount of popularity. In a country, of which the churches and palaces teem with evidences of the estimation in which it was held scarcely two centuries ago, I saw only one instance, that of Volunnia's miniatures, where, even in its humblest branches, it was studied by one of the higher ranks. It is cast as a reproach upon the modern Italians that they can no longer furnish good painters; but the censure is more applicable to those who do not care to foster the talent so often doomed to languish in the ungenial atmosphere of poverty and neglect. The young artist,

whose only pupils in Ancona were those furnished by my uncle's family, had studied several years in Rome, Florence, and Venice, had distinguished himself in his academical career, was full of enthusiasm and feeling, and yet so little encouragement did he receive in his native city, that it was difficult for him to earn his bread. It is almost superfluous to add that he was as poor as any painter need be. He had one coat for all seasons; never ate but once a day, besides a cup of coffee at six in the morning, which he procured at a caffè, no fire being lighted so early at his mother's, where he lived; and had a starved, hungry look, like a lean greyhound, with large hollow eyes, and an attempt at an artistic beard. Poor fellow! his story presents so perfect an illustration of a new phase of Italian life, that I must not be considered too discursive if I fill this chapter with an account of it.

He had known my uncle's family for years, and considered himself under obligations to them, so that a little of the old Roman patron and client system was kept

up in their intercourse ; a respectful affection on his side, and a kindly interest in his welfare on theirs. His knowledge of art was really wonderful. As a boy, he had drawn his first inspirations from Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, and worshipped him almost as a divinity ; then ascending a step higher in *purista* principles, he devoted himself to the study of that branch of the Florentine school of which "Il Beato Angelico da Fiesole" is the chief ; and to hear him descant on his purity of outline and grace of composition, was in itself a lecture on design. A timely removal to Venice luckily saved him from the exaggerations into which all votaries of any peculiar style, however excellent in itself, must inevitably fall ; on which, in fact, he was fast verging, as two or three pictures he had in his possession, painted while the impressions of Florence were still predominant, of ashy-hued saints, with marble-like draperies, abundantly testified : and leaving his legitimate admiration for the Beato Angelico unsubdued, yet sent him back, at the con-

clusion of his studies, glowing with rapture for Titian and Paolo Veronese. From the great works of the former, he had made a number of sketches and spirited copies ; while he thought—as what young artist does not think ?—that he had discovered his peculiar secret of colouring, detailed to us as he held forth triumphantly upon his flesh-tints and *impasto*. In addition to all these artistic disquisitions, he used, while we were taking our lessons, to give us all the political news, or rather the whispers which were stealthily in circulation, and often repeated that ours was the only house in which it was safe to express an opinion.

Then he would tell us a great deal about the crying evils of his country, much to the purport of what I have already stated ; the ignorance of the women, the idleness of the nobles, the extortion and injustice of the Government, and the insolence of the Austrians who supported it—all being related in beautiful and poetic Italian ; for he spoke his own language with great refinement, although he did not spell it correctly.

And yet, notwithstanding these constant discussions and conversations, never was he known to pass the limits of difference tacitly laid down, never once to venture on the verge of familiarity : years of intercourse, resumed at intervals since his boyhood, made no difference. He never came to the house but as a teacher ; and at the end of each lesson, he always bowed with the same ceremonious respect, and backed out of the room with the same “servo umilissimo” as if he had been a mere stranger.

I wish I could detail some of the stories we heard from him—little romances in themselves, and admirably illustrative of the quick feelings and exaggerated sensibility of the Italian temperament, allowed more room for the development in the *mezzo cetto* than in the strict etiquette of the nobility. How a young cousin, becoming desperately in love with a young man she had only seen from an opposite window, pined rapidly away ; and on hearing he was already affianced, insisted on taking the veil in a convent of a very strict order : how his own

sister, a very beautiful girl, nearly broke her heart from the cruelty exercised by her mother-in-law, who tried to sow discord between her and her husband, opened all the letters she received from her parents, took away all her best clothes, and distributed them among her own daughters—in fact, behaved like a *suocera* in all the acceptation of the term. But nothing interested us so much as his own history, in which he at last made us the recipients of the misery and uncertainty that were destined to be inseparable from his existence.

We had observed that for some weeks he looked more than ordinarily woe-begone, scarcely spoke, and his unbrushed hair stood erect with an air of distraction it was pitiable to witness. The usual inquiries about England, the lectures upon art, the pæans to Raphael, were all at an end, and our lessons were becoming very stupid, commonplace affairs, when, one day, as he was cutting a crayon, he suddenly laid it down, and said, falteringly: “Signorine, will you excuse my temerity, if, knowing all your

benevolent interest in me, I tell you what makes me so ill. I have fallen in love."

"Indeed!" we exclaimed; "tell us all about it. Where is the lady?—how long has it been going on?—when will the *sposalizio* take place?"

"Alas!" he replied, "what can I say? I have never spoken to her; it is two months since I first saw her; it was one evening outside the gates: she was with her mother. I beheld that modest ingenuous face, and my fate was decided. Miserable was I born, miserable have I always been, but never so miserable as now."

"Wherefore?" I inquired, with a perplexed expression.

"Because I have no means of maintaining her—not even a few hundred dollars of my own: therefore it is of no use attempting to make the acquaintance of her family, or presenting myself as a suitor. O signorine! I have suffered so long, my secret was wearing me to the grave."

"But you have an *avvenire*—a future, at least," said my cousin Lucy, who, under all

her sedateness, was rather of an enthusiastic turn.

“Ah!” answered he, shaking his head, “that is easy to say for you English: we poor Italians have no future; we never can rise; we are but fools to dream of it.”

“Then do you not mean even to try to improve your fortunes, so as one day to be able to marry?”

“Heaven knows whether I do not try,” was the rueful response; “but the days for art in Italy are gone by. You are witness, ladies, to the patronage accorded to me here. What have I to look back upon since I established myself in Ancona? One or two commissions from convents for the apotheosis of some new saint—a few portraits—at such rare intervals, and on such hard terms, that I verily believe, if I were a house-painter, I should succeed better than with my aspirations to be an historical one.”

“Yet, why despair?” I persisted; “why not obtain an introduction to the family of the fair *incognita*, explain your views, and if they hold out any hopes of your ultimately

being accepted, you will work away with redoubled energy. You might go and paint signs in California." (That was all the rage just then.)

"The signorina is laughing at me, I see ; but it would not be right according to our ideas. *She* had better know nothing of me ; her peace of mind might be disturbed. Those friends whom I have consulted, tell me I ought even to avoid passing her when she is out walking, or going to look at her at mass. Her character is evidently so full of sensibility that it would be easy to destroy her happiness."

"How can you be so sure of all this, if you have never spoken to her ?"

"I see it all perfectly in her face," he answered, with a determined belief in his own powers of observation, which no ridicule or reasoning could shake. His romantic passion amused us all excessively, and as he evidently liked to talk of it, the disclosure having been once made, we were in future kept fully informed of all his tortures, fears, and despondency ; but fancied that an attach-

ment, hopeless and baseless as this, could not be of long duration. Contrary, however, to what we anticipated, he became more and more in love; he looked every day thinner, his hair more wiry, his eyes unnaturally brilliant and deeper sunk.

One morning—a real wintry morning, one of the few we ever saw—he came in, livid and trembling, with a wildness in his appearance that was startling. He did not leave his hat in the hall, as was his custom, but entered with it in his hand, and making a few steps forward, paused abruptly, and said in a hoarse voice :

“The signorine will excuse me if I pray them to dispense me from my attendance for a few days. I am going into the country—yes, into the country!”

When an Italian goes into the country at such a season of the year, he must be in a desperate plight, and we anxiously demanded the reason of this rash step.

“Signorine, I am mad—I am jealous! Yesterday, I was looking up furtively at her window; another man was standing in

the street near me; I fancied I had seen him there before: still a suspicion never crossed my brain, when the window opened, and she looked out. Never had she deigned to do this for me. As I live, her eyes rested upon him! All the furies seized me; I rushed to the house of my friend, my best friend, the Avvocato D——. I raved, I tore my hair, I imprecated curses upon her. He took me by the arm. ‘To-morrow, you must go into the country,’ he said; ‘I will accompany you.’ Yes, signorine, with twelve inches of snow upon the ground, I go into the country!”

And into the country he went, and from the country he returned in two or three weeks’ time, unrecovered; although convinced that his jealousy was groundless, the national specific had failed in this case. Then I fear we did him harm, for on the “nothing venture, nothing have” principle, we counselled him to embody his hopes, prospects, and honest determinations in a letter to be submitted to the young lady’s family, belonging, like his own, to the middle

classes, though more affluent in their circumstances.

Taking an injudicious *mezzo termine*, he humbly presented this epistle to the fair Dulcinea herself, as she was coming one day out of church under the care of some aunt or elderly female relation.

Haughtily flinging it on the ground, the damsel indignantly said, "I do not know how to read letters of this description," and passed on. Her virtue and discretion increased his admiration, while the repulse almost broke his heart. He never made any further attempt to press his suit, but moped and pined away perceptibly ; in fact, he was dying of mortification and grief—so common an occurrence in this part of Italy, that they have a distinct name for the affection, and call it *passione*.

At this juncture, some friends of his, who had emigrated to Tunis in the recent troubles of Italy, wrote to recommend his joining them there ; and urged on by the representations of all who were interested in his welfare—his desperate condition

sanctioning so desperate a step as foreign travel was usually looked upon—encouraged especially by ourselves, with our restless, enterprising British notions, he embarked in a small trading-vessel, almost reduced to a skeleton.

Months, nay, years have passed since then, and it seemed as if all clue to the poor young painter were completely lost, when, by a strange coincidence, I received a letter from him at the very moment when the ink was still wet upon the page where I had been relating his ill-starred attachment. I wish I could transcribe the whole of this letter—I wish it could be laid tangibly before my readers—so clumsily, squarely folded, with its coarse red seal, stamped with some copper coin very probably, its stiff handwriting and deficient orthography; and its contents, so simple, so poetical, so unassuming, of which a few extracts, to give the continuation of his vicissitudes, can furnish but a very imperfect idea.

After relating the failure of the hopes

VOL. II. E

- with which he had landed at Tunis, he says that, resolved to leave no path that might lead to independence unexplored, he even set his beloved art comparatively aside, and had betaken himself to whatever honest employment he might find. Entering the service of the Pacha of Tripoli, he had been sent as a mineralogist—"for amongst the Turks," he naïvely remarks, "one may do anything—far into the interior, amongst men and manners completely different from our own, to explore a mine reported to be of silver, but which, with my usual ill-luck, turned out of very inferior iron." Then, encouraged by the Pacha's promises, he accompanied him to Constantinople, where, finding to his cost that he must put no faith in princes, he turned to his painting again. But the city was swarming with Italian refugees, artists among the rest, all contending for the bare means of subsistence; so, after a few months of painful struggles, he went back to Africa, and entered into some trading speculations. Neither in this new career was he suc-

cessful. Perhaps he worked with a sinking heart, for the tidings reached him that the young girl so faithfully loved was about to be married; and "what imbibtered this announcement, was learning that the character of her future husband offered but slender prospects for her happiness." His little ventures failed; his resources were exhausted; and he was under the necessity of returning to his native country. There he found strange reverses had suddenly befallen her whom he had schooled himself to look upon as irrevocably lost. Her parents were both dead; the marriage had been broken off; and from comparative affluence, she was so reduced as, jointly with a widowed sister, to have opened a day-school for little girls.

"I saw her then," he goes on, "under the pressure of sorrow. I found her in the words of Petrarch, *più bella, ma meno altera*; and yet, even at that moment, my cruel destiny prevented me from saying, 'I am here to comfort and sustain you!'"

Once more he went forth, hoping against

hope, with the aim of establishing himself as a portrait-painter and drawing-master at —, on the shores of the Mediterranean, whither many English families annually resort; and the object of his letter was modestly and unaffectedly to request that if I knew any of my country-people intending to winter there, I would recommend him to their notice.

I felt very sad to perceive how he over-rated the *signorina forestiera's* influence, and the extent of her acquaintance; or else in his simplicity imagining that to be English is synonymous with belonging to a vast brotherhood, giving and demanding the hand of fellowship on every side. I wish it were thus in this instance at least, for the first use I should make of this blissful state of fraternity, would be to claim patronage and encouragement for the poor artist, whose history then could soon be pleasantly wound up like orthodox story-books, in these words, "and so they were married, and lived very happily all the rest of their days."

CHAPTER IV.

From Ancona to Umana—Moonlight view—The country-house—Indifference of the Anconitans to flowers and gardening—Ascent of the mount—Magnificent prospect at sunrise—Trappist convent.

THE famous *Santa Casa*, or Holy House of Loretto, has long been recognized as the principal attraction of the Marche; indeed, it is so well known to tourists, that I should have left my excursion thither unrecorded, had not this omission rendered my picture of local manners and customs incomplete. Little as the Anconitans are given to locomotion, I never met an instance of one who had not visited the shrine at least once in his or her life, whilst a few make it a point of conscience to repair thither every year. The distance from Ancona, by the high-road, is twenty miles—a journey of five hours, in

that country of steep hills and slow coaches ; but travellers are generally disposed to overlook the tedium of the way in their admiration of the scenery it discloses. Few, however, have any conception of the still more picturesque features of the circuitous route through which, one lovely evening in June, we pursued our pilgrimage to Loretto.

There was nothing very original or brilliant in our party. The V—— family—the same with whom we went to the rural christening—joined the expedition, too adventurous for any of our Italian friends ; the consul, the Chevalier V——, this time escorting his wife and lively Polish daughters, very proud, as he protested, of the charge my uncle had delegated to him as his representative towards my cousins and unworthy self. He was a good man, that dear chevalier, in every acceptation of the term, but his sphere was certainly not a scrambling gipsying enterprise, such as we contemplated, and his presence would have proved hopelessly depressing, had it not been for the antidote furnished by the indomitable spirits

of a lieutenant and two little midshipmen belonging to an English frigate lying in the harbour, who had obtained permission to accompany us. The fair hair and ruddy cheeks of the middies, reminding Madame V—— of her own absent boys, had pleaded irresistibly in their favour; their extreme juvenility too, she argued, screened her from any breach of the *convenances* she was always so solicitous to maintain. As to the young lieutenant, he was a married man, carried about his baby's likeness in a locket, and spent fabulous sums in presents for his wife. No anxiety could therefore be felt on his score, no dread of exciting the remonstrance of a certain black-browed parish priest, who, I very well know, left the poor lady no peace on the impropriety of throwing her daughters into the temptations of English male heretical society.

It had been arranged that we should walk the first five miles of the way, with the exception of the *consolessa*, who was provided with a donkey, as far as an unoccupied country-house, or *casino*, kindly placed at our

disposal by its owners; thence, after needful rest and refreshment, we were to ascend the Monte d'Ancona, a lofty mountain, famed for a Trappist convent on its summit, and a magnificent range of prospect. To reach the top before daybreak, in order to see the sun rise, was an essential feature in our programme; it was the only subject connected with nature on which the Anconitans ever showed any enthusiasm. Several of our acquaintances had, in their youth, they told us, braved the exertion and loss of rest to witness the *levata del sole* from the mount. Others regretted they had not the energy to attempt it. None ridiculed our undertaking. I felt very curious to behold what awoke such unusual admiration.

We were all in a cheerful mood, and not a little diverted, as we passed through the narrow streets on our way to the gate, at the astonishment excited by the appearance of Madame V—— on a very antiquated chair-saddle, upon her long-eared steed. The people flocked to look at her with unrestrained curiosity, till the consul turned

suddenly round, and apostrophizing the gazers, inquired sternly whether they considered the foreign custom of riding upon an ass more wonderful than their own of being driven by a cow. The justness of this reasoning, or rather the energy with which it was enunciated, having produced an instantaneous effect in the dispersion of the crowd, we were suffered to proceed unmolested, followed by a second donkey laden with provisions.

Our route, immediately after quitting the town, lay near the cliffs forming the line of coast behind the promontory on which Ancona is built, in singular contrast to the sandy beach extending northward towards Sinigaglia and Pesaro. Sometimes the road quite skirted the edge of the precipice, and deviating from the undulations of the cliffs, would change the marine to a pastoral landscape, and lead to paths shaded by trees and flowering hedges, admitting occasional glimpses of mountains in the distance.

For the next two or three miles, our course lay entirely between hedges, screening the

possessioni, or small farms, into which the land is subdivided, from the road. It was rapidly growing dark; for it must not be forgotten there is no twilight in Italy, and the moon was not yet visible; so we had nothing to do but admire the fireflies which the midshipmen ruthlessly persisted in ensnaring in their caps and handkerchiefs, or laugh at the efforts of *l'officier marié*, as our friends had named the young lieutenant, to sustain a conversation in French. No fear of robbers crossed our minds; the consul and our countrymen were armed, it is true, but more as a security against danger in the vicinity of Loretto, than in the unfrequented districts we were traversing, where there were no travellers or wealthy householders to attract the gangs which swarmed on the papal highways.

At last, after the consul's lamentations on the weariness of the way had begun to find an echo in our own hearts, we emerged from a narrow path, shut in by steep banks, upon the casino. But it was not on its open doors, or the hospitable lights kindling for our re-

ception, that our eyes were turned. I do not remember being ever so enchanted by any view as that now presented to us. I know not whether daylight would rob it of any portion of its beauty and soothing influence; I can only speak of it as it impressed me then—so calm, so pure, so still. We were standing on the verge of a lofty cliff that stretched precipitously forward like a crescent, and formed a bay on whose waters the moon, which had just risen, poured a flood of trembling silvery light; while, on one side, dark, ominous, and frowning, rose the mount, projecting far into the sea, and towering in its sullen grandeur above the rippling waves which bore their snowy wreaths of foam in tribute to its feet. Clear and defined against the moonlit sky, with no trees or verdure to clothe its rocky steeps, there was something inexpressibly sublime in the aspect of this mountain, and the lonely character of the surrounding scenery. No sound invaded the perfect quietude of the hour except the reverential murmur of the sea, and faintly in the distance,

the voices of some fishermen, whose barks were gliding forth, their sails filling with the evening breeze, and glistening in the moonbeams.

The preparations for supper were soon completed. The peasants left in charge of the house had eggs and fruit and wine in readiness, and Madame V—— had taken care that our donkey's panniers should contain all the substantial requisites for a repast. The midshipmen delightedly superintended the laying of the cloth, and then summoned us to table, where their bibations of the sparkling Muscatel, profusely supplied, did credit to the excellence of our friend the conte's vintage.

When the meal was over, the old *contadina*, who officiated as housekeeper, her Sunday costume and strings of pearls donned in honour of our visit, recommended us to take a little sleep before midnight, at which hour we were to set out for the mount in *birocci*—those primitive-shaped carts drawn by oxen or cows, that I have elsewhere minutely described. This reasonable advice the con-

sul forthwith enforced by example as well as precept, and was soon slumbering sonorously on a sofa in the dining-room. Not feeling inclined to follow his admonitions while the moonlight shone almost as bright as day, we all preferred exploring the casino and strolling in its vicinity, accompanied by the dear patient *consolessa*, who evidently did not think the *convenances* permitted her to lose sight of us, and consequently protested that she was not in the least fatigued.

The house was soon looked over. No arm-chairs, no couches, no ottomans; nothing but stiff high-backed cane sofas, that seemed intended for anything but repose. There was a billiard-room, and a little chapel, or rather recess, divided by a pair of folding-doors from the principal sitting-room, where mass was celebrated when the family were in the country: but we could discover no books or traces of aught resembling a library. In fact, as I have before remarked, as most Italians consider reading *a study*, and have no idea of it as a recreation, all appliances thereto are generally left behind when they

come professedly in search of health and mental relaxation to their *vileggiature*. From six weeks to two months is the utmost amount of time they devote for this purpose. What with looking after their farms and a little shooting, the men get through this period with tolerable satisfaction; to the ladies, it is always fraught with intense *ennui*.

The resources of floriculture, with rare exceptions, are unknown to the women of the Marche. There was one lady of rank in Ancona who had laid out a garden at one of her country-houses with considerable taste. It was the only innovation I witnessed upon the orthodox quadrangular enclosure, fenced in by high walls with espaliers of lemons, and little three-cornered flower-beds, intersected by gravel-paths, which graced a few of the *casini* of the wealthiest proprietors. Her example, however, found no imitators; and with a soil and climate exquisitely adapted for their cultivation, flowers receive less attention and seem less prized in the Roman States

than in any other part of Italy. Here, in this secluded villa, where the interest and occupation attendant on such a pursuit would have beguiled the weariness of the contessa's banishment from the fleas, bad smells, and stifling atmosphere which render Ancona, during the hottest months, a somewhat questionable Elysium, a small wood adjoining the house, a few rose-bushes planted round cabbages, and two or three cobwebby arbours, were all the evidences of ornamental gardening we could trace.

About midnight, we heard the slow dragging of wheels, and presently the peasants of the *possessione* came up with two *birocci* to the gate. Mattresses were then placed at the bottom of each, on which we were to sit; and after Madame V—— had carefully arranged the cloaks and shawls her prudent care foresaw would ere long be necessary, we took our places, and in good earnest commenced the ascent. With a singular defiance of all engineering, it was carried abruptly up to the tops of hills, merely to descend with corresponding rapidity on the

other side, reminding me more of the Russian sliding mountains than any other illustration I can think of, and occasionally becoming so disagreeably perpendicular, and so distressing to the poor cows, which panted loudly at every step, that we often preferred getting out to walk, to overtasking their strength and risking our own safety.

When the moon went down, the air became chill, and all of us gave tokens of weariness. As it approached three o'clock, our conductors, pointing to a faint break in the horizon, urged us to hasten our steps, as day would soon be dawning. Thus admonished, a few minutes of brisk walking brought us to the top of the mountain, which, so far as we could distinguish in the dull greyness pervading every object, was an irregular platform, on three sides overhanging the sea, and on the fourth commanding a wide, dark, boundless expanse, on which the blackness of night still rested. A little lower down, in a sheltered hollow, amid dusky groves of evergreen, cold, stern,

and desolate, rose the white walls of the celebrated Trappist monastery. The strange tales current of the austerities of its inmates, and of the disappointment or remorse which had driven them to its seclusion, seemed appropriate to the surrounding gloom and the spectral aspect of the building, when the tones of the matin-bell broke the oppressive silence that prevailed, and the *Ave Maria del giorno* summoned the monks to their orisons in the choir. Our guides, reverently uncovering, made the sign of the cross, and then flung themselves wearily upon the ground, screened by a low parapet from the wind, which circled in keen gusts around ; while we looked forth upon the sea, and the glowing light that was stealing fast upon it.

Brighter and brighter grows that radiance, until, as by the lifting of a veil, the distant peaks of the mountains on the opposite Dalmatian shores become distinctly visible, thrown into bold relief by the illuminated background, and we span the breadth and borders of the beauteous Adri-

atic. Fleeting as a dream is that unwonted spectacle, for lo! the glorious sun has leaped upwards from his mountain-bed, and the glad waters quiver and exult beneath his presence. Higher and higher still he rises, and Night flies scared before him, as if seeking a refuge in that vague dim space where yet she holds her sway. It is a wondrous contrast, the golden sparkling sea and sable land, nature's mingled waking and repose—but short-lived as wondrous, for like the gradual uprolling of a scroll, so does the darkness recede which covers the face of the fair and wide-spread prospect; and hamlets and towns, hills and valleys, fields thick with corn, olive trees and vineyards, seem to start into being while we gaze.

The peasants pointed out exultingly a number of towns distinguishable with the naked eye—Osimo, Loretto, Recanati, Macerata, besides many others, all with an individual history of their own, in feudal times having boasted of an independent existence, and waged petty wars with each

other. Nearly a hundred towns and villages are said to be discernible from this height; but it was not on any of these in particular that the attention of a stranger would be admiringly directed, but rather to the grand panoramic effect of the whole, bounded by its unrivalled background of Apennines, rising in terrace-like succession, till the last range blended with the clouds.

After nearly an hour's survey—it was much longer according to the chevalier's impatient calculation, in which he was abetted by the midshipmen—we prepared to depart. After bidding farewell to our *birocci*, we descended upon the opposite side of the mount on foot, accompanied only by a boy to act as guide; not without casting many lingering looks at the convent, and longing for a glimpse of those white-robed monks who—each isolated in his own cell, and occupied in the cultivation of the patch of ground whence he derives his subsistence—holding no communion of speech without the permission of the superior, except on three great festivals in the year, and never

permitted to go beyond the walls of the convent,—have voluntarily delivered themselves to a foretaste of the silence and confinement of the tomb.

CHAPTER V.-VI.

The bishop's palace at Umana—Inroad of beggars—
The grotto of the slaves—The physician's political
remarks—Approach to Loretto—Bad reputation
of its inhabitants—Invitation from the Canonico.

AN hour's quick walking brought us to Umana, where carriages were to be in readiness to convey us across the country to Loretto. Formerly of some importance as an episcopal see, Umana is now reduced to a mere harbour for fishing-boats ; still, however, containing some handsome though half-ruined buildings, and having its grass-grown piazza, dingy *caffè*, and aristocratic loungers. The bishopric has been merged into that of Ancona, but the palace yet remains, in readiness for an occasional pastoral visitation. We had been courteously promised we should find it open for our recep-

tion ; and dusty, tired, and hungry, we were glad to cross its threshold. But before allowing us to sit down, the old couple who had charge of the palazzo insisted on conducting us through all the apartments, that we might see the best accommodation they had to offer was placed at our disposal. Accordingly, we were forced to perambulate long corridors and innumerable rooms full of doors, opening one into the other, through which it seemed vain to search for one that was not simply a passage to the rest. The brick floors were sunken and uneven ; and the furniture, which consisted of tarnished mirrors, high-backed stamped-leather chairs, carved worm-eaten tables, with discoloured gilding, all looked faded and decaying. The beds, with their heavy brocaded quilts, canopies, and hangings, did not look particularly inviting ; but in the total absence of sofas, they served for an hour or two of repose : after which, refreshed by such ablutions as the scanty washing arrangements permitted—nothing beyond the usual tripod containing a small basin and jug being al-

lotted to each chamber, or procurable throughout the whole palace—we assembled for breakfast. Here one of the middies narrowly missed upsetting the general harmony by relating his fruitless attempts to obtain a tub, winding up his narrative by the remark, “that these padres must be a queer set, decidedly not hydropathic.” This observation being unfortunately overheard by the chevalier, who perfectly understood English, was immediately interpreted into a want of reverence for the priesthood. Turning very red, he said with emphasis, “It was extremely unfair and narrow-minded to cast *that* as an imputation upon one class of the community, which was decidedly a national characteristic ;” and an awkward pause ensuing, we should all have felt very uncomfortable, if the entrance of several *bottegas*, waiters from the *caffè*, bearing a number of little brass trays containing each person’s cup, tiny coffee-pot, milk-jug, and allowance of powdered sugar, had not given a happy turn to the state of affairs. The price of this collation, including a liberal

supply of rolls and cakes, did not exceed five *bajocchi* a head (twopence-halfpenny). More substantial fare was supplied by the remaining contents of the basket that had furnished last night's supper; and being now completely recruited, we all sallied out to see something of Umana.

Our appearance on the piazza created an immense sensation. It was evident that the presence of strangers was no common occurrence to the industrious citizens pursuing there the *dolce far niente*. Then, too, in addition to the flattering notice of the outdoor population—the barber, the apothecary, the keeper of the lottery-office, the tobacconist, besides whoever happened to be making *conversazione* with them at the moment, all stood at their respective doors to look at us, and bowed with flattering urbanity. This tranquil demonstration, however, was soon eclipsed by an inroad of beggars, who had at first presented themselves in limited detachments; but as nothing could restrain our sailor-friends from distributing small coins in profusion, their

numbers soon became astounding, and we ran the risk of being pulled to pieces in their eagerness, or deafened by their clamour. At this juncture, the consul and the three delinquents, forming themselves into a body-guard, faced round and menaced the most importunate with their sticks, while we availed ourselves of the opportunity to escape further pursuit, and laughingly descended a steep stony path leading to the beach.

Here some fishermen at once gathered round, and assailed us with inquiries as to whether we would not like to see the famous Grotta de' Schiavi, distant half an hour's row along the coast. This had not formed part of our projected itinerary; but the sea being exquisitely calm, and the weather delightful, the majority of the party were strongly inclined to follow the suggestion. While the point was still in discussion, an unexpected ally in surmounting the opposing side presented himself in the *Chiarissimo* and *Dottissimo Signor Dottore* —— (most enlightened and most learned, thus he would be styled officially), the most popular physician

in Ancona, and an especial favourite, as I have already mentioned, in my uncle's household. Summoned the previous night to Umana for a consultation, he had promised to remain till evening to await the result of the treatment he enjoined, and not being a frequenter of *caffès*, was now beguiling the time by a stroll on the sea-shore.

Assuring the *consolessa*, who had a vision of banditti before her eyes, that even a delay of two hours would not hinder our reaching Loretto before sunset, and offering his escort in lieu of Monsieur V——, whose politeness was combated by his dislike to any marine expeditions, we soon obtained the good pair's acquiescence. The consul went back to the episcopal palace to take a second nap; his spouse, faithful to her duties, cheerfully prepared to accompany us, too amiable to give herself the satisfaction of looking victimized. Two boats were soon selected from a host of applicants, who remained furiously wrangling among themselves, and hurling imprecations at the head of their successful

comrades, long after we had pushed out to sea.

Although the men pulled vigorously, rather more than the stipulated time elapsed before we descried a dark speck at the base of the white cliffs which rose, without a strip of intervening shingle, abruptly from the water's edge. As we approached, this proved to be an aperture wide enough to admit the entrance of a boat, and crouching as we glided under the low, dark passage, we found ourselves in a lofty circular cavern, with no place for the foot to rest upon except a narrow ledge of rock, two or three feet wide, that ran round it. A mournful interest, derived from well-authenticated facts, is attached to the Grotta de' Schiavi—that is, of the slaves—to which its name especially bears reference. It was here, as the sailors told us, and the *dottore* confirmed, that in those times when the Adriatic coast was ruthlessly swept by the Algerine corsairs, they used temporarily to confine their prisoners, and deposit the booty they had collected.

Landing them upon the narrow ledge within the grotto, they would leave them securely bound while they went in quest of further plunder, confident that no means of egress, or possibility of rescue, lay before the wretched victims they had torn from their homes and kindred.

Upon this natural platform the party now landed; and while the greater number, laughing and talking, made the circuit of the rocks, the physician stood near my cousin Lucy and me, and dwelt upon the associations to which such a spot naturally gave rise.

“I never come here,” he said, “without a host of mournful fancies presenting themselves to my mind. What shrieks and wailings, what moans of agony must have resounded within this gloomy cave!—How truly must hope have died in the hearts of those who entered it!—How many forms of beauty, and strength, and helpless childhood, have here writhed and struggled, and swayed to and fro in impotent despair,

waiting till their pitiless captors should return with fresh companions in slavery to greet them !”

“ And I,” exclaimed Lucy, the wonderful English spirit which animated those Italian-born girls causing the blood to mantle in her cheeks, “ I, in a scene like this, can never sufficiently thank God for having made me of a nation to whom it is owing that such things have ceased to be ! It was my dear England which sent forth Lord Exmouth’s fleet in 1816 to the bombardment of Algiers, the liberation of Christian captives, and the suppression of piracy in all the Barbary States. Oh, Signor Dottore, it is a noble privilege to be English !—I value it next to being a Christian !”

He had known her from childhood, and smiled at her enthusiasm, while he rejoined : —“ Would to Heaven, Signora Lucia, that your country, great and wonderful as she is, would not now-a-days content herself with reminiscences of her past exertions in the

cause of freedom.* You say such things have ceased to be. What has ceased? . . . The inroads of Algerine corsairs, I grant you—but not the tears of Italian captives.”

He looked round. Madame V—— and the others were still at some distance; the boatmen were resting on their oars at the mouth of the cave. Eagerly, as if catching at every moment, he went on:—

“Who can count the political prisoners rotting in loathsome dungeons in various parts of Italy at this moment? Your countryman Gladstone has laid bare the horrors of the Neapolitan state prisons; but he did not tell you of Mantua, of Ferrara, of Pagliano! In the galleys of Ancona, many persons, guilty of no other crime than the unguarded expression of their liberal opinions, are now wearing the felon's dress and chain. I know

* As before remarked, the anger against the lukewarmness of England, which was so general amongst Italian liberals, has given way since the firm attitude she has assumed on the question of leaving them free to choose their own form of government, unmolested by foreign armed intervention.

of some young men now languishing there, who, for having let off a few fireworks on the anniversary of the proclamation of the Roman Republic, were sentenced by the restored Papal Government to twenty years' companionship—daily and nightly companionship—with the foulest murderers. I could relate to you such stories of our prisons,—of men worn to premature dotage; of strong hearts crushed; of noble intellects palsied,—as would make you own that a worse slavery than that of Algiers exists for us!"

We would willingly have heard more, but the approach of Madame V—— checked the speaker. Good, amiable as she was, she was known to be too completely under the control of her confessor, for any liberal to venture to speak unreservedly on politics before her. The conversation was at once turned into a new channel; and in a few instants more, the bright sunshine, the sparkling waters, the ineffable beauty of the cloudless sky, as we emerged from the grotto, proved irresistible spells to chase

away the gloomy impression of what the doctor had just related.

Duly drawn up on the piazza, we found, on regaining the shore, the two *vetture* previously bespoke, surpassing specimens of that delectable style of equipage—each with three spectral horses, whose mean bodily appearance was supposed to be atoned for by an extra supply of jingling bells and scarlet worsted tufts; the drivers, fierce and bravo-like; and the interiors painfully redolent of musty straw. There were six places in each, two in the *cabriolet*, and four inside; and the consul and Madame V—— respectively taking the command of a division, with many expressions of thanks and good-will to the *dottore*, whose presence had formed a very agreeable interlude to some amongst the party, we set forth in great style. The whole mendicant population, at least half apparently of the inhabitants of Umana, escorted us, like a guard of honour, as a tribute to the largesses of our good-humoured tars, and filled the air with their benedictions; while a number of boys and

girls, even after the horses had been urged into a feeble trot, pursued us indefatigably for at least a mile, the former making wheels of themselves, and bowling along after the most approved fashion; and the latter springing up to the windows to offer their bunches of flowers, and obtain a farewell token of English liberality.

After a drive of four hours or thereabouts, through country equally fertile and diversified, we drew near Loretto, situated on the brow of a very steep hill, crowned by the church of the Santa Casa. As we wound slowly up the ascent, we met the peasants in large numbers returning from some neighbouring fair, and were struck by the scowling looks with which they eyed us, and a general air of menace and defiance. Singularly enough, it is notorious that the population in the vicinity of this venerated shrine is the worst throughout the whole pontifical dominions. This is a perplexing fact to persons who, like the V—— family, were perfectly sincere in their belief of the legend of the holy house's miraculous trans-

portation by angels from Nazareth ; and who naturally would infer that the immediate presence of such a relic ought to have produced a salutary effect upon public morals. Their explanation of this inconsistency was briefly, that the town having been for centuries the resort of pilgrims of all ranks and from every clime, the Loretani had become corrupted by ever-changing intercourse with these strangers : an hypothesis we unquestioningly accepted, for it must not be forgotten we were now on delicate ground, and many an observation that might have jarred on our foreign companions, had to be altogether suppressed or carefully kept amongst ourselves. The sinister aspects of the groups we encountered gave a clue to the numerous robberies perpetrated in the neighbourhood ; to say nothing of the darker tales of murder and revenge, of which the way-side crosses, so frequent during the last few miles, were ominously suggestive.

Equally unfavourable were our first impressions of the town, as we drove through a narrow street, lined on each side with

booths, where every description of medals, chaplets, rosaries, and other objects of devotion lay exposed for sale, which we were loudly called upon to purchase. Slipshod women, their black hair escaping, matted and disordered, from the coloured handkerchiefs bound about their heads; beggars in every stage and form of human misery—blind, palsied, maimed; squalid children; lean, fighting dogs; portly priests; dirty pilgrims with staff and scallop-shell: such is the appearance of the crowd that greets the traveller on entering Loretto.

On reaching the inn, we found a fresh assemblage of mendicants drawn up in array in the courtyard; objects so dirty and revolting, that one involuntarily shrunk from contact with them: and clamorous, even peremptory, in their demands, which are in general liberally complied with. Their trade is supposed to be a thriving one, since the majority of persons repairing to the town, do so from religious motives, and esteem this promiscuous alms-giving a stringent duty. Besides these, we encountered upon

the unswept stairs several women with baskets of rosaries and medals, which they kept importuning us to buy, that we might have them blessed at the Santa Casa; and lastly, two or three tottering old men waylaid us on the landing, and pressingly offered themselves as our *ciceroni* to the shrine. But it was too late, or rather we were too weary for any more sight-seeing that day; and as soon as dinner was concluded, we were glad enough to betake ourselves to repose.

Recruited by a night of well-earned sleep, the next morning found us assembled in the general sala of the inn, waiting for breakfast and the return of the V—— family, who, the servants told us, had gone out soon after dawn. They speedily came in with cheerful faces, having fulfilled all the devotional exercises prescribed to devout Roman Catholics on their first visit to the Santa Casa, and were now ready to enter cordially into the survey of the church and all the curiosities it contained.

While we were still at table, we heard

a voice in rich oily tones, accompanied by a boisterous laugh, inquiring for the *Signorine Inglese*. Presently a short, stout, very stout, priest entered the room, and, apostrophized as *il Signor Canonico*, was greeted by my cousins with unfeigned friendliness. It appeared he had known the family some years before, having been the curate of their parish in Ancona. The exercise of his duties used occasionally to lead him to my uncle's house—at such times, for instance, as blessing it at Easter, or distributing the tickets for confession to the servants — opportunities which he never failed to improve in a little attempt at converting the signorine. Now it would be the present of a life of Santa Filomena, or some other saintly legend, which they were implored to substitute for other reading; or again, a medal or relic to be suspended round their necks, and win them to the fold. These simple devices invariably proving abortive, the poor padre would shake his head, look at them with tears in his eyes, and plunging his hand into a capacious

pocket, draw thence a goodly packet of sugar-plums, in the discussion whereof all controversial bitterness was soon forgotten.

These amicable relations had for some time been suspended, owing to his prospering in the world, and having been translated to a canon's stall at Loretto—evidently an easy and thriving post. As soon as the first expressions of pleasure at this unexpected meeting were over, the canonico was introduced in form to the V——s, the officers, and the *cugina forestiera*, and had a varied compliment for each member of the party; after which, without the slightest modulation of voice, but rather, if possible, pitching it in a higher key, and with an indescribable play of feature and vivacity of gesture, he began inveighing against his young friends for not giving him timely notice that they were coming to Loretto, when they might have eaten *due bocconi* (two mouthfuls) at his house. Precisely for this reason, they replied, had they determined not to apprise him beforehand, knowing his hospitality

would have led to the commission of some *pazzia* or folly upon their account. At this pleasantry he laughed and wheezed till he was nearly black in the face; but on recovering his breath, insisted that, although it was certainly too late to think of preparing a dinner, they should not be let off so easily as they expected, and must therefore, with all the honourable company—making a circular movement with his hands—come at noon and take *la cioccolata* under his poor roof.

The good man was clearly so much in earnest, that it would have been ungracious to decline, and an appointment was accordingly made for that hour. This important business being satisfactorily adjusted, he took his leave, and we set forth to visit the fane where pilgrim-kings have worshipped.

CHAPTER VII.

The Santa Casa—Pilgrims—The treasury—Exquisite statues and bassi-rilievi—Chocolate at the Canonico's—La Signora Placida—A survey of the house—The rich vestments.

STRANGERS were evidently no rarity in Loreto, and the admiring gaze of the population did not greet our appearance as at Umana. Simply looked upon as travellers, and legitimate objects of prey, we were soon beset by the vendors of the trinkets peculiar to the place, and imposed on without mercy. I have no hesitation in saying that the *corone*, or chaplets, with which the midshipmen persisted in filling their pockets, and the bracelets of ten beads called *corone alla moda*—an indefinite supply whereof *l'officier marié* seemed to consider indispensable to his wife—were charged them at least three times their value. The main

street, already noticed, opens upon a spacious square, adorned by a fountain and two handsome colonnades, and flanked by the palace of the bishop and the Jesuits' College ; at the upper end, on a rising ground, stands the church of the Santa Casa, a large and commanding edifice.

The interior is profusely decorated, and contains numerous side-chapels enriched with pictures in mosaic ; but the object on which the eye first rests on entering is a structure of an oblong form of white Carrara marble, completely incrustured with statues, Corinthian columns, and exquisite bass-reliefs, placed on a platform accessible by three or four broad steps, immediately beneath the cupola. This is the far-famed Holy House, or, more properly speaking, the costly building raised over the reputed cottage of Nazareth, at once to impede its future migrations, and preserve it for the edification of the faithful. Passing into the sacred tabernacle, a gorgeous vision strikes upon the senses—golden lamps, suspended from the ceiling, shed a mellow but subdued

light upon an altar, where jewelled chalices, crucifixes, and candelabras are arrayed in glittering profusion, surmounted by an image, whence literally a blaze of diamonds is radiating. Here prostrate forms are always seen, and brows bent low in penance or adoration; and here many a guilt-worn wretch, coming from distant realms, in penury and toil, has sunk rejoicing on his knees, and deemed his pardon won!

Above, around, on every side, are evidences of the piety and liberality of the princely votaries to the shrine, whose offerings were pointed out with conscious pride by the young priest who had attached himself to our party. The figure of the Madonna and Child, rudely carved in cedar, and said to be the workmanship of St. Luke, is absolutely covered with gems. The two heads are encircled with tiaras of immense value, and the black velvet in which the shapeless trunk of the image is enswathed, is scarcely discernible amid the ear-rings, necklaces, and chains of the most sparkling brilliants overlaying it. Each jewel, and candlestick,

and lamp, has its donor and its history, all duly registered in printed catalogues annexed to the authenticated relation of the house and its mysterious fittings. This book sets forth how, in the year 1294, the Santa Casa, where the Virgin had meekly dwelt, and watched the childhood of her son, was first lifted from its foundations by angel hands, and borne from Palestine to Dalmatia. After a short interval, the same supernatural agency transported it across the Adriatic to a hill in the vicinity of Ancona; thence, after one or two brief haltings, it was finally conveyed to Loretto, where the speedy erection of a church over the precious deposit, attested the piety of the inhabitants, and secured them the continuance of its presence.

From that time the cottage of Nazareth went on increasing in fame and riches; miracles were wrought by its influence, and princes and pontiffs contended who should do it honour, until 1797, when the sun of its prosperity became clouded. The pitiless exactions of the French compelled Pius VI.

to have recourse to the treasures of the Madonna di Loretto to meet his conquerors' demands; and in the following year, the fierce invaders captured the town, and sent the venerated image to Paris. It was restored, however, a few years afterwards, to the joy of all sincere adherents to the church, and was solemnly crowned by Pius VII. with those same diadems whose rainbow lustre dazzles the beholder.

The internal dimensions of the Santa Casa are those of a mere hut—27 English feet in length, $12\frac{1}{2}$ in breadth, and proportionably low. The ceiling is blackened by the smoke of the many lamps which are perpetually burning; the lower walls are covered with plates of silver, gilded and wrought into bass-reliefs, except on one side where a portion of the original masonry is left exposed. It is of course brickwork, discoloured by time, and worn smooth by the kisses continually pressed upon it. The priest pointed to a rude sort of recess, which he told us was the fire-place of the Holy Family, and then produced a cup or bowl,

called *La Scodella Santa*, from which the Madonna used to drink. All the faithful reverently press their lips to this relic, and then place in it their chaplets, crosses, or medals, to be blessed.

The well-known story of a channel being worn on the pavement immediately surrounding the Holy House, by the knees of pilgrims, is not in the least exaggerated. There are two distinct furrows in the marble, traced there by the thousands who have yearly dragged themselves, in this attitude of devotion, for a given number of times around its walls. At the moment of our visit, several peasant-women were thus shuffling along, seemingly without much inconvenience, with the exception of one, whose attitude and appearance produced a painful impression on my mind. She was working her way round on her hands and knees, drawing as she went a line with her tongue upon the pavement. I know not how long she had been in that position, but it was horrible to view: her face was black and swollen; her eyes starting from their

sockets ; the veins on her forehead standing out like tight strained cords, and mingled blood and saliva flowing from her mouth. Our conductor looked unconcernedly at the poor wretch as we passed, and said in answer to my appealing glances : “ It is only a great penance ; you may be sure she richly deserves it : there are many who come here in this way to expiate their sins ; ” and then walked on, leading the way to the treasury, as if the subject were too commonplace for further consideration.

The *Sala del Tesoro* is a magnificent hall, richly painted in fresco, the ceiling representing the death of the Madonna, surrounded by the apostles, and the walls furnished with immense presses with glass doors, in which are deposited the numerous and yearly increasing offerings to the shrine. Many of these are of great value, although of course not equalling the splendour of those displayed upon and around the image. Some evidence considerable eccentricity in the donors, such as the king of Saxony’s wedding-suit, a full court costume of gold

•

and silver brocade, estimated at I forget how many thousand crowns; others, again, are of a devotional type—silver statuettes of saints, crucifixes, and church vessels; but the majority of gifts comprise necklaces, gold chains, rings, brooches, watches, cups, flagons, silver hearts—contributions from every nation and every class—from the gemmed *sevigné* that lately sparkled in the saloons of the Quartier St. Germain, to the coral pendants a poor *contadina* has proffered in gratitude for last year's vintage.

At a moderate computation, the present collection would amply stock a score of jewellers' shops; nevertheless, as a grey-haired sacristan informed us with a sigh, it is not worthy to be named in the same breath with the glories of the ancient treasury.

Thence we were reconducted to the church, to see the mosaic pictures in the side-chapels, full-sized admirable copies of celebrated masters, and of course most valuable from the tedium and minuteness requisite in their execution. Besides these, there are some originals by Guercino, and other celebrated

artists, their subjects mostly referring to different passages in the life of the Virgin, as supplied by legends of the east, the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite, and other traditional sources. But of all the monuments of the piety or ostentation of the Roman pontiffs, who for centuries lavished large sums on the adornment of this edifice, nothing can compete with the marble casing that encloses the Santa Casa. This costly monument of the best times of Italian art, projected by Julius II., was commenced under Leo X.; and in its execution the most eminent sculptors seem to have vied in leaving worthy memorials of their skill. Designed by Bramante—Sansovino, Bandinelli, Giovanni da Bologna, besides others scarcely less illustrious, were employed on the bass-reliefs, and those groups of prophets and sibyls, which in majestic beauty still rivet the admiration of the beholder. There is a figure of Jeremiah, by Sansovino, at the angle of the western façade, the sublime mournfulness of which haunts me even now.

We were still engaged in our survey, when we were joined by my cousins' friend the canonico, panting for breath, who had come to remind us of our engagement. Accordingly, we adjourned *en masse* to his habitation, situated in a very miserable narrow street, or rather lane ; and climbing up a steep, dark, and indescribably dirty staircase, arrived at last at the *ultimo piano*, where the door was opened with many courtesies by a middle-aged, demure-looking personage, introduced by the canonico as La Signora Placida, his niece and house-keeper.

The entrance-hall was in the usual style of dwellings of this description, with four carved-back settles or benches, some undistinguishable oil-paintings in frames that had once been gilded, a clothes-horse, a broom, and dust-pan—whose offices were mere sinecures, to judge by the appearance of the floor—and so on. From this we were ushered into the *sala*, which contained a horse-hair sofa, so hard and high that one was perpetually slipping off, and six chairs

to correspond ; a folded card-table whereon stood a silver *lucerna*, and a press with glass doors, in which a set of cups and saucers was displayed.

To accommodate their numerous guests, our host and his niece brought in a number of chairs from adjoining rooms, and seated us with great bustle and ceremony ; an operation diversified by the Signora Placida's continually darting into some obscure region of the house, whence she could be overheard disputing with a shrill-voiced attendant, or energetically clattering glasses and plates, in a manner that singularly belied her name. Meantime, the canonico talked and gesticulated, patted the youngest midshipman on the head, to his evident disgust, entertained Madame V—— with the history of his relative, on whose virtues he pronounced a glowing panegyric, and recounted to the consul the latest miracles performed at the Santa Casa, while he shook his finger playfully at my cousins, as if menacing them with a return to their ancient hostilities. Presently the circle received an addition in the shape

|

of another priest, Don Antonio, a great friend of our canonico's, and almost as rosy, and pursy, and jovial as himself, who now came to have his share of the good things and see the *forestieri*.

This was one of those quaint Italian friendships I have so often noticed. It commenced in boyhood at the seminary, had been renewed on our host's establishing himself at Loretto, and would probably continue unbroken till the end of their days. Regularly as clock-work used Don Antonio to come every evening to make *la società*—limited to himself, I believe—play at cards, and discuss the petty scandal of the place. I asked him if they ever read, at which he shrugged his shoulders, and said that after going through the daily office in the breviary, for his part he must own he had had enough of study. This facetious response was loudly echoed by the canonico, and they laughed over it in chorus, with a sound more resembling the shaking of stones in a barrel than any human manifestation of hilarity.

The chocolate was now brought in by the

serva, and handed to us by the two friends and the niece. It was made thick, and served in cups without handles, and tea-spoons not being apparently considered requisite, the uninitiated found some difficulty in discussing it with propriety; but after watching our entertainers, we perceived that the approved method was to steep in it morsels of rusks which had been distributed at the same time, and then convey them daintily to one's lips through the medium of the thumb and forefinger. This was followed by trays of ices and sweetmeats from the caffè, the canonico observing significantly, he well remembered the signorine were always fond of *dolci*; and when, to please him, every one had eaten as much as he possibly could, he insisted on pouring all the remaining bon-bons into our handkerchiefs, to amuse us, as he expressed it, on our way home.

When it was time to think of going, he declared we must first see the house, and took us into a small adjoining room, containing a writing-table with a dried-up ink-

stand, and two or three shelves adorned with some very dusty, dry-looking folios in parchment covers. This den, he told us, he retired to when he studied or had letters to write—both rare occurrences, it was evident. Next we were shown the dining-room, with no furniture but a table and rush-bottomed chairs, and opening into the kitchen—a custom also generally followed in houses of higher pretensions, but opposed to all our notions of quiet or refinement; and, lastly, into his and the niece's sleeping apartments in each a clumsy wooden bedstead, rickety chest of drawers—on which, under a glass shade, stood a figure of the infant St. John in wax, with staring blue eyes and flaxen curls—two chairs, the usual tripod-shaped washing-stand, and an engraving of some devotional subject, with a crucifix, a little receptacle for holy water, and a palm that had been blessed at Easter, hanging near the pillow. You may enter a hundred bedrooms in families of the middle class in this part of Italy, and see them fitted up after the same pattern; those of the provincial

nobility have a little more display in mirrors or pictures, but no greater comfort.

The introduction of all the visitors into the canonico's chamber was not, I suspect, wholly without design; for our attention was speedily attracted to a *cotta* or alb of fine white cambric lying upon the bed; the most elaborate specimen of the art of *crimping* it was possible to behold. The niece immediately held it up for our closer inspection, while the uncle stood by smiling; and in answer to our praises of the exquisite designs of flowers, leaves, &c., with which it was wrought, entirely by a manual process, told us it was the work of the nuns of a particular order—I forget the name—a very strict one, moreover, who, by way of serving the altar, dedicate themselves to the preparation of this part of the priestly vestments. This marvellous example of fine plaiting, however, was but the least recommendation of the ephod, which was trimmed with a deep flounce of the most magnificent point-lace.

“Look at that, look at that!” chuckled

the canonico, rubbing his hands with glee; "that is the lace which all the ladies of Loretto, and Recanati, and Macerata—yes, all of them together—are envious of, when I walk in the procession of the Corpus Domini. I have been offered five hundred dollars for it by a Russian princess who came here on a pilgrimage; but I could not make up my mind to part with it. Look at that tracery—look at that ground, it is perfect—not a thread broken;" and he desecanted on it with the zest of a connoisseur.

When he paused in his raptures—"Signor Canonico," meekly suggested La Signora Placida, "may I fetch the stole you have just had worked?"

"Ah, the little vain thing!" was the rejoinder; "she is so proud of my vestments! It is a trifle though—Well, well, bring it out." And from a long pasteboard box, duly enveloped in tissue paper, the Signora Placida drew forth a gorgeous stole, the original texture cloth of silver, but almost concealed by raised embroidery in gold.

"The canonico has not worn this yet; it

is for the great *funzione*—that is, church-ceremony—of the Madonna in August,” said the niece, with as much earnestness as if she were a lady’s-maid talking of her mistress’s preparations for a ball, and disposing it so that it might be viewed to the greatest advantage. It really was beautiful as a work of art, due to the skill, as Don Antonio informed us, of another set of nuns, who exclusively applied themselves to needlework in gold and silver.

The pleasure this good man took in the display of his friend’s possessions, impressed me very favourably. “*Per Bacco!*” he exclaimed, handling the vestment with respect—“each time I see it, it strikes me more! It is worth—ss—ss—ss—ss,” emitting a long sibillatory whistle, expressive in the Marche of something unlimited, whether of good cheer, astonishment, money, or so forth.

“*Via, via,*” said the canonico modestly, “it is not much a poor priest can do. Still, we may place it at the same value as the lace, and be within the mark.”

Our reiterated admiration evidently enchanted the trio; in fact, it was altogether with the most amiable feelings, and with mutual thanks and protestations, we took our leave, the politeness of our entertainer and Don Antonio leading them to give us their company in visiting the bishop's palace and the Farmacea, or pharmacy of the Santa Casa, the last renowned for its collection of *majolica*, consisting of three hundred vases coloured from designs by Raphael and his pupils.

No adventures befell us in these perambulations, except that we were more beset and pestered than before, if possible, by the beggars, who followed us in troops, and for whom I learned, with astonishment, no almshouse or refuge of any kind existed. Concluding our sight-seeing with another visit to the Santa Casa, there remained but time for a hasty dinner, ere we set out on our return to Ancona—the state of the neighbourhood, as we were repeatedly reminded, necessitating our departure in broad daylight.

The usual scene of clamour, begging, imprecations, and blessings attended our exit from Loretto, a place which presents the strongest contrast of wealth and poverty it has ever been my lot to witness, or entered my imagination to conceive.

CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to the Carmelites at Jesi—Our joyous reception—The Casino and Theatre—Infractions of Convent Discipline—The Dinner near the Sacristy—In company with the Friars we visit some Nuns.

A few days after my excursion to Loretto, I had my last glimpse of *real* scenes and life in the Marches, in a visit to Jesi, a small city of great antiquity, about twenty miles distant from Ancona. The circumstances that led us thither hinged upon the acquaintance of my uncle's family with an Irish priest who belonged to a convent of Carmelites in that place. Father O'Grady was a jovial, burly personage, with a round bullet-head, an athletic frame, and a stentorian voice, that always reminded me of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst in *Ivanhoe*. His great delight in his occasional visits to An-

cona, where he always lodged in a monastery of the same order, was to be invited to our house to have "a raal English dhinner," as he termed it, which he dolorously contrasted with the fare provided by the cook at the Jesi convent. Once, too, the provincial of the order, a fine, dignified old man of seventy-five, with a silvery fringe of hair, and regular, impressive features, like one of Perugino's saints, came to dine with us, attended by another monk, a certain Padre Fiorenzo, as well as Father O'Grady—both of them very much subdued in his presence. Our Hibernian friend, however, always protested himself indemnified for this restraint, by his gratification at the approval the entertainment drew from his superior, who, as the spring advanced, was urgent that we should test the hospitality of Jesi in return.

Some English travelling friends, waiting for the steamer to Trieste, were comprised in this invitation, which my uncle, though not without some sighs at the long hours of *conversazione*, and making the amiable with the brotherhood, which lay before him, was

coaxed into accepting ; and a beautiful morning in the latter part of June saw the two families in motion.

After following the high road towards Senigallia along the curve of the bay for some miles, the way to Jesi turns inland in a westward direction. Long rows of mulberry-trees, connected by ample festoons of vines ; cornfields nearly ripe for the sickle, interspersed with plantations of young maize, beans, and olives, equally indicated the fertility of the country and its staple productions. Less hilly and romantic than the scenery near Loretto, it still had no lack of beauty ; a background of mountains was never wanting, and gifted with that marvellous brightness and diversity of colouring peculiar to this clime, the landscape rarely sank into monotony.

Jesi is an interesting little town, of some 5000 inhabitants, tracing its origin to an indefinite number of centuries before the foundation of Rome, and famed in the middle ages as the birthplace of Frederick II., the great emperor of Germany, whose

constant wars with the Roman pontiffs and encouragement of literature, render his memory very popular amongst Italian writers. A thriving trade in silk has preserved it from the squalid misery discernible in most of the inland towns of the Marche; and it can boast of some palaces in tolerable preservation, a casino, a very pretty theatre, and several churches, that of the Carmelites being amongst the principal.

Father O'Grady, radiant with joy, was awaiting us in the street, to show the way to the hotel where we were to take up our quarters—for within the cloister itself no woman may set her foot—until two rooms adjoining the church and sacristy were prepared for the day's festivities. They had been up since daybreak, the good man said, but "the last touch was still wanting."

The last touch being a lengthy process, and the inn barren of resources, a walk was proposed. We were conducted by the father and Padre Fiorenzo, his great friend, through the market, the principal square, and the main street called the Corso, the

worthy pair being evidently desirous the citizens of Jesi should all participate in the novelty of the presence of strangers, for the town, lying out of the general route of travellers, is very rarely visited. After this promenade, somewhat fatiguing under a noonday's sun, we went over the casino. The billiard, conversazione, and ball-rooms, all well arranged, and in good taste, incomparably superior to any corresponding establishment in towns of far higher pretensions in England; but then, as Lucy was at hand patriotically to remark, had we not mechanics' libraries, and schools, and charitable institutions, to atone for this deficiency? Admitting all this to its fullest extent, I cannot see why casinos, on the same simple footing as those so common in Southern Italy, should not be advantageously grafted on English county society. In towns too small to have a *casino de' nobili* to themselves, the higher and middle classes are content to waive questions of caste, and meet, as at Ancona, or Macerata, or Jesi, on this neutral territory. Once a week,

during Lent or Advent, when there is no opera to serve as a rallying-point, reunions for music and cards draw together the subscribers, without any extravagance in dress on the part of the wealthier ladies, provoking the less affluent to foolish emulation. Two or three times in the course of the year, balls are given, where a greater display is permitted, yet still without the inequalities of fortune thus rendered more apparent leading to any offensive airs of superiority. No refreshments are supplied on these occasions, the low amount of the subscription, twelve dollars a year for each member—inclusive of his family, however numerous—not furnishing funds beyond those necessary for attendance, lights, and music, and keeping up the establishment for the old bachelors and heads of houses, who frequent it regularly every day and every evening the whole twelvemonth round.

We concluded our peregrinations by the inspection of the theatre, Padre Fiorenzo having an acquaintance with one of the *employés*, through whom access to it was

obtained. Even with the disadvantages of being seen by daylight, it might be pronounced a very elegant little structure; the columns and ceiling ornamented in white and gold, and the three tiers of private boxes draped with blue silk. Father O'Grady trod the stage with a mock-heroic air, and favoured us with two or three *roulades* of so much effect, that we protested he must often be hearing operas, and hinted he perhaps occasionally ventured there in disguise. At this insinuation, he shook his portly sides with laughter; but Padre Fiorenzo related with complacency that in fact, one night the previous Carnival, they and several others of the brotherhood had been present at a concert given in that same theatre on behalf of the poor, which the bishop permitted all the clergy and *religiosi* to attend; dwelling with the simplicity of a child upon the great enjoyment this had afforded them.

From these mundane resorts—a messenger having come to say all was now in readiness—we adjourned to the church of

the Carmelites, where a side-door gave admission to the sacristy, and beyond this to a dark, low-ceiled room, lined with massive walnut-wood presses, in which all the vestments and ornaments for the great religious solemnities were deposited. An iron-barred window looked into the inner quadrangle of the monastery; and through a half-opened door we had glimpses of a long table spread for dinner; around which several dark-robed figures were hovering, the silvery head of the provincial himself now and then discernible as he directed the arrangements.

Father O'Grady being troubled in his mind about a certain plum-pudding, on the manipulation of which the dawn of morning had found him engaged, now ceded his post as chief spokesman and squire to Padre Fiorenzo, who, with two other elderly monks, very gladly engaged to do the honours.

The next half hour saw the good father revolving perpetually between us and the kitchen, now disputing with the cook, an octogenarian artist, who had no sympathy

for such outlandish compounds; now restraining the merriment of some of the younger visitors, for whom the idea of transgressing convent etiquette was irresistibly attractive. A door from the sacristy temptingly stood open, leading down by two or three steps into the court, of which the church and the rooms we occupied formed the southern extremity and barrier. Under pain of the severest excommunication, the monks repeatedly assured us, females were interdicted from proceeding further; the threshold on which we crowded on hearing these particulars, being the utmost boundary. The two blooming, joyous sisters, just out of the school-room, who had accompanied us from Ancona, with a mother too indulgent to act as any check on their spirits, and an elder brother, a barrister, almost as full of sport as themselves, proved amusingly refractory on this occasion. Whenever the provincial—who had come in once or twice to pay his compliments—was out of the way, or my uncle's attention was engaged, they made

a feint of dancing down the steps and rushing into the forbidden ground ; just for the amusement of being chased back again by the terrified Padre Fiorenzo, and rebuked by Father O'Grady, who evidently enjoyed the joke, though he tried to look serious upon it, with : " Childhren dhear, why can't ye remain quiet? Shure, now, it's excommunicated ye'll be ! Ah ! more's the pity that ye don't care for that ! Now jist be asy, and don't turn the house out of windows." But as the " childhren " would not be " asy," after one or two more *escapades*, the door was locked ; and they were fain to resort to some new device to beguile the time. Visible from the iron-barred window were some of the younger brethren walking up and down the prohibited quadrangle, trying to get a glimpse of the English heretics, whose visit had thrown the whole community into such pleasurable excitement. With black silk scarfs and white handkerchiefs, the delighted mad-caps extemporized some nuns' costumes, in which they took their stations at the window, and confronted

Father O'Grady as he was crossing the enclosure on his return from one of his expeditions to the kitchen.

The admiration of Mother Hubbard, in that renowned epic of our infancy, on finding her faithful canine attendant travestied in a court-suit, has its parallel in the father's astonishment and laughter at this apparition, in which he was chorused by Padre Fiorenzo, and the others; until, hearing the provincial approaching, they wiped their eyes, and entreated them to remove their impromptu attire; while, to keep them out of further mischief, and provide some employment for the more sober members of the party, they asked the superior's permission to show us the church vestments. This was graciously accorded; and one after another the presses were opened by the monks; and rich brocades, tissues of gold and silver, silks embroidered in various colours, were successively drawn forth, the provincial himself deigning to explain for what they were designed.

The welcome announcement of dinner

still found us thus engaged. We were ushered with great glee—for I cannot repeat too often that, with the exception of the provincial, they all seemed as easily set laughing as a parcel of school-boys—into the next room, where our venerable host and the fathers who had previously been making *conversazione*, took their seats with us at the table. We were waited upon by two lay-brothers, whose broad smiles and occasional remarks showed they participated in the general hilarity; the provincial himself playing the courteous, attentive host to perfection, seeming to sanction and approve it. To say the repast was seasoned with Attic salt would be a flower of speech; neither was there anything peculiarly droll in the sallies with which Padre Alberto, the *bel esprit* of the convent, sustained, or, in Father O'Grady's opinion, enhanced his reputation; but there was something so pleasant in the intense childlike happiness of these good Carmelites, that it would have been invidious to scan their intellectual attainments at such a moment. Dr. Prim-

rose's oft-quoted words were exactly applicable to that party : " I can't say whether we had more wit among us than usual, but certainly we had more laughing."

Of the dinner itself, I shall say but little ; the readers of these sketches must be by this time familiar with Italian bills of fare. The soup of clear broth, wherein floated little squares of a compound resembling hard custard ; the unfailing *lesso* ; a *frittura* of brains and bread-crumbs, sprinkled with powdered sugar ; larded capons ; a dish of fennel-root, dressed with butter and cheese ; roast kid ; a pie, of which cockscombs were the principal ingredients, with a sweet crust ; a *zuppa Inglese*, " on purpose," the provincial said, " for the English ladies, accustomed from childhood to mix spirits with their food ;" and, lastly, Father O'Grady's plum-pudding, but, alas ! served in a soup-tureen, for the flour had been forgotten in its composition, and no amount of boiling had availed to give it the desired consistency. Still the innumerable jokes this furnished, amply compensated for its

partial failure; the young barrister told them it was exactly like the plum-broth served out at Christmas at St. Cross's Hospital, one of the most famous institutions in England, he asserted, for good cheer, and incited every one by example as well as precept to do justice to Father O'Grady's culinary achievements. Though he had already shown himself emulous of a *boa constrictor's* capacity, he now sent his plate for a second supply, compelling Padre Fiorenzo, as a tribute to friendship, to do the same.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Fra Carmelo, the old cook of whom we had heard so much, and who was declared to have acquitted himself right manfully, was summoned to receive the thanks of the company. The messenger found him playing the guitar, with which he was wont daily to solace himself at the completion of his duties in the kitchen, and triumphantly led him forward. In his brown Carmelite dress, he certainly looked a most interesting cook. Though past eighty, his tall spare figure

was only slightly bowed ; and there was a vivacity in his light-blue eyes and ruddy complexion, which led to the conclusion that his alleged occasional shortcomings in his art were more the result of inattention than incapacity.

On rising from table, the provincial offered to *fare due passi*, a great distinction, which was of course accepted. Again the whole party sallied forth, he and my uncle—who won golden opinions, though suffering martyrdom throughout the day—leading the van. We went to see two or three churches, and then, at Father O’Grady’s suggestion, were taken to a nunnery, which he knew would be a treat for us. All the sisters crowded to the *parlatorio* to see the strangers. It was not a grating, as in the stricter orders, but simply a large aperture like a wide unglazed window, at which they clustered, talking eagerly to the monks, asking questions about the little world of Jesi, and gazing with unrestrained and delighted curiosity upon us.

Amongst fifteen or sixteen thus assembled

little beauty, less mind, was discernible. I saw but one interesting face—a face that had, or might have had, a history written on it. Indeed, several of these nuns were positively ill-favoured, evidently devoted to the cloister because their parents had found it impracticable to get them otherwise disposed of. Some told us they had never left the convent since their first entrance as *educande*, seven or eight years of age; they grew attached to the nuns and their companions, and as the time for returning home drew nigh, estranged by many years' separation from their families, besought that they might not be removed, and passed through their novitiate, and took the veil, without ever going beyond the walls. They all talked as fast as possible, as if to make the most of the opportunity; interspersing whatever they said, or commenting on whatever they heard, with invocations to the Madonna and saints, and ejaculations of simple wonder. I was amused, though, at noticing how well informed they were of all that was passing in Jesi society; their

information being derived, the monks told us with an air of pitying superiority, through whatever they could glean from occasional visitors; but especially from the gossip collected at market by the woman charged every morning to purchase their supplies, and who, in consigning the provisions at the convent-wicket, communicates any novelties she has picked up. A single observation denoting deep thought or enthusiasm, I sought in vain to hear; indeed, as I reflected at the time, it would be difficult to convey any notion of their limited capacity. Not tending the sick, not instructing the poor; with only four or five *educande* to bring up till the age of sixteen or seventeen, exactly as they themselves have been educated—embroidery and the making of confectionery filling up all the leisure left after the performance of their stated religious exercises, which call them for several hours daily to the choir, what a dreary, unsatisfactory life, according to our notions of existence and its duties, stretches itself before these women. But they said they were happy; and, look-

ing at the bevy of English girls before them, lifted up their eyes and hands in sadness to think their hearts were not disposed to follow their example.

It was pleasant to know what delight our visit had afforded them, and to note the earnestness with which they begged us to return to Jesi and come to see them; to have the conviction that we had furnished the whole sisterhood with materials for at least a fortnight's conversation, and several years' reminiscences.

The good Carmelites, too, if our self-pride did not greatly mislead us, marked this day with a white stone; and long after the pursuits and interests of a busier life have dimmed its recollections with the majority of their guests, will continue to treasure every incident of their visit.

My leave-taking of the good monks of Jesi was soon followed by a long farewell to Ancona and its kindly people. In bringing these sketches to a conclusion, I feel as if the pain of parting were renewed, while many unrecorded traits of courtesy, sym-

pathy, and friendship crowd upon me. If such omissions have arisen, it has been from no spirit of depreciation. In reminiscences like the foregoing, the peculiarities a stranger cannot but fail to remark, must be prominently brought forward; those good qualities no impartial observer can deny to the national character being often left in the background, simply because offering less scope for comment or description.

The sole merit of what I have written is its truth. Not an anecdote, not an incident, is here given but what is scrupulously authentic. With a little exaggeration, I might have been much more amusing, but I preferred delineating these things as they really are—in their light and darkness, in their fairness and deformity—in what our pride might stoop to imitate, or our gratitude make us thankful that we differ.

CHAPTER IX.

The writer's motives for not having dwelt minutely on political or historical subjects—Antiquity of Ancona—Its reputation under the Roman Empire—Its celebrated resistance to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa—Stratagem employed by its deliverers—Continues to be a free city till 1532, when it is surprised by Gonzaga, General of Pope Clement VII, and subjected to the Holy See—Flourishes under Napoleon—Restoration of the Papacy—Pontifical possessions—Explanation of the terms, legations, and Romagna—Bologna conquered in 1506, by Julius II., but retains a separate form of government—Ferrara, Urbino, &c.—Dates of their annexation.

THE foregoing pages were written solely with the view of describing the social and domestic condition of a part of Italy little visited by travellers, but which presents features of quaintness and originality, not easily met with in this era. Even in the Marche these peculiarities risk speedy annihilation. Should

they be fortunate enough to be included in the emancipation from Pontifical government, of which the neighbouring Legations now seem secure, these sketches in ten years' time will be looked upon as monstrous caricatures. Should they on the contrary undergo no change of *régime*, what I have said will be as applicable a hundred years hence as it was six months ago.

The fear of compromising my friends was one great motive of my avoidance of political subjects, further than in the exact measure necessary to illustrate the life and conversation of the Ancona and Macerata *società*. I have been guilty of no breach of confidence in quoting their sentiments or anecdotes; for even if the veil of fictitious names were seen through, the expressions attributed to them are to be found in the mouths of every man or woman in the Papal States, who combines intelligence with honesty. It is no want of charity to say that no member of the anti-liberal party unites *both* these qualities. I know and esteem a great many *Codini*, but their mental capacity is undeni-

ably limited. It is only those whom no one esteems who are really clever.

Any historical retrospections I also purposely left aside, as out of keeping to the purpose I had in hand, and not likely to interest the generality of readers, overdone with "the Italian question." The condition of the Roman States, however, has of late been so widely discussed and inquired into, that I believe an outline of the history of Ancona, and the provinces adjoining it, will now be found interesting, though with reference to the events of last summer and autumn, much minuteness of detail is purposely avoided. The consequences might be fatal to many, were I to give publicity to their revelations, their sufferings, and their hopes.

Ancona, as already observed, lays claim to high antiquity. It is supposed to have been founded by a Doric colony, and its Greek name is derived from the angular, elbow-like form of the promontory on which the town is situated. In the time of Cæsar it was a celebrated port; and its importance under Trajan is attested by the magnificent

works undertaken by that emperor, upon which more than seventeen centuries have scarce left a trace. The mole he built at the entrance of the inner harbour, is a monument of true Roman durability, formed of huge stones, bound together by iron, and rising to a considerable height above the level of the sea. The triumphal arch which bears his name, was erected by his wife and sister in his honour. Considered by many as the finest marble arch now extant, it stands on the old mole, more vigorous in its decay than aught of the present which surrounds it.

During the dark ages the city sustained many vicissitudes, and was successively ravaged by Totila, the Saracens, and the Lombards. The latter placed over it a governor, whose title, Marchese, gave rise to the general term of Marchesato to the provinces under his rule. Hence the abbreviation of La Marca, or Le Marche, still in use. In the latter part of the eleventh century, the March of Ancona was bequeathed to the Church by the famous Countess Matilda,

whose sway extended over a considerable part of central Italy, but the town was not comprehended in this donation. It maintained itself as a free city, flourishing in trade, and steadily opposed to the Ghibeline, or imperialist faction. For this Frederic Barbarossa, in 1174, brought it to a deadly reckoning, and jointly with the Venetians, who were jealous of its commercial prosperity, entered upon the famous siege which is one of the most brilliant episodes in Italian mediæval annals.

Then, as now, the harbour had no adequate defences, and the Venetian galleys were able to moor themselves in the very face of the quays, establish the most strict blockade, and harass the town by their military engines, while the German army ravaged the country, and hemmed the garrison within the narrow compass of the walls. Time had failed the inhabitants to lay in supplies before the approach of the enemy, and the pressure of famine early made itself felt. Ere long they were reduced to such grievous straits that the skins of animals, whose flesh is commonly

rejected as unclean, as well as sea-weed, and the wild herbs growing on the ramparts, were all eagerly devoured. A young and beautiful woman, of the noble class, bearing an infant at her breast, one day remarked a sentinel who had sunk upon the ground at his post. To her rebuke for his neglect, he answered that he was perishing from exhaustion. Her reply has been preserved as worthy of a Roman matron. "Fifteen days," she said, "have passed, during which my life has been barely supported by loathsome sustenance, and a mother's stores are beginning to be dried up from my babe. Place your lips however upon this bosom, and if aught yet remains there, drink it, and recover strength for the defence of our country."

Dauntless courage, as well as sublime endurance, was displayed by the besieged. On one occasion the Venetians took advantage of the garrison's attention being drawn off by an assault of the imperialists on the land side, to effect a disembarkation. They already thought the town their own, when

they were charged by the inhabitants, who drove them back in confusion ; and a woman rushing forward with a blazing torch, under a shower of stones and arrows, set fire to a lofty wooden tower which was the most formidable of their beleaguering works. The daring of a priest inflicted another loss of equal importance upon the Venetians. Among their ships employed in the blockade, was one distinguished for its enormous bulk, bearing towers on its deck, and known by the name of *Il Mondo*. To destroy this was the brave priest's aim. Carrying an axe in his teeth, he swam across the harbour, and succeeded in cutting the cable which moored the vessel to her anchorage. *Il Mondo* drifted among the rest of the shipping, and caused the loss of seven galleys ere it could be secured, at the cost moreover of its cumbrous engines, and much of its stores.

The hardness and arrogance of Christian, the Arch-chancellor of the Empire, to whom Frederic had delegated the chief command, contributed to the Anconitans' obstinate

resistance. His disdainful rejection of their proposals to treat on honourable terms, nerved them to face the deadliest extremity ere they yielded to his mercy. Help came at last from the Guelphs of Ferrara and Ravenna. Much inferior in numbers to the enemy, a classical stratagem adopted by their leader Marcheselli, deceived even the astute Christian. It was night when they reached the heights of Falconara, whence Ancona is plainly seen. To give notice of his approach to the besieged, and at the same time strike terror into the German host, he ordered every soldier to bind to the head of his lance as many lighted torches as he could dispose around it, and extending his ranks, deployed slowly from the mountain.

Dismayed at the long and glittering lines of light bearing down upon him, the Arch-chancellor imagined a force was marching to the relief of the city, of such magnitude as his own troops, already jaded and dispirited at their want of success, were in no condition to encounter. He precipitately broke up his

camp, and retired upon Spoleto. The Venetians at the same time raised the blockade, and Ancona remained a memorable example of what may be borne and done by a free people in the preservation of their freedom.

Ancona enjoyed its independence until 1532, when it was surprised by Gonzaga, general of Clement VII., who, under the pretence of defending it against the incursions of the Turks, erected a fort, and filled the city with Papal troops. The magistrates, or *Anziani*, were expelled, the principal nobles beheaded or banished, and the absolute dominion of the Holy See was established beyond the power of the inhabitants to resist the usurpation. From that time Ancona remained in subjection to the Church until the wars of the French Directory, when the Roman States were occupied by Napoleon; and subsequently, incorporated by him with the rest of Central and Northern Italy into the *Regno d' Italia*, under the viceroyalty of Eugène Beauharnais, enjoyed a brief season of unaccustomed prosperity.

The pacification of Europe placed Italy on its former footing. The award of the Congress of Vienna restored the successor of St. Peter to the possessions of which he had been stripped by the French Revolution. By conquest, cession, or inheritance, these possessions had increased from the original scanty and barren territory, bestowed by Pepin and Charlemagne, to a State containing three millions of inhabitants, and extending from the shores of the Adriatic to those of the Mediterranean.

In 1815 the pontifical dominions were divided into twenty provinces, six styled Legations, governed by cardinals; thirteen Delegations, under prelates; and the Comarca of Rome. I shall merely name those on the Mediterranean:—the legation of Velletri, and the delegations of Perugia, Spoleto, Rieti, Viterbo, Orvieto, Civita Vecchia, Frosinone and Benevento. It is on the provinces lying on the other side of the Apennines that at the present moment general interest is concentrated. The most important of these are the four legations of Bologna,

Ferrara, Forlì, and Ravenna, lying between the Po and La Cattolica,* and usually known as the Romagna;—the legation of Urbino and Pesaro; and the delegation of Ancona. The delegations of Macerata, Camerino, Fermo and Ascoli, are of less extent and less political importance. The collective designation of Le Marche is applied to the entire tract between La Cattolica and the Neapolitan frontier.

Most of these territories and towns do not belong to the Holy See by the ancient tenure commonly supposed. We have seen how the city of Ancona became annexed in 1532. Nearly thirty years before Bologna had been conquered from its *Signori*, the Bentivogli, by the soldier-pontiff, Julius II., who, however, allowed it to continue, except in name, almost independent of his authority. The same pope also extended his victories over Ravenna, which he obtained from the Venetians; and compelled Cæsar

* La Cattolica, the boundary between the Romagna and the province of Pesaro, is a small village, about ten miles to the south of Rimini.

Borgia to yield up to the Holy See, Forlì, Cesena, Rimini, and other smaller towns of the Romagna that he had wrested from their petty princes, and of which the sovereignty had been conferred on him by Alexander VI. Ferrara was attached to the Church in 1598 by Clement VIII., after the extinction of the direct line of the house of Este in the person of Duke Alfonso II., on the plea that Cæsar D'Este, the representative of the family by a collateral branch, was disqualified by illegitimacy. The provinces of Urbino and Pesaro were ceded in 1626 by their last duke, Francesco Maria della Rovere, to Pope Urban VIII., along with Senigallia, an appanage of the same family. The towns which give their names to the four delegations last enumerated, besides Osimo, Recanati, Tolentino, &c., were acquired at different times, under similar circumstances. Camerino was given up by treaty; others which had been taken under the special protection of the German emperors, who in the Middle Ages claimed a sort of suzerainship over Italy, reverted to the

popes on the decline of Ghibeline influence ; the rest were governed by their own *Signori* till subjugated by Cæsar Borgia, who, while shaping out his own ambitious ends, did Rome good service by bringing these elements of feud and bloodshed into the recognition of one supreme authority.

CHAPTER X.

Injudicious policy of the Government at the Restoration—Non-fulfilment of the *Motu proprio* of Pius VII.—Disappointment of the pontifical subjects—Inability of cardinals Consalvi and Guerrieri to contend against the narrow views of their colleagues—Reasons of Austria's animosity against the former—Guerrieri's projected reforms bring about his fall—The constitutional movement of 1820-21—Its effect in the Papal States—Abuse of Consalvi's instructions—Extreme political rigour under Leo XII.—Distracted condition of the country—The *Sanfedisti* rising of 1831—First Austrian armed intervention in Romagna—Conferences at Rome—Mr. Seymour's protest—Fresh disturbances in the Legations—the Austrians again occupy Bologna—The French land at Ancona—The reign of Gregory XVI.

THE Italian princes summoned back from exile or captivity, by the downfall of Napoleon, to the exercise of sovereignty, had, all of them, learnt little from adversity. Upon

none, however, had its lessons been so completely thrown away, as the Pope,—or, to speak more correctly, the Papacy.

From the first resumption of its functions, the aim of the Roman Government seems to have been to blot out all traces of the enlightened and vigorous administration of the French; not by continuing whatever they had introduced of good, or improving on whatever they had left imperfect, but by forcibly reviving the usages of an almost obsolete generation. It was seriously deemed possible, by the most puerile restrictions, the most inquisitorial surveillance, to compel men to recede a quarter of a century, and return submissively to the stagnation which characterized Italy before the Revolution—a period when literature, art, morals, were all at their lowest ebb, and the test of a good citizen was to be regular at his barber's, spotless in his ruffles, and assiduous as a cicisbee.

At the restoration of Pius VII., promises had been held out of a thorough revision of the Legislature; but before long the publica-

tion of a civil and criminal code, based upon by-gone institutions and totally opposed to the requirements of the age, coupled with the augmenting influence of the clergy, opened the way for a weary succession of evils. It soon became apparent that neither the moderation of the pontiff, nor the good intentions and activity of one or two amongst the cardinals, could counterbalance the hostility of the vast majority of the Sacred College to aught connected with reform. Victims of one revolution, they fancied any innovation on time-hallowed observances would infallibly precipitate them into a second.

Consalvi and Guerrieri, the one Prime Minister, the other Cardinal-Treasurer, stood alone in their endeavours to remedy the most crying abuses. Unsupported as they were, for a few years at least they kept up a semblance of decency and justice. With their disgrace every vestige of common sense departed from the councils of the Vatican. Italians always date the commencement of their worst times from the

triumph of the Austrian intrigues which brought about Cardinal Consalvi's downfall. Metternich had never forgiven his energetic protest at the Congress of Vienna against the occupation of the citadels of Ferrara and Comacchio in the papal territory. Though the protest remains a dead letter, and both received Austrian garrisons, the independence of spirit, the impatience of foreign control, which he had revealed, were little in accordance with imperial policy; and conjoined to his successful opposition to designs upon Ancona in 1821, stamped him as too *national* for Austria to tolerate in the Church Cabinet. Immediately upon the decease of his firm friend Pius VII., Consalvi was displaced; and Cardinal Albani, of avowedly absolutist principles, succeeded him in the direction of affairs.

Querrieri was the victim of his devotion to political economy, and his projected financial reforms. Amongst these was a thorough revision of the land-tax, to effect which he sent for experienced engineers

from abroad. But Albani would not suffer him to carry out this much-needed undertaking. When interrogated as to the motive of this hostility, he is said to have replied : "My large estates in the Marche are not probably assessed at more than a third of their value. I do not choose to treble the tax at my expense."

The years 1820-21 were equally memorable and disastrous for the whole of Italy. Revolutions broke out in Naples and Piedmont, of which the object was to obtain a Constitution. But neither Ferdinand of Bourbon, nor Charles Felix of Savoy, were reformers. Both monarchs had recourse to arms ; the one solicited, the other accepted, the assistance of Austria, who, dreading nothing so much as the establishment of representative institutions in Italy, eagerly seized on this opportunity for intervention. Naples was guarded for six years by the Imperial troops ;—the Piedmontese sustained what they still remember as the indignity of a six months' occupation of the citadel of Alessandria.

141 EFFECT ON THE PAPAL STATES.

Though the Roman States had taken no part in these disturbances, it was apparent that a dangerous amount of sympathy for their purpose existed in the population. The absolutist party urged stringent measures of precaution; and Austria was desirous of throwing a garrison into Ancona. By diplomatic address Consalvi eluded compliance with this proffer; but to clear himself from the imputation of inability or disinclination to make head against the liberals, took a step which entailed consequences he was the first to deplore. He wrote to the four legates of the Romagne, authorizing them to send temporarily out of the country a certain number of individuals suspected to be members of the Carbonari, Freemasons, and other secret revolutionary societies. The cardinal-legates used this faculty with indiscriminating rigour; and drew upon themselves the prime minister's grave rebuke. Shocked at finding the arrests considerably exceeded one hundred, Consalvi declared that the pope would pass for the most relentless of persecutors, depre-

cated the abuse of force and of justice which had been employed, and gave orders to desist from any further proceedings.*

But this act had been as the letting in of waters. The proscriptions which Consalvi lamented as being so large, were insignificant to those that desolated the Romagna two years later under the blind intolerance of Leo XII., and Albani, when he himself had been thrust from office. Five hundred and eight persons were accused of high treason by the tribunals presided over by the fanatical Cardinal Rivarola. Of these offenders, a hundred and twenty-one, belonging to the upper classes of society, were exiled into Tuscany. But ere long the Government became apprehensive that they would conspire afresh if left at large. They were, therefore, summoned back to their own residences. With a fatal reliance on the good intentions of their sovereign, into

* See the State Papers and Documents in the Marquis Gualterio's *Rivolgimenti Italiani*, to which work, as full of research and reliable information, I can conscientiously refer the reader.

which no Roman subject will ever again be be betrayed, they obeyed the command. Scarcely had they entered the country when they were seized, imprisoned, and, after a protracted trial, condemned. Seven were beheaded, forty-five sent to the galleys, and the remainder imprisoned in State fortresses.

The hatred generated by this violation of humanity and good faith, hopelessly widened the breach between the people and their rulers. Political assassinations and conspiracies grew more and more frequent, and these in their turn led to fresh arrests and fresh severities. But it is with political as in religious persecutions; the secret societies, which had not comprised more than two thousand members before 1824, rapidly acquired a vast number of proselytes.

The organization of the *Sanfedisti* by the Government, introduced another element of discord, terror, and oppression. This association, intended as a counterpoise to those of the liberals, required of its adepts the utmost mystery and devotion; they were bound together by the most solemn oath

for the defence of the holy Roman Apostolic faith, and the temporal authority of the Pope. No family tie, no impulse of compassion, neither "the tears of women, nor the cries of children," were to stand in the way of its fulfilment. So long as they were faithful to the material obligations of this pledge, the *Sanfedisti* enjoyed almost complete immunity for any amount of crime, and their services were requited with a liberality which attracted many to their ranks. The spy and the informer plied thriving trades, and no class of society was secure from their baneful presence.

In 1831 the smouldering embers again kindled into flame. The revolutions of France and Belgium revived the desire of the Italians for emancipation. Risings took place in Piedmont, Modena, Parma, the Romagne, and Marche. But this time the insurgents were less moderate in their aims. The tyranny of the last ten years had borne its accustomed fruit, and a large leaven of republicanism was now mingled with what had been the constitutional party

of '21. In the papal provinces, however, the malcontents demanded little beyond the accomplishment of the reforms promised by Pius VII. But Gregory XVI., the newly-elected Pope, at once turned to Austria, and three large bodies of imperial troops speedily restored these importunate subjects to his authority.

Subdued, but not convinced, the Romagnuoli addressed such indignant remonstrances to France, whose support they had been led to anticipate before the commencement of the struggle, as aroused that Power to seek some mitigation of their sufferings. A Conference was proposed to be held in Rome, at which the representatives of France, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia were to deliberate on the means of bringing about an amicable settlement of the differences between the Pope and his people.

They were not long in discerning the main defects of the Roman administration, and in their memorandum of 10th May, 1831, pointed out the appropriate remedies.

These embraced the secularization of many of the chief offices under Government, and in the courts of law, hitherto an ecclesiastical monopoly; the complete revision of the civil and criminal code; the nomination of municipal councils by their respective communes, instead of by the State; the selection from these of a deliberative body for each province, to protect local interests; lastly, these provincial assemblies to furnish the members of a *Consulta*, which was to have its seat at Rome, regulate the public debt, and have a voice in the general management of affairs.

These suggestions, it is scarcely necessary to say, were not carried out. It is universally believed that, though ostensibly favouring their adoption, Austria, and Russia also, secretly backed the Papal Court in evading all compliance. Gregory XVI., a native of Belluno, was an Austrian subject by birth, and showed himself throughout his career a steady partisan of the House of Hapsburg. He began his reign with the promise that a *new era* was

The concluding sentence is prophetic :—
“The British Government foresees that if the present system is persevered in, fresh disturbances must be expected to take place in the Papal States, of a character progressively more and more serious, and that out of those disturbances may spring complications dangerous to the peace of Europe.”*

The English minister needed but to have appealed to the events which had transpired during his stay in Rome to give weight to his assertions. The Austrian troops had scarcely been withdrawn when the Romagne began to demand the unreserved accomplishment of the promised reforms. Meetings were held in their principal towns, the representatives of the Five Powers were memorialized, and deputations sent to the Pope. But in vain. After a few months of growing irritation and suspicion, the tri-coloured flag was raised in several towns of the four Legations and the Marches. Upon this, the pontifical troops, who had

* Note to Count de St. Aulaire, French Ambassador at Rome, Sept. 7, 1832.

been collecting in the vicinity for some time previous, attacked Forli and Cesena, while Austria a second time poured an army across the Po for the reduction of the country.

Ancona soon afterwards (February, 1832) received a French garrison. Jealous of the position assumed by Austria in Italy, this measure was resolved upon by France to counterbalance that ascendancy. This joint military occupation of the two nations lasted until the end of 1838. The tears shed by the Anconitans on the departure of the French were significant of their forebodings for the future. Evil indeed must be the condition of a people who prefer foreign occupation to their own sovereign's rule.

The period that followed, until the death of Gregory XVI., was, indeed, dark. The clergy, ignorant, grasping, and corrupt, monopolized almost every channel to emolument or advancement. Ministers, judges, heads of colleges, directors of hospitals, governors of towns—all were prelates; a

few, indeed, had not received the tonsure, and were free to marry, on giving up their appointments ; but the cases in which the advantages accruing from celibacy and the clerical habit were renounced, are of rare occurrence.* The introduction of railways, evening schools for the working classes, and scientific congresses, were all systematically opposed. Ruinous loans were contracted, and unjust monopolies conceded, to defray the expenses of the Swiss mercenaries, and the army of spies and police agents necessary to keep the population in check. Notwithstanding these precautions, and the utter hopelessness of any effort so long as Austria was on the frontier, ready to pour in her troops when needed, conspiracies were frequently breaking out, which gave a colour to the increasing blind, fanatical severity of the Government, only bent on retaining its grasp for the moment, without

* I can only remember one, that of Monsignor de Medici Spada, who relinquished the purple stockings for the hand of a beautiful Pole ; and yet my acquaintance with Italian ecclesiastics is very extensive.

a thought on the heritage of hatred and ruin stored up for its successors. In 1843, partial insurrectionary movements in the Romagna were punished as in the days of Cardinal Rivarola. Military commissions were instituted, and in Bologna seven *popolani*, leaders of the populace, who for the first time were found joined with the more intellectual classes in opposition to the Government, were executed, and many more imprisoned. The chief conspirators having escaped, vengeance was thus wreaked on their subordinates. At Ravenna, the five chiefs of the movement, amongst whom was Farini, since so celebrated, also succeeded in eluding arrest; but the commission was relentless in its inquisition after those on whom a shadow of suspicion could be fastened. The most barbarous measures were pursued to extort confession; solitary confinement, intimidation, false intelligence, even to the terror of impending death. Thirty-six condemnations to the galleys crowned this investigation. Again in 1845, at Rimini, fresh disturbances broke

out, of which the aim was no republican Utopia, but simply to demand moderate reforms. The noble manifesto addressed by the insurgents to the peoples of Europe, seconded by a vigorous exposition of their wrongs from the pen of Massimo d'Azeglio, struck powerfully, it is said, upon Cardinal Mastai, shortly afterwards named Pope. But the advisers of Gregory XVI. dealt with this movement as with those that had preceded it. Arrests were made all over the country, and gloom and apprehension filled every heart.

The highways swarmed with robbers and murderers, while the prisons were tenanted by honest men, arrested as political delinquents, often ignorant of the offences laid to their charge, and detained for years without a trial. Commerce languished; bribery and fraud were rife in every department. Religion had never been in such low estimation, yet conformity to its most solemn practices was enforced under severe penalties. Language fails me to describe the misery, the idleness, the decay, which were

the characteristics, at that time, both of the Romagne and the Marche ; and which, unhappily, continue to be applicable to the latter.

This picture will, I know, be considered exaggerated by those who have not inhabited these provinces. The appearance of Rome may be cited in contradiction to my statements. But Rome cannot be taken as a criterion of the Roman States. It is a cosmopolite city, resorted to by strangers from all parts of the world, animated and enriched by their presence. Take away the artists' studios, the shops of the dealers in mosaic and cameos, statuettes and sarcophagi,—and those who purchase them,—and grass would be growing in the streets of Rome, as it did six months ago in the half-depopulated cities of the Legations.

The Cavaliere Baratelli of Ferrara, who was assassinated in 1847, acquired an unenviable notoriety amongst his countrymen as the head of the *Società Ferdinanda*, a secret society in the Roman States, of which the scope was to promote the ascendancy of

by the Imperial Government to Lord Ponsonby, who describes him as follows:—

Extract from a despatch from Lord Ponsonby to Lord Palmerston.

VIENNA, 28th June, 1847.

“Baratelli was a landed proprietor in easy circumstances in the Legation of Ferrara; and during the period of the conquests of the French in Italy, their great adversary.

“When in 1813 Austria declared war against Napoleon, the Austrian armies advanced rapidly beyond the Alps, and Baratelli formed friendly relations with General Count Nugent.

“Baratelli always remained faithful to his principles of public order. In the revolutionary movements in the States of the Church, he always took the side of constituted authority, and was in consequence even persecuted by the Carbonaro party.

“Baron Baratelli was in communication with the Austrian authorities, &c.”

See “*Rivolgimenti Italiani*,” by the Marquis Gualterio, vol. I., chap. X. Also “*Gli Interventi dell’ Austria nello Stato Romano*,” by the same author.

CHAPTER XI.

Accession of Pius IX.—The amnesty—His unbounded popularity—His reforms and concessions—Disasters entailed by the French Revolution—The encyclical of the 29th April—Revulsion of feeling—The Mazzinians gain ground—Austrian intrigues—Assassination of Count Rossi—The Pope's flight to Gaeta—Efforts of the Constitutionalists to bring about an accommodation—The republic is proclaimed in Rome—Excesses in Ancona and Senigallia—Moderation of the Bolognese—Their courageous resistance to General Wimpffen—Siege of Ancona—Extreme severities of the victors.

THE amnesty to all political offenders with which, in July, 1846, Pius IX. inaugurated his reign, spread joy and gratitude throughout the pontifical dominions. Thousands of families received back their loved ones from exile or captivity, and the country awoke from the lethargy of despair. This act of grace, it was argued, would be followed by acts of justice;—nor did the Pope's career for nearly two years belie this

conclusion. He collected around him the most enlightened men, lay as well as ecclesiastic, of the country, and in spite of the ill-humour of Austria, who did not scruple to express her disapproval of the course on which he had entered, proceeded steadily with his ameliorations.

Men spoke little in those times but of what the Pope was doing, or purposed to do. Unlike his predecessor, who shrunk from any discussion on public affairs, Pius invited all who had any grievances to report, or plans of improvement to propose, to come freely to his presence. He removed the most irksome restraints from the Jewish population; lent a favourable ear to projects of railroads and other scientific and industrial enterprises, as well as to the diffusion of instruction among the lower classes; and permitted the establishment at Rome of a political journal, the first known in Italy. The provincial councils, ineffectually recommended in the Memorandum of 1831, were organized; and the Supreme *Consulta* selected from their members was convoked.

Finally, on the 8th of March, 1848, constrained by the example of the other Italian sovereigns, who themselves had yielded to the impetus of the French revolution of February, he granted a Constitution.

The proclamation of the Republic at Paris was a dire misfortune for the Italians. It precipitated events for which they were not yet prepared, and exposed a people still giddy with their sudden emancipation from a system of degrading oppression and restraint, to the contagion of the most leveling and socialistic doctrines. Their recently acquired privileges of discussion and inquiry were grossly abused, and many and grievous errors committed, which they themselves are now the first to acknowledge. But it is only fair to remember that the Pope took the first step in sundering the bonds which had hitherto bound the people of Italy so ardently to him. The famous encyclical of the 29th April, in which he publicly disavowed the Italian war of liberation against Austria, then waging on the plains of Lombardy,—notwithstanding that,

only one month before, he had given unequivocal proofs of his sympathy for the national cause, and had blessed the volunteers on their departure from Rome,—for ever destroyed his prestige in Italy. Most disastrous in its immediate consequences to the success of the Italian arms, the results to the papacy, though more remote, were still more irremediable.

The revulsion of feeling all over the Peninsula was terrible; but nowhere more bitter or hostile than in the States of the Church, where this declaration was received as a formal retractation of the liberal policy which had won Pius his popularity.

The war he now branded as UNJUST AND HURTFUL, had been preached in his own dominions, with his full knowledge and consent, as a new crusade; his condemnation of it stamped him as Austria's vassal. The acts and deeds which had been a steady protest against the principles and the supremacy of the Cabinet of Vienna were at once and for ever annulled. His conscience had taken alarm: he remembered

that above his obligations as an Italian king were those of Universal Bishop, and the conflicting principles of the temporal and spiritual attributes of the Papacy were brought into open antagonism.

From the encyclical may be dated the beginning of the end. The warnings, the threatenings, so long bravely resisted, all appeared suddenly to take effect. As if aroused to the conviction that the innovations he had sanctioned clashed with the independence of the Church, his mind now bent itself solely to repair the evil into which he had been led by the sympathies and weakness of the man usurping the higher duties of the priest. The Constitution especially clashed with the hierarchical polity; and hence the summer of 1848 was passed in unseemly contentions between the Pope and his lay-ministers, zealous on their side to maintain inviolate the power and attributes of the Chambers. These dissensions were no secret in the country, and unhappily opened a door to Mazzini, the chief of the republican party in Italy, and his adherents,

who previously, in the enthusiastic confidence inspired by Pius IX., had found no hearing. Side by side with these revolutionists were agents of the Austrian police, and the reactionary party, seeking, under the disguise of the most fanatical democracy, to urge the population into excesses which should speedily justify an Austrian intervention. "We can all remember," writes Massimo d'Azeglio to the inhabitants of the Legations, cautioning them against being this time the dupes of similar intrigues, "we can all remember, in 1848-9, certain journalists and street orators, who were only too successful in dragging the most ignorant and inflammable of the population into extravagant lengths; and whom afterwards, on the return of the Austrian army, we saw impudently walking about arm-in-arm with the officers, and sneering in the face of those they had led into error."*

* Massimo d'Azeglio's letter of September, 1859.—What he says of the Roman States was applicable to the whole of Italy. Proofs have been discovered, in

Still the catastrophe would not have been so immediate, but for the total defeat of the Sardinian army in Lombardy, in the month of August. The misfortunes of Charles Albert extended their influence to the furthest parts of the Peninsula. The Constitutionalists lost heart; the Republicans grew more overbearing. In the Roman States the dagger of an assassin took the life of the only man who yet stood between the Pope and the Revolution.

all the centres of agitation during the Revolution of 1848, of the presence of Austro-Jesuit emissaries, foremost in every seditious movement. At Milan, a certain Urbino, one of Mazzini's most violent partisans, was conspicuous as the leader of the rabble in the disgraceful opposition to the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, and in the hostile demonstrations against the king, which furnished plausible arguments to those who inveighed against the fickleness and disunion of the Italians. He is now known to have been all along a paid Austrian spy. In Tuscany, about the same period, an individual of infamous reputation, the author of a number of libels against Charles Albert, was clearly convicted of exciting revolutionary tumults, and thrown into prison. But the Austrian ambassador interfered promptly on his behalf (a proceeding the more extraordinary as the man was a Piedmontese subject),

The prime minister Count Rossi was murdered in 1848, and it is said that he was entering the Capitol, where the parliament held its sittings. The lower and middle classes were paralyzed by his casualty; and the Roman populace, incited by a handful of furious fanatics, were suffered to assault the Pope in his own palace, and thrust him to sanction the nomination of a democratic ministry.

What followed is well known. Confined at this season, Pius fled from his capital, but unhappily, instead of accepting either of the asylums offered by France and Spain, he was induced to claim the protection of the King of Naples, which was tantamount to throwing himself into the hands of Austria. From the moment he became the guest of the unrelenting Ferdinand, his policy bore the impress of the influences surrounding him.

Great as had been the errors and ingrati-

procured his liberation, sent him out of the country, and discharged all his debts.—Gualterio, *La Riforma*, Vol. I., p. 553, with documents, &c.

tude of the Romans, they did not abandon themselves to anarchy and licence. Count Terenzio Mamiani, recognized as the leader of the constitutionalists, and all the local authorities, were strenuous in their efforts to avert the crisis which was equally desired by the two extreme parties. The Sardinian cabinet also laboured to save the constitution, and bring back the Pope to Rome, without having recourse to foreign Powers. It was not till the 8th of February, 1849, nearly three months after his departure, that the Republic was proclaimed—not till after the Pontiff had rejected every overture for an accommodation.

The scenes of bloodshed and excess ascribed to Rome at this time are almost entirely without foundation. Seven priests fell victims to popular fury on the discovery of some reactionary plot of which they were the promoters ; but beyond this crime, there is nothing to lay to the charge of a population to whom murder is more familiar than to any other in Christendom. On the contrary, fewer *vendette*, assassinations from

personal motives, and fewer robberies, took place that winter in the Eternal City, than in previous years.

But this moderation was not followed in Ancona, which has acquired a fatal notoriety from the atrocities perpetrated by its "Infernal Association" in the name of liberty and the people. In a previous chapter, I have related the fear and prostration occasioned by this secret tribunal. The gross culpability of Mazzini, when Chief Triumvir at Rome, in not immediately commanding the arrest of the assassins,—the inexplicable supineness of Mattioli, the governor or *Preside*—have left an indelible stain on the short-lived republic. The pusillanimity of the Anconitans in submitting to this reign of terror, has also not contributed to raise them in the estimation of Europe. It was too evident they had degenerated since the days of Barbarossa.

The only other city in which these crimes were at all emulated was Senigallia, the birthplace of the Pope, about twenty miles distant from Ancona. Several members of

the Mastai family were threatened, and had to escape for their lives ; and in a population of eleven or twelve thousand, upwards of twenty persons, marked out for vengeance, were either killed or wounded by the self-styled patriots. *Amongst the assassins, both here and in Ancona, were men zealous as Sanfedisti under Gregory.* A band of the vilest rabble were about to commence similar proceedings at Imola, a town between Bologna and Ravenna, when they were summarily dealt with by Count Laderchi, the Preside. He did at once what Mattioli only did after months ; or rather what it required a Commissioner from Rome to compel him to do at all. He collected the national guard by night, surrounded the haunts of the assassins, and arrested every one on whom a suspicion rested.

Bologna throughout these agitated times held a firm yet temperate attitude. The long continuance of their free institutions—for their distinct autonomy was respected till the end of the eighteenth century—had given this people a resoluteness of purpose,

and intellectual development, not shared by their brethren in the more southern provinces, whom they had long ago nick-named the "Somari of the Marche."* The city, which contained 75,000 inhabitants, ranked next in importance to Rome, and had long been celebrated for its university, the fame of which, in the Middle Ages, attracted students from all parts of Europe;† and its schools of painting and music. But since the restoration it had participated in the general decline. Political restrictions and religious bigotry scared away the votaries of science and art.

In August, 1848, before any disturbances had taken place in Rome, an unjustifiable attempt of the Austrian general, Welden, to possess himself of Bologna, was repulsed with great bravery by the inhabitants, and the invading force compelled to recross the

* Asses of the Marches.

† In 1262, the number of students congregated in Bologna amounted to 10,000. It was the first medical school where dissection of the human body was practised; and claims the discovery of Galvanism.

Po. This outrage on the rights of nations, having been protested against by the Pope's ministers, Austria was obliged to wait for her revenge until officially summoned to invade the Legations. The long-desired moment, brought about by the madness of the Republicans, the weakness of the Constitutionalists, and the far-spreading intrigues of the Austro-Jesuits, came at last. In the spring of 1849, the Pontiff formally invoked the armed intervention of the Catholic Powers. France undertook to reinstate him in Rome; Austria was to deal with Romagna and the Marche.

Even the most sanguine might now be permitted to despair. Charles Albert, the champion of Italy, who had ventured upon a second appeal to arms, had just sustained a second overthrow. The bloody field of Novara seemed destined to be the grave of national liberty. General Wimpffen, at the head of 15,000 men, in all the flush and exultation of victory, advanced against Bologna. The town had no fortifications, and the inhabitants were without leaders, regular

troops, or artillery. Nevertheless, they refused to open their gates to the Austrians, and resisted gallantly for ten days. No further opposition was encountered by the enemy till they reached Ancona.

Here a few undisciplined troops and volunteers had been got together, and the citadel put into a posture of defence. A short time before this, the assassins had all been placed in confinement ; and the inhabitants, relieved from the palsying terror with which they had been oppressed, gave many redeeming proofs of courage and endurance during the four weeks of the siege. Unwilling to restore only a heap of ruins to the Pope, the Austrians were sparing of their fire, and contented themselves with harassing the citadel, while their ships of war intercepted all supplies or reinforcements from entering the port. At intervals, however, they would try the effect of more vigorous measures ; and four or five bombardments of several hours, one of a whole night's duration, put the constancy of the Anconitans to the test. Numbers of houses were

struck, much damage to property inflicted, many lives lost, but none shrank from danger. Even ladies of the nobility went forth amidst falling shot and shells to continue their ministrations to the wounded in the hospitals.

The defence of Ancona was rather a protest of the citizens against the forcible restoration of the Pontifical Government, than the death-struggle of the republic. Gambeccari, the commander of the garrison, and the Preside, Mattioli, passed their time in a bomb-proof vault of the Civic Palace, playing cards, satisfied with the knowledge that when the town thought fit to capitulate, an English man-of-war was waiting in the roads to carry them in safety to Corfu.*

The reconquered provinces were brought

* So calmly did they anticipate this *dénouement*, that they provided themselves with an appropriate token of gratitude to their future deliverer. The ring with the inscription, "From the exiles of Ancona," which they presented to the excellent and gallant Captain Nicholas Vansittart, of H.M.S. *Frolic*, on their taking leave of him at Corfu, had been made beforehand by a jeweller in Ancona.

to a heavy reckoning. I have already quoted some instances of the severity with which martial law was enforced in Ancona. In Bologna, the executions for trifling infractions of this Draconian code, amounted to fifteen. The retention of a rusty fowling-piece, a broken bayonet, or even the simple possession of a few ounces of powder and shot, was there punished with death. As in Ancona, so also in the Romagne, the disarmament was so rigidly enforced, that landed proprietors were not allowed to retain the firearms necessary for the defence of their country-houses against brigands. The arms thus sequestered in the Marche were laid up in the fortress of Ancona, with a promise of restitution. But some years afterwards, the greater part were broken up and sold as old iron; the Austrian officers, meantime, having made use of the best in their shooting excursions. The communes were saddled with the large expenses always incidental upon a military occupation like the present; in addition to which, they were required to provide new barracks,

riding-schools, and similar establishments, for their unwelcome guests at Bologna, and to defray the cost of additional fortifications at Ancona.

These restraints and grievances, as well as the domineering insolence of the Austrian authorities, were looked upon by the Papal Court as a part only of the chastisement of its rebellious children. The remainder it took upon itself to inflict.

CHAPTER XII

Rome subjugated by the French—Leniency of General Oudinot—Rigour of the Pope's Commissioners—Investigation into the opinions of Government *employés*—Disfavour of the constitutionalists—The Pope's edict and second amnesty—He returns to his capital, April, 1850—Bitter disappointment of the Romans—Count Cavour's appeal to the Congress of Paris on their behalf—The Papal progress in 1857—Public feeling at the opening of 1859—Excitement in the Pontifical States at the outbreak of the war—The Austrians evacuate Bologna—Establishment of a Provisional Government—The revolt spreads through the Legations—Ancona loses the favourable moment—Declares itself too late—Approach of the Swiss troops from Perugia and Pesaro—Capitulates to General Allegrini—Arbitrary proceedings of General Kalbermatten—The *Gonfaloniere*—His mendacious addresses to the Pope—Misery of Ancona—Contrast presented by the Legations—Conclusion.

CONTEMPORARILY with the re-establishment of the pontifical authority by the Austrians in the Legations and Marche, the French,

under General Oudinot, fulfilled their part of the compact, and brought the Eternal City into subjection. They were not prepared for the obstinate and spirited resistance they encountered. False reports of the anarchy prevailing in Rome had led Oudinot to anticipate that he would be hailed by the vast majority of the inhabitants as their deliverer from the licence of a demagogical faction; and no disappointment was ever more galling than that of the victor when he found himself regarded with aversion as the instrument of replacing a detested yoke upon an indignant population. It is but his due to state that he descended to no reprisals for the undisguised ill-will and contempt* with which he was received. Although the hostility of the Romans left him no alternative but to impose martial law, the greatest forbearance was shown in enforcing it; while all who had cause to dread the return of the

* The people nicknamed him *Cardinal* Oudinot, a pleasantry which stung him to the quick.

Papal functionaries were at full liberty to depart.

It was not until a commission, composed of three cardinals, arrived from Gaeta with full powers to assume the government, that the reaction may be said to have commenced. Whoever had not shown himself a partisan of absolute government was at once treated as an enemy. To their utter astonishment the constitutionalists were classed in the same category as the democrats, and soon had cause to deplore not having followed the example of all the persons connected with the short-lived Republic, who had timely quitted the country. A censorship or council was instituted *to investigate the opinions* of government officials of every class; but as every appointment made subsequently to the Pope's flight was cancelled as a preliminary, this inquiry limited itself to such persons as were in office before the commencement of disturbances. The result of this inquisitorial scrutiny was the loss of their situations to

seven hundred *moderati*, and the sudden beggary of an almost equal number of families. As if this measure had not sufficiently eliminated the dangerous liberal element, persons who had been absent from public view ever since the death of Gregory XVI., were now invited forth from their hiding-places or from prison. Spies and perjurers in old times, they returned with alacrity to their former calling; confiscation, imprisonment, exile, the galleys, fell to the lot of those who had crossed their path. The universities were closed; the most stringent laws enacted on the Press; the Holy Office re-instated in full vigour.

The Constitution was withdrawn. Pius IX. was the first amongst the princes of Europe to set the example of revoking the franchises with so much solemnity accorded. Not that the statute was ever publicly annulled: it was through his famous *motu proprio* of the 12th September, 1849, which laid down a totally opposite system as the basis of his resumption of the government, that the Romans understood its doom was

sealed. The institutions he now promised were to be such "*as should bring no danger to our liberty, which we are obliged to maintain intact before the universal world.*" In those words lies the clue to the Papal policy.

An amnesty was appended to this decree, but as it excluded from its provisions whoever had taken any share in public affairs since the assassination of Count Rossi, numbers of the most temperate politicians in the State, who had given their support to Mamiani during his efforts at an accommodation with the Pope, fared no better than the Mazzinians who had set all constituted authority at defiance. All were equally proscribed. The Romans, jesting, as is their wont, whether in pleasure or in bitterness, compared it to a register of condemnation rather than an instrument of pardon.

In April, 1850, Pius re-entered his dominions. The Romans had looked anxiously for this, and trusting in the benevolence of his character, imagined that he would at

least put a stop to the cruelty and injustice exercised in his name. But the Pope who came back from Gaeta had nothing of the Pio Nono of four years back. As if in expiation of his previous errors, and to screen the Church from being again jeopardized by his weakness, he withdrew all attention from secular affairs, and henceforth lived only for the glory of religion. So little did he inform himself of the state of the country, that the few who could obtain his ear unobserved, declare that they found him perfectly ignorant of passing occurrences. Nothing was suffered to reach him save through the medium of his detested minister, Cardinal Antonelli,—his subjects' murmurings and prayers had no other expositor; while the same channel conveyed to them nought save harshness, intolerance, and vindictiveness, as tokens of their sovereign's existence.

When the Romans once thoroughly realized this change, with the extinction of their hopes departed every vestige of affection. Never was there a prince who

fell from such a height of love, reverence, and admiration, to be regarded with such utter indifference.

In 1856, the evils which affected the Roman States were brought before Europe by Count Cavour, the Sardinian plenipotentiary at the Congress of Paris. He sketched their history since the restoration in 1815, and demonstrated the pressure Austria had always exercised upon the Papal government, to whom a loophole was thus given for throwing on its powerful ally the odium of its past and actual *régime*. As the first condition of the reforms the Pope should be invited to adopt, he insisted on the withdrawal of the two foreign armies in occupation of the country.

It being well understood that France only continued to garrison Rome as a check upon Austria, it was without any fear of opposition from the former that the Italian statesman dwelt on the crying necessity of this measure, and appealed to the deplorable situation of the Legations and Marche, where a state of siege and martial law had

been subsisting for seven years, to evidence whether the system now in force was salutary in its results; while he wound up his representations by urging the constant danger which threatened the tranquillity of neighbouring States by the existence of such a focus of intrigue and discontent.

This movement on the part of the Sardinian Government was loudly protested against by the clerical party as pandering to the revolutionists; but it saved Italy from becoming once more the prey of socialists and red republicans. Convinced that their cause was in able hands, the people were induced to wait patiently a little longer, to desist from the plottings and insurrections which had only been fruitful in bloodshed and desolation, and give their infatuated rulers another and final chance of averting the day of reckoning which was rapidly approaching.

Even then, at the eleventh hour, a little judgment, a little generosity, might have propped the tottering edifice. In 1857, the announcement that the Pope was about to

undertake a journey through his dominions awoke a hope of brighter days. The state of siege and martial law in Bologna and Ancona were removed; the beggars who peopled all the towns through which he passed were locked up; a good many buildings were whitewashed; and the municipal bodies (government nominees) presented congratulatory addresses. Other addresses, too, were prepared, couched in less flowery language, signed by many of the provincial nobility and landowners, in which an earnest appeal was made to their sovereign's justice and humanity. But these were not permitted to reach his hands. Cold and languid was the pontifical progress. Pius visited shrines and churches, but he unbarred no prisons, and left no thankful hearts behind him.

The memorable words of Victor Emmanuel on opening the Chambers at Turin in January, 1859,—“We are not insensible to the cry of anguish which reaches us from every part of Italy,”—were not spoken too soon. Without a public assurance of sym-

thy and protection to those suffering populations who, for three years, under increasing grievances, had waited for the result of Sardinia's interposition in their behalf, they could not any longer have been restrained from the wildest excesses of vengeance and despair. Without the firm trust in the *Ré galantuomo* generated by his faithful observance of the Constitution in Piedmont, under difficulties of no ordinary kind, Mazzini would never have lost his influence in the Peninsula.

In the Roman States, where republicanism had been as it were enthroned, this altered tone of public feeling was the more remarkable. The priests who rail at the constitutional king as the instigator of the revolution in the Legations, should rather thank the magic influence of his name, and the exhortations of the noble and enlightened men he has rallied around him, for restraining the fiery and vindictive Romagnuoli from abusing their hour of triumph. Not a *Codino* in the country but anticipated, whenever the Austrian troops should be

withdrawn, a repetition of the horrors of the first French revolution.

As the excitement which pervaded all North Italy last winter extended itself to the Papal States, the Austrians redoubled in vigilance and severity. While the French general in command at Rome winked at the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, and offered no opposition to the departure of the volunteers who flocked to Victor Emmanuel's standard, the Pope's allies on the other side of the Apennines, strengthened their garrisons, re-established martial law, intercepted the volunteers as they stole towards the frontiers, and threw up fresh fortifications round the citadel at Ancona.

The Government, dependent for its very existence upon two Powers on the verge of open collision, was torn by anxiety. Its leanings were unequivocally Austrian; but these, to a certain extent, fear of the French compelled it to dissemble. When the war at length broke out at the end of April, and the invasion of Piedmont by the Austrians was responded to by the landing of a French

army at Genoa to support Victor Emmanuel, the fever of expectation in both parties, liberal and absolutist, in the pontifical dominions, reached a maddening pitch.

The suspense was not of long duration. The battle of Magenta brought things to a crisis. On the 8th of June, Bologna first learned the rumours of the victory. The ferment was indescribable, and the people, intoxicated with joy, were with difficulty restrained from rising on the Austrians. Written handbills were actively circulated, admonishing them to prudence: "Be ready, but calm and disciplined," was the burthen of these injunctions. Two days of torturing suspense followed; an embargo had been laid on all newspapers or bulletins from the seat of war, and the military and pontifical authorities spread a contradiction of the previous intelligence.

But the truth could not for ever be concealed, and when Gyulai's defeat was confirmed, the excitement rose almost beyond the control of the self-constituted chiefs of the national party,—men conspicuous in

Bologna for intellect, birth, and local influence,—to whose sagacity, firmness, and moderation at that momentous period their countrymen owe an incalculable debt of gratitude. In spite of their endeavours to avoid any grounds of provocation, however, a conflict between the populace and military seemed imminent, when General Habermann telegraphed to head-quarters for instructions, and was ordered to evacuate the city.

In the dead of the night the dislodgment was effected; nor was it until the last Austrian soldier had defiled through the gates, that the restraint so wisely imposed, permitted any public display of exultation. In a moment, the houses were all illuminated, and the people poured into the streets, scarce venturing to credit their wondrous deliverance. The Marquis Pepoli, Count Malvezzi, Count Tanari, Professor Montanari, and other influential Bolognese, meantime proceeded to the palace of the Cardinal Legate, and requested an audience. After a long conference, Cardinal Milesi was convinced

of the unanimity of the aims of the liberal party, bent on placing themselves under the protection of Piedmont, and of the hopelessness of opposing them; accordingly, the papal arms were lowered from the gateway of the Palazzo Governativo, amid the frantic joy of a large concourse of by-standers, and at an early hour in the morning he took his departure from Bologna.

A provisional Government was now formed, until an answer could be received from Victor Emmanuel, to whom the dictatorship of the province was offered, pending the duration of the war. Besides the Marquis Pepoli, and others whom I have already named, Prince Herculani, Prince Rinaldo Simonetti, and Count Cæsare Albicini, of the first nobility of the country, took part in the administration: a fact of itself sufficient to confute the absurd statements put forward in England at pro-papal meetings, of the movement in the Legations being confined to a few adventurers and Piedmontese agents.

Wisely eschewing all subordinate ques-

tions, as well as the discussion of eventualities, the Bolognese devoted themselves to the organization of a sufficient force to defend their frontiers, and with the financial provisions indispensable to this end. Every day brought encouraging intelligence. As the Austrians retreated from the Legations, the cities they left in their rear raised the Sardinian flag, and sent in their adherence to the central Government at Bologna. Up to La Cattolica, a village a few miles to the south of Rimini and the classic Rubicon, the insurrection received no check ; but Pesaro, a town on the sea-coast of some importance, about forty miles from Ancona, was unable to declare itself. It was the head-quarters of some Swiss regiments, under General Kalbermatten, who were soon to do the Pope good service in the reduction of the Marche.

Ancona had its revolution of a few days, for which it is still doing penance in sack-cloth and ashes. On the 12th of June, the Austrians abandoned the town, but the citadel was almost immediately occupied by

some Papal troops, despatched from Macerata. A few hours only elapsed between the departure of the former and the arrival of their substitutes ; but it was the Anconitans' want of energy in turning that interval to account which decided the fate of the Marche. They lacked the master-minds who directed the *pronunciamiento* at Bologna, and who alone could have grasped the requirements of the situation. The oversight of not declaring themselves at once, and seizing upon the citadel, with the vast military stores left there by the Austrians, and its almost impregnable positions, was irreparable. Before finally committing themselves, they waited for tidings from Romagna, and lost the decisive moment.

It was not till two or three days after General Allegrini had occupied the fortress, that Ancona proclaimed the dictatorship of the King of Sardinia, and appointed a Junta, in which the nobility and middle classes were severally represented by Count Cresci, a wealthy landowner ; Dr. Benedetto Monti, an eminent physician ; Signor Mari-

ano Ploner, a merchant; and Signor Feoli, a lawyer: all men of mature age and unquestioned honour. Upon this the delegate retired from his post, and without a shot being fired, all emblems of the Pope's authority were effaced or removed. Allegrini's conduct in offering no interference during these proceedings, while a few shells from the heights in his possession would have made fearful havoc among the insurgents, subsequently earned him a court-martial, and the loss of his command. Meantime, two soldiers of a different stamp were ordered to deal with the rebellious city. The inhabitants had scarcely learned the fall of Perugia,* with all its horrible accompaniments, when they were terrified by the announcement that Colonel Schmidt, with the Swiss troops engaged in the assault, was advancing by forced marches upon them from one quarter, while General Kalbermatten was approaching from another.

* 18th June. This city had also declared for the protectorate of Victor Emmanuel, and a participation in the war of independence.

Without arms, without leaders, resistance was clearly impossible; it was, therefore, decided to surrender to Allegrini, who assured them of better terms than Kalbermatten would be likely to concede, and connived at the evasion of thirty of the most compromised among the citizens, who escaped by sea before the entrance of the Swiss.

Dissatisfied with Allegrini's leniency, Kalbermatten had no scruple in setting aside the capitulation. He immediately imposed a fine of a hundred thousand dollars upon the town, enacted a number of stringent and inquisitorial regulations, enforced under heavy penalties,* and secured himself a zealous coadjutor in public affairs by conferring the office of *gonfaloniere*, or chief

* The possession of revolutionary emblems, such as tri-coloured cockades, scarfs, &c., was punishable, or rather is punishable, with from three to five years in the galleys. Private families were enjoined, under a penalty of ten dollars *for the first offence*, to report to the police the arrival of any guest from abroad, (the nearest town was comprised in this designation), with a statement of his purpose in coming, his station in life, &c.

civil magistrate, on the Marquis D * * *, the man of all others most hateful and loathsome to the population. It is no exaggeration to say of this nobleman, that he has one of the most infamous reputations in a country, and amongst a party, where every species of vice is very efficiently represented. He was even too notorious to be made use of by the Government of Gregory XVI., notwithstanding his devotion to the Holy See, his very high rank, and considerable wealth. It remained for a Kalbermatten,—like himself, too, in bad odour in the previous reign,—to pass the last indignity upon the Anconitans, by placing him at their head. His very first measure after entering into office was a characteristic one. He sent a deputation from the municipality of Ancona, to impress on Pius IX. that recent events were the work of an evil-minded minority, and assuring him of the Anconitans' unbounded loyalty and contentment. The *Roman Gazette*, of course, hastened to proclaim this fact, but omitted some elucidations which rendered the announcement even more men-

dacious than the general run of its intelligence.

At that moment no municipal body existed in Ancona. The nobles and citizens who composed it had either fled the country, or were in concealment, or declared themselves to be ill, or flatly refused to retain office under their new *gonfaloniere*. The deputation, lyingly reported to the world as embodying the sentiments of the town-council and civil authorities of this miserable city, was composed of two of the Pope's cousins, and an underling of the Neapolitan consulate.

General Kalbermatten, however, determined that the Marchese should not, on another occasion, be forced thus to extemporize a following. He imposed a fine of five dollars a day upon the sick or refractory members of the Municipio, which at last told so heavily upon their resources, that such as could not escape* into the free atmosphere of

* I am acquainted with a large landed proprietor in the Marche, who, debarred by peculiar circumstances from taking an open part in the liberal move

~~Thompson~~ ~~subsequently~~ ~~was~~ ~~and~~ ~~subsequently~~
~~whose~~ ~~activities~~ ~~and~~ ~~statements~~ ~~concerned~~ ~~himself~~
~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~case~~ ~~was~~ ~~compelled~~ ~~to~~ ~~appear~~. ~~Just~~
~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~months~~ ~~the~~ ~~investigation~~ ~~was~~ ~~again~~
~~initiated~~ ~~in~~ ~~connection~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~case~~.

His first story is a satire and unintentionally seems to satirize that in December the major politicians were in a struggle to come together in the name of the wise Minnesota to be and leave the free export foreign interests against any changes in the actual political time order which they had the business of living. Deep and depressing was the impression of the Minnesotans in discovering what he had had the audacity to assert for not one—no, not one—of the American was significant of the proceeding; and what a spirit which can only be represented by those with understand their actual position they should possibly throw up office.

He passed his time last summer in assisting the work of the American refugees. He told me the number who had been turned to expatriate themselves was immense, and yet many are in prison.

Since then I know not what expedient has been adopted to bring these contumacious subjects to obedience, for private letters from that centre of desolation are more eloquent in their silence than their details. This much I know positively, that none of the accounts which from time to time find their way into the "Times" or "Daily News" of the actual condition of Ancona, of the continual landing of Austrian recruits for the Papal army, of the stagnation of trade, and the despairing, sullen attitude of the population—are in anywise exaggerated.

It is sad to turn from the scene of so many pleasant associations, leaving it so wretched in the present, in such utter uncertainty for the future; but my limits are well nigh attained, and I should only be going over a thrice-told tale if I enumerated all the grievances which it shares in common with the other provinces still under Papal rule. These are forcibly condensed in the address lately presented to the Emperor of the French by the refugees from Ancona, Perugia, and, in fine, every other part of the Roman States

not yet emancipated from the priestly yoke.—“A destructive blast has swept over the country. No responsibility in those who govern, no publicity in the administration, no safeguard before the tribunals, canon law above the civil code—these are the inevitable consequences of a Government at the head of which stands a prince, who, bound by religious ties, and declaring himself infallible, is free from all control. All modification of an essentially corrupt system would be fruitless. Principles may be corrected, persons may be changed, but the intrinsic nature of a thing admits neither of correction nor change. The clerical system is incompatible with the customs and civilization of the present day; to endeavour to mend it would be to galvanize a corpse.”

The Romagne stand out in bright relief against this gloomy background. A fierce ordeal had to be encountered when, close upon the rapture with which the population received Massimo d’Azeglio as Commissioner Extraordinary from Victor Emmanuel, came the unlooked for, palsyng announcement of

the Convention of Villafranca. But right nobly did they surmount the dangers that menaced them on every side. Though the soldier-statesman, the Bayard of politicians, whose writings, whose eloquence, whose example had so potently contributed to purify and exalt the national character, was compelled to withdraw from the post so recently assumed, they loved and trusted him and his royal master too implicitly to be false to his exhortations.

Hence it was that, abandoned to themselves at a conjuncture the most critical and perplexing, the Romagnuoli, so long noted for their turbulence and lawlessness, seemed suddenly to have acquired a ripeness of judgment and power of self-control worthy of a long apprenticeship to freedom. By the middle of July a body of 12,000 men were already equipped and on their way to La Cattolica, to ward off any attack of the pontifical troops; and before the end of August the elections had taken place for the National Assembly. The four Legations, containing about a million of inhabitants,

returned one hundred and twenty-six deputies, the leading men in the country, whether in respect of rank, learning, or public estimation.

The assembly met in Bologna for a two-fold purpose ; first, to pass in solemn review the conduct of the late Government, and set forth the reasons for which the people cast off its authority ; next, to vote the annexation to the constitutional monarchy of Sardinia. These acts accomplished, it separated, patiently waiting until the sanction of Europe should permit Victor Emmanuel to ratify their choice.

Meanwhile, though the suspense is long, and the tension of public feeling extreme, the calmness and confidence of the population have never wavered. There has been no retaliation for the excesses of Perugia, no reckoning sought for the fearful arrears of oppression which the publication of the late Government's state-papers have brought to light.

The highways were never so safe before ; travellers now pass through the whole

of Romagna without a shadow of apprehension.

Whatever be the fate in store for these provinces, no impartial mind can deny them, in common with the three other States of Central Italy, where an analogous line of conduct has been held, a just title to the respect and admiration of posterity.

CHAPTER XIII.

The English Community of Nice—A Pleasant Meeting—The Corniche Road—The Smallest Sovereignty in the World—An Oppressive Right of the Prince—Rumoured Negotiation—Rencontre with Pilgrims—An Old Genoese Villa—A Piedmontese Dinner—The Culture of Lemon Trees—Piedmontese Newspapers—The Towers of the Peasantry—Cultivation of the Olive and the Fig-tree—Popular Mode of Fishing.

Not very long ago I was at Nice—beautiful Nice, with its wondrous skies and sapphire-like sea ; its olive woods, and palms, and aloes ; its mountains, luxurious valleys, and rich pasture-lands ; and yet I was not content. When from the scenery around I turned to examine Nice itself—when, after paying a due tribute of admiration to the country thus lavishly endowed, I sought to learn something of its inhabitants, their customs, their social life, my dissatisfaction commenced. There seemed no individuality in

this town ; no leading features among its population. I found no interior to peep into, no traits of national character to record.

Nice takes its tone from the English and French, Bavarians and Russians, who make it their winter residence ; the English influence, however, being predominant, as is evidenced by the number of British comforts and indispensabilities our country-people have introduced ; English bathing-machines on the sunny beach ; English goods and warehouses at every turning ; chemists' shops, complete in all their time-honoured insignia ; stay-makers to royal English duchesses ; English groceries, hosiery, baby-linen ; all are here to be found, besides English clubs, English doctors, English agency-offices—in fact, every imaginable device wherewith John Bull delights to surround himself when abroad.

Now all this may be very delightful, but it is certainly not instructive ; and to those who think some improvement may be gleaned from foreign travel beyond seeing all the sights and taking all the drives set

down in *Murray's Handbook*, it is particularly annoying to find themselves in a society where the prejudice and party-spirit, gossip and twaddle, into which a number of idle people must inevitably fall, are actively at work; within whose circles a native is rarely seen, and where a total indifference as to the history or condition of the country where they are sojourning is displayed. I was beginning to fret under this exclusiveness, and was endeavouring to resign myself to the conviction that my visit to Nicé would be barren of reminiscence, when my good genius came to my aid, and one day, on the Promenade des Anglais, brought me face to face with the Comtesse de Laval, a Piedmontese widow lady I had known two or three years previously in Tuscany. She had lately come with her brother, a veteran general, who had lost an arm in the campaigns of '48-49 against the Austrians, to reside on some property they had purchased in the neighbourhood. It was a most charming rencontre for me; and they really seemed so cordial, that, making all requisite allow-

ances for Italian exaggeration, I could not but believe the pleasure was mutual. The comtesse's first inquiry was if I were a *fiancée*, for in this respect all Italians are alike—Piedmontese or Neapolitans, from the north or from the south, they equally consider matrimony the sole object of a woman's life. Disappointed at my reply, she glanced nervously round to see whether I was unattended; but the sight of a servant reassured her, while I vainly attempted to demonstrate that my advancing years would speedily render any escort superfluous.

With a fixed determination to defer to the vassalage under which she considered I ought to be restricted, she begged me to take her to call upon the friends with whom I was staying, in order to proffer a request that I might be permitted to accompany her for a few days to her brother's villa at Latte, some thirty miles' distance from Nice—her own house in the vicinity being under repair. We were all amused at the stately old lady's punctilio; but the kind invitation, it is needless to say, was wil-

lingly accepted, and an early day appointed to set out.

Everybody has heard of the Corniche Road—the Riviera di Ponente ; that is, the Shore of the West—which connects Nice with Genoa, and that portion of it leading to Latte is perhaps the most beautiful of the whole. October had already commenced, but no trace of autumn had as yet stolen over the landscape, no chillness in the balmy air reminded one of the lateness of the season. Our way at first wound along a gradual ascent, bordered with olives, cherubias, cypresses, orange-trees, and the maritime pine, and commanding the most extensive inland prospect, where mountains upon mountains displayed exquisite varieties of colouring and form ; whence a sudden turn of the road brought us to heights overhanging the Mediterranean, with its endless succession of headlands and bays, towns nestling beneath the shelter of a protecting rock, or cresting some rugged eminence ; while the blue waters stretched forth in their calm majesty, scarcely a ripple on

their glass-like surface, scarcely a murmur as they wafted their wreaths of spray towards that highly-favoured shore.

Soon after passing Turbia—a village constructed of Roman ruins—the road began to descend, always overhanging the sea; and then, far, far beneath us, accessible only by a very circuitous route, we saw Monaco, the capital of the smallest sovereignty in the world, with its towers and fortifications rising along a rugged promontory, which flung its arms protectingly around the tiny city, and formed a bay, so graceful in its curve, in the outline of the hills which rose above it, that the scene looked like a gem worthy of Italy's diadem of beauty. From this I was directed to turn my gaze in the direction of Roccabruna, another town in this same Liliputian principality, situated upon the shelving side of a mountain, so exceedingly precipitous, that the marvel is how it ever could have been built, or men found agile enough to climb there; the popular legend being, that, some hundred years ago, the whole slid some distance down the face

of the rock to its present locality, without destroying its castle or other structures.

Florestan, Prince of Monaco, and Duke of Valentinois, spends in Paris the revenues he obtains from his subjects by exactions which have rendered him deservedly unpopular. One oppressive right he possesses, is that of compelling all the population to grind their corn at his mills, and to buy their bread at his bakers'; the result of which is, that the 5000 or 6000 subjects of the principality eat the worst bread in Italy. So the general said; and as he was of an agricultural turn, and had gone through the metaphorical act of beating his sword into a ploughshare, he was a great authority on such matters.

There has since been a rumour going the round of many of the newspapers, that the noble Florestan was treating with the Government of the United States for the sale of his territories—a negotiation that would, no doubt, be equally gratifying to the pride and suitable to the interests of our transatlantic kinsmen, but one which the European

Powers would probably never permit to be carried into effect. Piedmont would greatly desire to become the purchaser; and situated as is the principality—lying like a wedge in her beautiful line of coast, which commences at Nice and terminates at Spezzia—such a transfer seems most natural; but the Prince of Monaco has a grudge against the Sardinian Government, and is obstinately opposed to treating with it on the subject.

Through avenues of rhododendrons and oleanders, through woods where the rich green of the fig, bending beneath its luscious fruit, contrasted with the dusky foliage of the olive, we next came upon Mentone, of late years much resorted to by English as a sheltered and beautiful winter residence. If the contemplated transfer of Nice to France is carried out, the pass of the Turbia will form the boundary; and Mentone, as the Italian rival of Nice, is expected to rise into great importance.

Soon after leaving this town we again dismounted, to have a better view of a rocky

defile which seems to have riven the mountains asunder ;' and while sitting on the low parapet of the bridge thrown over the chasm, we were attracted by two figures advancing slowly in the direction whence we had come, in the costume of pilgrims, real *bonâ fide* pilgrims. Their appearance at once reminded me of those descriptions with which many of Sir Walter Scott's opening chapters abound. The elder of the two was a man of middle age, with handsome regular features, somewhat of a Moorish cast, to which his coal-black hair and bronzed complexion imparted an additional resemblance. His companion, whom we at once concluded to be his son, was a boy of eleven or twelve, with that golden hair so often observable in children in the south, which darkens rapidly as they grow up ; a gentle suffering face, and an air of weariness in his gait, that, with the adjuncts of his picturesque attire, rendered him a very interesting little palmer. Both were dressed alike : in loose cloaks or robes of dark-green serge, with large oil-skin

capas, thickly overlaid with scallop-shells, the largest between the shoulders, and smaller ones placed around, and in the front two crosses coarsely embroidered. A low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat—a long wooden staff, surmounted by a cross—a string of beads at the girdle—and a crucifix hanging from the neck, completed this equipment, which had neither wallet nor bag, nor any sort of receptacle for carrying food or raiment.

As they passed us, we perceived how coarse and travel-worn their apparel was, and how the little boy lagged behind, requiring often an encouraging word from the elder pilgrim to urge him on; and being curious to learn somewhat respecting them, as an introductory speech, the general called out to inquire if they had come from a great distance, and whither they were bound. The man replied in broken Italian, they came from Murcia, in Spain, and that their destination was Rome; then, with an inclination of the head, was proceeding, when their interrogator approached

the little boy, and dropped a few coins into his hand. The child looked up at his companion inquiringly, and receiving a gesture of acquiescence, accepted the money with downcast eyes, and kissed it, but without proffering a syllable. The father then took off his hat, and crossing himself, remained for a few seconds in the attitude of prayer, his lips moving silently, the boy sedulously following his example. When their orisons were concluded, the child drew from his bosom a small brass medal, with an image of the Madonna, which he presented to the general, always keeping the same silence, which augured ill for the gratification of our curiosity. However, as they stood still for a few minutes, looking over the precipice, I mustered up courage to be spokeswoman; and in the few words of Spanish I could put together, inquired if the little boy was not very much fatigued with his long travel.

“Sometimes,” was the reply; “although I purposely make very short days’ journeys. We have already been four months on the

way, and we have still one hundred and fifty leagues to traverse before reaching Rome."

"Always on foot?"

"Si, señora."

"It is part of your vow?"

"Si, señora."

"And that little boy is your son?"

"My only one."

"You have undertaken this pilgrimage from a religious motive?"

"Pardon me, señora, but there are subjects which can only be divulged between our conscience and our God."

We had now arrived at the domain, and found a peasant in waiting, with a mule to receive the packages, which the servants handed down from the carriage.

"Ah, here you are! and here is Maddalena, too!" said the kind master in the Nizzardo patois, as a comely young woman, wearing a round straw hat, trimmed with black velvet, shaped like the mandarin hats on tea-chests, and large gold earrings, came forward with a smiling face to welcome us.

“Ah well, eh?—the children, and the dog, and the cows, and the chickens. Ah, *briccona*, I see you!” poking at a little roll-about girl, who had hidden herself in her mother’s skirts, and now peered at us out of her almond-shaped eyes—the eyes of Provence, soft and long. “Now, mademoiselle,” turning to me, and addressing me in French, which was the language of the family among themselves, although, whenever he and his sister engaged in any animated discussion, they went off to Piedmontese—a hopeless compound of gutturals and abbreviations to my untutored ears—“now, mademoiselle, let me do the honours of a ruined villa without a road;” and he led the way, for about a quarter of a mile, through vineyards and olives, and orchards laden with fruit, till we came to a lane, and a large old-fashioned gateway, originally very much ornamented with trophies and armorial-bearings. A large watch-dog now bounded forward, and greeted his master by putting his paws on his shoulders, and brushing his nose against the general’s grey moustaches ;

after which salutations, passing under a long trellis-walk of roses and vines, the latter trained along tall white columns, after the fashion of the old Genoese villas, we came upon a lawn studded with palms and oleanders, and bordered with thick groves of lemon-trees, in the centre of which stood a beautiful palace, such as I had little expected to see in this secluded spot. A magnificent outer staircase, springing in double flights from the portico, and converging in a broad platform, conducted into a vestibule with glass doors, from whence opened a spacious sala, or sitting-room. At the further end of this were two long windows, with closed Persian blinds, which the general threw open on my approach, and then I found myself upon a balcony overhanging the sea—so close, so very close beneath us, that I could have flung a pebble into it from where we stood. Both he and the comtesse enjoyed my surprise at the sudden transition, from the wooded scenery in the front of the palazzo, to the wide range of sea-view thus suddenly

presented to me. The house, in fact, was built upon the shore of a beautiful little bay, shut in on one side by a promontory covered with feathered pines, and on the other by a ridge of rocks, which darted forward as if to complete its crescent-like shape, and form a safe harbour for the fishing-barks which now lay idly on the beach: beyond them appeared three successive headlands, each with its little town rising from the bosom of the waters—the whole so calm, so sunny, so brilliant, with its background of perfumed groves, and palms, and flowers, that it realized every anticipation, and concentrated in a glance all the varied attractions of the Riviera.

I was not allowed a long time to gaze uninterrupted, for the general reminded his sister that the dinner-hour had nearly arrived, and suggested we had better take off our bonnets. Any regular dinner-toilet, it may here be remarked, is very unusual amongst Italians when in the country, even in much more modern establishments than the one I am describing. The short sleeves

and low dresses in which English ladies are wont to appear in everyday routine, would be considered by them the extreme of folly and bad taste. As the comtesse conducted me to my room—one of six large bed-chambers opening from the sala—in her gentle yet stately manner she renewed her apologies for receiving me with so little ceremony, repeating her declaration that we were literally *à la campagne*, in a dilapidated palace that her brother had purchased through a whim, because it had belonged to a decayed family in whom he felt an interest. There was no necessity for these excuses, however; and I was enabled to judge from what the Piedmontese called a rustic way of living, how much more luxury and expenditure were prevalent in Northern Italy, than in those southern parts of the peninsula in which my former experiences had lain.

The dinner, to which we were speedily summoned, was served in a large room on the ground-floor, corresponding in size with the sala upstairs, the doors at the end, which

were thrown open, disclosing an enchanting view of the sea and the skiffs gliding along its sparkling waters. Here we found the general in conversation with a middle-aged, intelligent-looking man, whom he introduced as Signor Bonaventura Ricci, his friend and factotum, a resident of Ventimiglia, the adjacent town; and then, without further delay, we sat down to table, the comtesse alone making the sign of the cross, which is equivalent to saying grace with us. The dinner was a specimen of simple Italian fare, and as such I shall record it for the benefit of the curious in these matters: it commenced with a tureen full of *tagliarini*; a paste composed of flour and eggs, rolled out exceedingly thin, and cut into shreds—on the lightness and evenness of which the talent of the cook is displayed—boiled in broth, and seasoned with Parmesan cheese. Slices of Bologna sausage, and fresh green figs, for which, the general exultingly informed me, the neighbourhood of Ventimiglia was justly celebrated, were next handed round; and then appeared the *lessò*,

a large piece of boiled beef, from which the broth had been made, with the accompaniment of tomato sauce. After this there came a large dish of fried fish, and the *arrosto*—roast veal, or roast chickens, or something of the kind—which, with a *dolce*, or sweet, completed the repast. Several sorts of wine, the produce of the last year's vintage, were produced by Signor Bonaventura, who had the keys of the cellar in his keeping, and their different merits were eagerly pointed out. Notwithstanding their interest in the subject, however, neither he nor the general seemed to think of drinking a few glasses by way of test, but contented themselves with merely tasting the wine pure, and then mixing it with water. The dessert consisted of oranges, peaches, grapes, figs, and a melon, all gathered that morning in the garden ; which, considering how far the autumn was advanced, was wonderful even for Italy, and bore witness that the exceeding mildness of the temperature—whence, it is said, the name of Lacte or Latte is derived—has not been exaggerated.

After dinner, we walked in the grounds, it being too late for a longer excursion ; and the general and Signor Bonaventura, whose surname was certainly a superfluity, since nobody ever addressed him by it, explained to me sundry matters connected with the culture of the lemon-trees, which constituted the principal revenue of the estate. It is certainly a graceful harvest, gathered every two months all the year round ; the 500 trees in the garden having yielded upwards of 100,000 lemons in less than ten months, and 20,000 or 30,000 more being looked for before Christmas. These are sold at from 40 to 50 francs per 1000—a franc is equal to 10*d.*—to traders, who either send them in cargoes to England and the United States, or else retail them at large profits to fruit-dealers for home consumption. The lemon-tree requires great care, and is manured every three years with woollen rags—a process likewise applied in many parts of the Riviera to the olives, which certainly attain to a size and thickness of foliage not seen elsewhere. They

showed me some lemon-trees which were being prepared for the reception of the rags. A circular trench, about a foot deep and two feet wide, is dug round the trunk, and in this the rags, mostly procured in bales from Naples, are laid; a curious assemblage of shreds of cloth gaiters, sleeves of jackets, bits of blankets, horse-rugs, and so forth—the whole conveying an uncomfortable idea of a lazzarone's cast-off clothes. A quantity not exceeding twenty pounds English weight is allotted to each tree, and then the earth, which had been displaced for their reception, is thrown over them, and they are left to ferment and gradually decompose. Some agriculturists throw a layer of common manure over the rags before covering them with earth, but Signor Bonaventura said many experienced persons contended it was unnecessary. Great precaution is requisite to prevent any blight from settling on the leaves, and in our walk, black specks were discovered on the glossy foliage, which it was agreed should be summarily dealt with; accordingly, next

morning, four or five peasant-girls were hard at work, mounted on ladders, carefully wiping each leaf, and removing the specks, which, if allowed to spread, would have endangered the life of the tree.

When it grew dusk, we went upstairs to the sala, and looked over the letters and newspapers brought in from the Ventimiglia post-office. Politics are now in Piedmont an engrossing theme, domestic as well as foreign being freely discussed; and no restrictions on the press existing since the Constitution of 1848, newspapers of every shade of opinion are in circulation. The peculiar views of each member of the family found a response in the journals they habitually perused. The comtesse used to groan over the *Armonia*, the only periodical she ever looked at—the organ of the ultra-retrograde party, which invariably represented the country as on the eve of an atheistical and socialistic revolution, the fruits of the innovations on the ancient order of things; the only glimmering of light amid the foreboding darkness being

the rapid return of heretical England to the bosom of the church—such events as the abjuration of the Archbishop of Canterbury and a hundred bishops being confidently announced one week, and the approaching conversion of the whole royal family the next. All this was balm to the good old lady's heart, and I often detected her gazing on me with a beaming look, as if praying I might follow this good example, although she abstained from any direct allusion to the subject. The general, who sided with the ministry, pinned his faith on the *Piedmontese Gazette* and the *Parlamento*, though his old exclusive feelings could not always be laid aside, and he sometimes grumbled at all the privileges of caste being done away; declaring there was no longer any advantage in being born noble, since he might find the son of his doctor or lawyer sitting by his side on the benches of the Chamber of Deputies, or wearing the uniform of the Guards, unattainable formerly to a bourgeois. As for Signor Bonaventura, he confided to me that, notwithstanding

he should always uphold a constitutional monarchy, he thought there was no treason in looking at all sides of the question, so that he occasionally glanced at the *Italia e Popolo*—the organ of Mazzini, a perfect firebrand of republicanism and discontent; but “Zitto, zitto,” he added, laying his finger on his lips, “*they* would faint”—pointing to the comtesse and his patron—“at the mere notion of such a thing.”

At nine we were summoned to supper; after which we sat for some time on the beach, enjoying the beauty of the moonlight and the softness of the air, though, as far as the majority of the party were concerned, it was, more properly speaking, the physical comfort, the sensation of repose, which caused their satisfaction; for, as respects the enthusiasm which almost every English person feels, or at any rate expresses, beneath the influence of beautiful scenery, Italians, generally considered, are provokingly deficient.

The next morning we had visitors. Sig-

nor Bonaventura's two daughters, damsels of eighteen, or thereabouts, came by appointment to spend the day, and arrived soon after the breakfast of *café au lait* and chocolate had been served; this, with dinner at two, and supper in the evening, is the old-fashioned Piedmontese and Nizzardo system of refection. The sisters were fair specimens of Italian girls of the *mezzo cetto*, convent-educated, with ideas that never ranged beyond an excursion to Nice, or reading more extensive than the Missal or the Almanac. Immeasurably beneath country-bred English girls of a corresponding class in all intellectual points, they were undeniably superior in ease of manner, and the good taste and simplicity of their dress. As they stood upon the beach, watching the general bathing his large dog, looking so fresh and girl-like in their pretty, well-fitting light-blue muslins, and large round hats, they made me wish my young countrywomen would take a lesson in harmony and gracefulness of costume from continental maidens. They evidently look-

ed upon the comtesse with profound awe, and upon me with great curiosity, as some rare animal escaped from a menagerie. It being impossible to carry on any conversation with them beyond monosyllables, I proposed we should walk out ; and, accordingly, we passed most of the day, both before and after dinner, in exploring the neighbourhood, to their infinite delight, as I discovered that they rarely left the house except on Sundays ; Italians of that class considering daily exercise for their woman-kind a superfluity, tending to form idle habits. Signor Bonaventura accompanied us, and towards me was very affable and communicative, although, with regard to his daughters, he evidently entertained very Oriental notions of their mental inferiority, and treated them as if they were incapable of receiving information, or as if it was not worth while to impart it to them.

In the course of our rambles, I was struck with the singular appearance of some of the dwellings of the peasantry near the shore

—high narrow towers, only accessible by a steep flight of steps, detached from the main building, with which they were connected by a wooden bridge. He told me these were vestiges of the times when the coasts of the Mediterranean were so often ravaged by the Algerine corsairs, that no hamlet was safe from their dreaded inroads. To secure the inhabitants as far as possible, these towers were constructed, to which, on the first alarm, they might fly for refuge, and raising the drawbridge, be at least secure from being carried off into slavery, though forced to be passive witnesses of the seizure of their cattle and the pillaging of their stores. In case of an attack, they defended themselves by hurling stone through spaces in the battlements upon their assailants, a few of a more modern description having loopholes in the walls for musketry. Happily, in these more peaceful days, the peasants have almost forgotten for what such fortresses were originally intended, and fixing their habitations in what have survived the inroads of

time, can look down complacently upon their olives and fig-trees, without trembling at every sail that rises upon the clear horizon.

As we passed through woods of olives, Signor Bonaventura descanted *con amore* upon their value and utility; and classing them above my favourite lemon-trees, which can be cultivated only in sheltered situations, assured me that they were the great staple of the Riviera, although a good crop is only realized every second year—the produce of the intervening one being very inconsiderable. In the good years, the yield of each tree is estimated, according to its size, at from five to eleven francs clear profit. The trees are carefully numbered on each estate, and from 1000 to 1200 constitute a very fair *proprietà*. When the olives turn black and begin to fall, sheets are laid beneath the branches, which are gently shaken to detach the fruit; whatever is thus obtained, is carefully spread on the floor of some rooms set apart for the purpose, and day by day, as the remaining olives successively

ripen, they are shaken down and added to the store, until sufficient is collected to be sent to the mill, where it is pressed, and the oil flows out clear and sparkling. After this first process of pressing the fruit, there is a second one of crushing or grinding it, by which oil of an inferior quality, requiring some time to settle, is obtained; lastly, water is poured on the mass of stones and pulp, and the oil that rises to the surface is carefully skimmed, being the perquisite of the proprietor of the mill, who receives no other remuneration for his share in the transaction. The produce of the fig-trees is another, though less lucrative, source of revenue; great quantities are dried in the sun, and afterwards sold, not only for the supply of the country itself, but for the French market, where the figs of Ventimiglia, Signor Bonaventura declared, were as much prized as those of Smyrna. He showed me large supplies in course of preparation, laid on long frameworks of reed lightly interwoven, which as soon as the sun rose were carried out, and remained all day

exposed on the low parapet which divided the *jardin potager* from the beach. No guard was ever kept over them, and no fear seemed to be entertained of their being stolen. Indeed, the honesty of the peasantry and fishermen is marvellous, for in this same kitchen-garden—a strip of sandy soil stolen from the sea-shore—green peas, tomatos, cucumbers, melons, and a variety of vegetables, were grown in profusion; and nevertheless, unprotected as it was, being without the precincts of the iron gate at the back of the house, which was closed for form's sake every night, nothing was ever missed—not a single fruit or vegetable misappropriated.

Our walk after dinner was so prolonged, that darkness overtook us on our way back, as we were scrambling through the dry bed of a torrent; but the kind comtesse had foreseen this, and a peasant, despatched by her to meet us, soon made his appearance with a blazing branch of pine-wood, which diffused a grateful fragrance. Some remarks on the picturesque appearance of this torch, and the

properties of the pine, led to my hearing about the popular mode of fishing, *alla fucina*, which I was promised I should see the first cloudy night, moonlight being a bar to this pastime—a promise, by the bye, that still remains to be fulfilled, thanks to the unbroken serenity of the weather during my stay at Latte. However, they showed me the implements, which are simple enough. Projecting from the stern of the boat, and elevated above the heads of those engaged in the sport, is the *fucina*, an iron grating, piled with flaming pine-fagots, which cast a brilliant light upon the waters, illuminating their recesses with extraordinary clearness. The boat glides into all the little bays and rocky inlets, and the fish, scared, yet attracted, by the unwonted glare, are seen shooting rapidly along in all directions; while the fishermen, each provided with an instrument somewhat resembling a harpoon, with a staff twelve or fourteen feet long, spear them with great dexterity as they dart through the illuminated space. Fish of considerable size are thus taken frequently, and the enthusiasm

attendant on the enterprise being extreme, a stormy night and a tempestuous sea prove only additional inducements to the adventurous fishermen.

CHAPTER XIV.

Excursion to Ventimiglia—The Duomo—Visit to a convent—La Madre Teresa—Convent life—A local archæologist—Cities of the coast—The presents of a savant—End of a pleasant visit.

THE next day an excursion to Ventimiglia, about two miles distant, was proposed; and after some demur from the comtesse, who did not feel equal to the fatigue, and yet hesitated at confiding me to the joint care of the general, Signor Bonaventura, and one of his daughters, whom we were to pick up at her own residence, every difficulty was adjusted, and we departed, the whole establishment being as much excited as if we were going on a journey. They had left their own horses at Nice, but a carriage, the handsomest Signor Bonaventura could procure in Ventimiglia, was in waiting at the road, so exquisitely antique, rickety,

and inaccessible, that in itself it was a refreshing departure from the routine of everyday life. Our drive along the coast was as beautiful as any part of the road previously traversed, and soon brought us to the town, built on the side of a hill sloping towards the sea—a wonderful little place to be so near a modern resort like Nice, and yet retaining so much originality. Whether owing to the splendour of our equipage, or the charm of our personal appearance, it becomes me not to determine, but it is undeniable that as our steeds shambled up the steep narrow street, every window was garnished with curious faces; and as we passed the apothecary's, where the priests and doctors gossiped, and the caffè, where the gentry lounged and smoked, hats were doffed on all sides, and a gratifying effect was evidently created. The general, excessively delighted, twirled his grey moustache, and affably returned the greeting; then, Signor Bonaventura's daughter having joined us, marshalling the party with military precision, he took upon him-

self the office of cicerone, and led the way to the Duomo, a very ancient structure, built on the site of a temple of Juno. On the piazza before it, until very recently, stood some oak-trees of great antiquity, which popular tradition had pronounced to form part of the wood sacred to the goddess. The ruthless canons of the cathedral, a few years ago, caused the old church to be thoroughly cleaned, and actually had the whole exterior painted over, although it was of stone, of the earliest period of ecclesiastical architecture. In the inside is preserved a marble slab, the sole relic of the ancient temple, containing a dedicatory inscription to the ox-eyed goddess, whereon antiquaries have puzzled and disputed to an edifying extent. A few faded pictures and tawdry ornaments were the only attempts at embellishment; and even these seemed at a very low ebb, for there was a printed notice near one of the confessionals, asking for contributions towards the purchase of a new image of the Madonna—a box, with a slit in the cover, being placed beneath it, to

receive any offerings for that purpose. Next we went to a convent belonging to the Canonichesse Lateranensi—a visit to which had been the desire of my heart ever since my arrival at Latte, to the amusement of the whole family, who could not understand why such an everyday sight, as this and similar establishments appear to them, should interest me so much. The convent was a large, irregularly-built pile, until the end of the seventeenth century the palace of the Counts of Ventimiglia, who here for a long period maintained a struggling feudal supremacy, waging wars with the neighbouring petty States, or else making common cause with them in resisting the suzerainship of the House of Savoy; which, in the gradual annexation of the territories constituting the present kingdom of Sardinia, had separately to contend with numberless principalities, marquisates, and republics, each jealous of its own independence, and regardless of the claims of the common weal.

Up a broken open staircase to a portico

in front of the convent church—where two or three slipshod women were seated *al fresco*, plaiting each other's hair, or engaged in that animating chase an old Florentine painter has facetiously designated "the Murder of the Innocents"—we passed to a side-door, at which an old woman presented herself, and inquired what we wanted. This individual officiated as portress to the nuns, went to market, executed their commissions, and brought them all the Ventimiglia news. In her appearance there was nothing poetical or impressive; she had not even two great rusty keys at her girdle, but was attired in a print gown, somewhat the worse for wear, with an obvious deficiency of neatness in the tiring of her silvery tresses, and of freshness in her *chaussure*.

The general gave his name and title, and asked for La Madre Teresa, although, as he owned to me, he had but a dim recollection of her face, all minor associations being lost in the halo cast around a certain beautiful abbess, now no more, a distant connection of his family, whom, many years before,

when staying with some relations at Westminster, he had often conversed with an old grating. With great respect, we were now ushered into a sort of gallery, lighted by windows around which the dust and cobwebs of many months had been suffered to gather unmolested. Opposite to these were two large apertures in the wall, defended by a double grating of thick iron bars, just wide enough to admit of passing a hand between their interstices, but placed at such a distance from each other, that the hand thus advanced could only reach far enough to grasp a hand similarly extended from the opposite side; so that even to press a kiss upon some fair nun's taper fingers was out of the question—a contingency, no doubt, had in view in the placing of the grating.

The general said facetiously, that in his visits to the abbess he had adopted the English fashion, and used to shake her heartily by the hand; "and it must be confessed, poor soul," he added with a sigh, "she did press mine cordially in return."

And now a rustling of robes was heard,

as a door, invisible from where we stood, opened, and La Madre Teresa came forward, having evidently made some slight changes in her toilet, and not a little fluttered by this unexpected summons. She was a small, spare woman, with that waxen complexion which a sedentary, unvarying routine of existence generally produces, peering, light-grey eyes, sharp features, but a kindly expression about the mouth and chin. As she stood behind the grating, courtesying first to one and then to the other, she would have made a very picturesque study in her white woollen robes and black mantle, the light from the window in the corridor falling upon her figure, and detaching it from the gloomy background. Still, the effect was nothing—the general found an opportunity of whispering—nothing to be compared to that produced by his lamented abbess, who used to come sweeping in with the dignity of a queen, every fold and plait of her drapery exquisitely adjusted. But to return to La Madre Teresa. After a few complimentary phrases, she inquired to what she

might attribute the honour of this visit, of which the real motive was simply the gratification of my prying curiosity: the ostensible one, I grieve to acknowledge, was of an ignoble nature, although, when communicated by Signor Bonaventura, previously instructed in his part, it did not appear as such to strike the old nun. It regarded the purchase of cakes! With as much good grace as he could assume while talking to a nun—for Signor Bonaventura was of the new school, and violently, intolerantly opposed to all monastic institutions, notwithstanding which, to please his wife, and for the sake of peace, his own daughters had been brought up in a convent—he began to relate “how an English lady of distinction,” pointing to me—La Madre courtesied more deeply than before—“having heard in her own country of the famous cakes made by the nuns of Ventimiglia, was now come in person to test their excellence. Did the sisterhood chance to have any upon sale?”

The old lady was evidently pleased; and begging to be excused for an instant, retired

to give her directions to the slatternly outdoor attendant apparently; for when the conference broke up, we found her in waiting with some neatly-papered packets of these celebrated comestibles—which, by the bye, were really excellent, masterly compounds of almonds, olive-oil, and honey. Returning herself speedily to the grating, she engaged in an animated conversation in the Genoese dialect, which, or something very nearly approaching to it, is spoken at Ventimiglia—the general being evidently her favourite, and the one to whom most of her remarks were addressed. Her local memory was wonderful: she spoke about people he had utterly lost sight of; knew all their histories for thirty years past; their children's ages, marriages, and so forth; combined with a minuteness of detail, that nothing but the prolonged concentration of her faculties within a most circumscribed sphere could have enabled her to attain.

“Does Vou Scia”—a corruption of the French *Votre seigneurie*—“Does Vou Scia

remember the Conte L——, who lived in the street just opposite the barber's and had an only daughter, whom he married to the son of the Marchese of A——, who went away with the French to fight, and died of cold in England when the great Napoleon burnt that town?—Ah, dear, I forget the name—stop—yes, yes, it was London. Well, as I was saying, his daughter, granddaughter to the conte, was placed with us for her education, and then married at sixteen, the day after she left these walls : the spouse was rather *gobbo*—that is, hump-backed—and fifty years old, but very rich ; so it was a good match. Vou Scia has surely not forgotten her : you were a young man then.”

“ Oh, I recollect perfectly, perfectly,” groaned the general.

“ Well, she was not happy—as indeed who is in marriage?—and her youngest daughter being externally like her father in person, the Madonna gave her grace to see the vanity of the world ; so that nearly a year ago her solemn admission amongst us

took place. In another month or so, she will take the final vows. Oh, it is a peaceful, blessed life to those who are called to enter it! Does Vou Scia imagine that the wicked Government intends shortly to suppress all the religious communities?"

"The question they always ask," observed Signor Bonaventura in an under-tone.

"Ah! we must hope," said the general gravely. "It would be terrible, you have been here so many years."

"Thirty-seven completed on the Festival of the Assumption."

"Impossible! You must have entered a mere child."

"I took the veil at sixteen," said the Madre Teresa, with a simpering smile, which demonstrated that she, too, was not invulnerable on all women's weak point.

"How strange," I said, "to think that since then you have never stirred beyond these walls!"

"Never, signora. But we have a large vineyard and orchard from which there is a fine view of the sea and the high-road, and

we can see the diligence passing at some distance. It is the finest situation in all Ventimiglia," she added proudly.

"You do not even go out to attend the sick?"

"No, signora; that is not one of the duties of our order: we are cloistered *religiose*. We pray and meditate, embroider and make the confectionery you have heard so much praised—I fear beyond our poor deserts."

"Do you take pupils?"

"In former years, signora, before these unfortunate changes, this decline of religion in the State, we had many *educande*; at this moment, we have but one young lady under our care." And then, with great volubility, she went on lamenting the degeneracy of the present day, and telling us how changed times were since her youth, when every cell in the convent had its occupant. "We were upwards of seventy then," she said with a suppressed sigh "now we only number eighteen."

"Out of which I have heard that several

are infirm and bedridden," remarked Signor Bonaventura, with an affected air of commiseration.

It made one shudder to think how ghostly the long corridors and fifty-two empty chambers must look, and how dreary in their hearts the poor nuns must feel, dwindling away, till four or five withered, shadowy forms would soon be all that remained to talk over the glories of the days gone by.

The poor nun seemed quite sorry when we broke up the conference, and gazed at us wistfully through the bars, taking in all the peculiarities of our appearance for the benefit of the whole sisterhood, when repeating the details of what would constitute a memorable incident in her life. After quitting the *parlatojo*, we went into the convent chapel, rather a pretty structure, with some indifferent paintings, and a good deal of gilding. Over the altar there was a latticed gallery, in which the nuns could assist unseen at the celebration of mass, and another behind the organ, for those who formed the choir. Though the sun

was shining so brightly outside, an unaccountable chillness and gloom pervaded the building, which Signor Bonaventura contended was like a living tomb, fit to be the receptacle of decrepit nuns. At this remark his daughter, who stood in great awe of her father, and had not opened her lips the whole time, ventured a word in defence of the convent in which she had been educated; but being told that women knew nothing of such matters, relapsed into the silent study of my bonnet and mantle, wherein she had hitherto been happily engrossed. As for the general, he took Signor Bonaventura's pleasantries in such good part, that it was well the comtesse was not present; what with these, and the allusions to the abbess, the poor lady would have been grievously discomposed.

From this we went clambering up narrow streets of steps to the church of San Michele, whilom a temple of Castor and Pollux, afterwards a convent of Benedictines, full of Roman antiquities, with a very old crypt, a number of inscrip-

tions, and a variety of other memorabilia which I was surveying in helpless ignorance, when the general, who had sent Signor Bonaventura away on some mysterious mission, darted forward joyfully at seeing him appear with a young man, whom it turned out he had been despatched to summon.

"Here he is—here he is," he exclaimed; "our archæologist, our poet, our historian!" and then, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, presented him to *questa Signora Inglese molto dotta*—this learned English lady, who was making researches on the classical remains of Ventimiglia, and wished for authentic information concerning them.

The general then seated himself near a confessional, and indulged in a little well-earned repose, while the youth, who was not more than nineteen or twenty, attired in a suit of chessboard-like checks, plunged at once into the duties that had been assigned him. He was a little nervous at first, but had none of the distressing bashfulness which would have overpowered an English

lad, a complete book-worm and wholly unused to society; in fact, it is rare to see an Italian thoroughly awkward, or thoroughly timid. Their native loquacity always stands them in good stead. In this instance, moreover, a certain amount of modest assurance was not wanting. With surprising fluency the young savant favoured us with a dissertation on the temple, the church, the crypt, Roman mile-stones, Etruscan vases, and mediæval architecture. The effect was remarkable; no orator could have desired a greater testimony in his favour. The lean sacristan, with the keys of the crypt in his hand, stood transfixed with admiration; Signor Bonaventura tried to look very wise; the general, awaking from his nap, made no effort at comprehending the discourse, but kept nodding his approbation; and the eight-and-twenty children, who had accompanied us into the church, ceased begging for centimes, and maintained a respectful silence. As for me, in whose honour this antiquarian lore was displayed, I felt incompetent to proffer more

than a yes or no, hazarded at intervals, trembling lest some inappropriate rejoinder should discover my lamentable deficiency, and mortify the poor student, who was evidently so happy in holding forth to one he considered a kindred spirit, that it would have been a pity to dispel the harmless delusion. When at last we got out of the church, he grew more intelligible to my capacity; and leaving the past to itself, bethought himself of the attractions of the present, and conducted us to a bastion, just outside one of the gates of the city, which, small as it now is, with not more than 3000 inhabitants, was really of importance in the time of the Romans, or a still earlier period; from this grassy eminence, he said, one of the loveliest views in the whole Riviera was to be seen; and that he had Ugo Foscolo's authority for the assertion. And, in truth, he was not far wrong. Looking inland, there was a fertile plain, rich in the golden fruits and mellow tints of autumn, through which the river Roja ran its sparkling course, the mountains from

whence it took its rise closing gradually on all sides, till a vast amphitheatre of hills formed the majestic background, towering in grandeur, piled one above another, the peaks of the last alpine range capped with snow, and suffused with a rosy light from the reflection of the setting sun. Then, turning to the sea, reposing in the gorgeous beauty of that hour, the close of a cloudless day, we saw the glittering towers and steeples of the cities of the coast—Bordighera, called the Jericho of Italy, from the palm-trees with which its environs are thickly studded; a few miles further on, the venerable walls of San Remo; more distant still, Porto Maurizio; and others, and others yet, each nestling against the guardian promontory which stretched forth for its shelter and protection—each mirrored in the fairy bay, which seemed exclusively its own.

Our young friend was much pleasanter here than in the crypt. He repeated Ugo Foscolo's description with an enthusiasm which made one regret that the talents and love of study he undoubtedly possessed

should have taken so useless a direction. His case is an illustration of that of many an Italian man of genius, who has lost himself amid ruins, and given to crumbling remains the time and energies which might have benefited his country and mankind.

On escorting us to the carriage, he presented me with an Inquiry into the Dedicatory Inscription to Juno, and an Essay on the Antiquities of Ventimiglia, his first literary productions; and, finally, composed an ode full of classic, mythologic, and historical allusions in honour of the daughter of Albion, whose studies he fancied were of so edifying a description. It was enclosed the next day in a letter to the general, with a request that he would lay it at the feet of the illustrious stranger. The whole family were charmed; the general scanned the lines critically, and said: "The boy should go to Turin, and get on;" the comtesse copied them out; Signor Bonaventura was pleased that Ventimiglia was not without its representative in Parnassus; while I—delighted to find that at thirty miles from Nice, where

I had despaired of seeing anything but English shops and English travellers, three days should have been so fertile in Italian scenes and Italian manners—looked upon this last incident as quite the crowning stroke of my pleasant visit to Latte.

CHAPTER XV.

A glance at Turin in 1858—The progress of Sardinia—Exhibition of national industry—Productions of Piedmont—Appearance of the Piedmontese—Railway enterprise—Progress in machinery.

ARTISTICALLY considered, Turin is the least interesting of all the Italian capitals. It boasts of no Roman antiquities, of but few mediæval monuments, and its museums and picture galleries, however creditable to the liberality of the sovereigns by whom they were founded or enlarged, can bear no comparison with the Vatican or the Uffizj. Though its position is singularly grand, with the Alps for a background, and the Po, the father of Italian rivers, circling round its base,—an absence of variety in the landscape, of the picturesque in the population and accessories, in whatever regards costume, colouring, and

soldiers, gay and debonair ; and a busy, plain, but honest-looking population.

According to the last census of 1858, Turin contains one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants ; an increase of forty thousand since 1848. This one fact serves to give some idea of the country's rapid development under a liberal Government. The same policy which has attracted refugees from all parts of Italy to swell the population of the State, has wrought a corresponding expansion in its material and intellectual resources. It is scarcely possible to overrate all that Sardinia has gained in the last ten years. An Englishman, unless thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the rest of the Peninsula, cannot appreciate the extent of these improvements. Measuring everything by the gauge of home perfection, he remarks that there is still much left to do ; —while the Lombard, or Modenese, or any other subject of the various Italian States, compares all he sees with what he has left perhaps only a few miles behind him, and is filled with rapture and astonishment.

Another class of my countrymen, looking on Italy as the special province of the antiquarian and the tourist, think these changes are dearly purchased. Piedmont, they declare, thanks to her boasted reforms, is fast losing all that rendered her worth seeing! Under the united influences of the constitution, railroads, and a free press, this consummation may not in truth be very distant. The country has undeniably degenerated from the characteristics formerly possessed in common with her Italian sisters. Politics, judicial reforms, vast public works, schemes more gigantic still of national emancipation, now hold, in the thoughts and conversation of the majority of the Piedmontese, the place which elsewhere in the Peninsula is assigned to the *début* of a promising singer, or the apotheosis of a new saint. In lieu of grass-grown streets and decaying palaces, new quarters are springing up in every town; and the busy hammer of the workman is almost too ready to efface the inroads of time, to modernize and repair, to snatch from the treasures of the past whatever may be pressed

into the service of the eager present. Those wonderful studies of mendicity, infantile beauty and dirt, and barefooted friars, so dear to the artist's eye,—hitherto considered as inseparable from Italy as the blue sky or the cicada's summer chirp—in the Sardinian States are fast disappearing also. The beggars are placed in asylums, the children are sent to school, and the friars are being suppressed.

And all this is the work of ten years! It is not necessary to be old to remember when, in political and religious intolerance, and in opposition to any of the novelties of the age, the Sardinian Government ranked amongst the most despotic and conservative of Europe.

Hence it is that the events which led to these changes, the men by whom they have been worked out, and the struggles of opposing parties, are so bound up with Piedmontese life that any attempt at describing it involves frequent reference to these topics. Like Molière's Monsieur Jourdain, "*Qui faisait de la prose sans le savoir*," people in

this country, without being exactly conscious of it, are living in history, and living very fast too. Blame me not therefore, if, carried away by the influences surrounding me, I should occasionally *write* it!

The great object of public attention at the time of my visit was the decennial exhibition of National Industry, comprehending every branch of native produce or manufacture, held in the palace of the Valentino, on the outskirts of the city. As a sumptuous relic of the seventeenth century, when the Duchess Regent Christina, daughter of Henri Quatre, had introduced into Piedmont a taste for the French style of architecture and magnificence in decoration, the Valentino for itself alone is well worth an inspection; and a stranger could not have seen it to greater advantage than in the blaze, glory, and animation of those summer days. Approached by a wide avenue of noble trees, its peaked roofs stood out in glittering clearness against the deep blue sky, and the unwonted stir around and within its precincts, recalled the descrip-

tions of the revelries in which the regent was wont to seek solace from the toils of state, or the loneliness of widowhood.

Under the colonnades that form a semi-circle on either side of the piazza in front of the palace, in shady walks laid out with the dignified precision of the Louvre, in long ranges of apartments on the ground floor, and in the grand suite of state-rooms upon the first, were arranged the varied specimens of industry, perseverance, and improvement furnished by the different provinces of the Sub-Alpine kingdom; Savoy, Piedmont, Genoa, Nice, and the island of Sardinia.

Agricultural and farming implements of all kinds, ploughs, wine-presses, butter-churns, honey, wax, beehives, and cheeses of every description, from the twin-brother of the piquant Parmesan to the rich Gorgonzola or the mottled Mont Cenis. Wheat, Indian corn, beans, rice, barley, beet-roots for the production of sugar, hops, wines, beer, *liqueurs*, sausages, hams. The fine *paste* in which Genoa especially excels;

macaroni, vermicelli, rings, stars, balls; every imaginable variety of shape, some white, some saffron-coloured. Chocolate, dried and preserved fruits, others crystallized in sugar; bonbons and confectionery, which rival any that Paris can produce. Steam-engines, models of shipping, hydraulic and sewing machines, iron stoves, balconies, winding staircases, beds, surgical instruments, clocks, watches, plate, jewelry, gold and silver filigree, and coral variously wrought; church ornaments, crucifixes, chalices, candelabras; cannons, mortars, fire-arms; lead and silver from the mountains of Savoy, rich samples of copper ore from Aosta and Pignerol, and iron from the island of Sardinia, disclosing a source of wealth long dormant in the country, but now rendered available through the activity of the Government in resuming the working of mines almost wholly abandoned, and directing the exploration of new ones, coupled with the generosity of King Victor Emmanuel in throwing open to national enterprise what had hitherto been a crown

monopoly. Numerous chemical products, composition candles, soap, starch, colours, and varnishes. Glass and earthenware. Silk in every stage, from the cocoon to the flowered damask of Turin, the gauze of Chambéry, or the three-piled velvet of Genoa. Woollen stuffs, broad-cloth, carpets, and cotton fabrics, in the manufacture of all which, through the removal of the duties on the raw material, a wonderful advance is of late discernible. Paper, hemp and cordage, flax and linen, saddlery, valises, travelling bags; carriages and harness; wigs, gloves, hair-brushes, paint-brushes, &c. Ready-made clothing; magnificent church vestments, worked in gold and silver or coloured silks; embroidery and lace from Genoa; artificial flowers. And lastly, all those articles of luxury in which Piedmont used to be almost wholly dependent upon France: ornamental furniture, worked up to the highest finish, inlaid, carved, or gilded; mirrors and musical instruments.

With an evident eye to harmony in arrangement, the nature of the articles dis-

played was adapted to the rooms in which they were placed, so that the state apartments were the recipients of all the costliest specimens, and from their loftiness, gilded and painted ceilings, and richly-sculptured doorways, gave additional effect to the glittering objects crowded within them. It was long since the halls of the Valentino had worn so gay an aspect, or been trodden by so many feet. In every quarter you encountered a pleased, quiet throng, chiefly of the middle and lower classes, for the whole thing was rather too utilitarian to be quite to the taste of the high world of Turin, which gave one ample facilities for the study of national physiognomy.

The women of Piedmont are not in general well-favoured; they are undersized and angular in figure, with a weather-beaten complexion, and flat noses. This struck me doubly, coming from Genoa, where female grace and attractiveness are proverbial; the transparent white veil or *pezzotto* worn by the Genoese is here also poorly replaced by

caps tawdrily trimmed with coloured ribbons or artificial flowers. A good many peasants were amongst the crowd, but except the women of the environs of Vercelli, who had a curious head-gear of silver pins, the rest wore straw hats, not white, large, and flowing like the Tuscans, but dark in hue and heavy in texture, tied under the chin with some ill-assorted ribbon. It was easy to see you were in a country which had never produced any great painters.

To the men nature has been more bountiful. Though fine features are comparatively speaking rare, tall, well-set figures, a frank and manly bearing, might be encountered at every turning. A Piedmontese can be told at once by his open, brave, but not over-intellectual face, in which you look in vain for the chiselled contour, the thoughtful brow, and quick, restless eyes of central and southern Italy. It was interesting at the Valentino to compare the different Italian races, for every country in the Peninsula was there represented. The political freedom enjoyed in Piedmont, the ex-

ceeding liberality shown towards those who have sought in it a refuge from the persecution of their own Governments, have made it the resort of scores of thousands, many of whom are now naturalized as Sardinian subjects. Romans, Lombards, Neapolitans, Sicilians, have here all found a home; and in their affection towards the land of their adoption seem completely to have laid aside those miserable international jealousies, which have hitherto been the bane of Italy. The evidences of the country's prosperity arrayed before them, appeared as much a subject of congratulation to the *emigrati* as to the natives, all former rivalries being merged into the dominant feeling of satisfaction that, in Sardinia at least, a centre of Italian civilization had been preserved.

Regarded as the fruits of ten years' enlightened and fostering administration, this exhibition was well entitled to be classed as a national success. It is to Count Cavour, the celebrated statesman at the head of the cabinet of Turin, that this

development is owing; ever since his entrance into the ministry, in the autumn of 1850, he has laboured indefatigably in promoting every department of industry, commerce, and public works. Not many months before he came into power, only seventeen *kilomètres** of railway were open to public traffic in the Sardinian States. At the end of 1858, one thousand *kilomètres* were completed, besides other lines in progress, the chief of which, that destined to connect Savoy with Piedmont by piercing through Mont Cenis, will be a wonder of the world. To appreciate the activity of the Government, no less than the public spirit of the population in submitting to the heavy taxation these works entailed, it must be borne in mind that they have been carried out by a State with only five millions of inhabitants, already burthened with the expenses of the two disastrous campaigns against the Austrians in 1848-49, and the

* The *kilomètre* is about two-thirds of an English mile.

part it had been called upon to take in the Crimean war in 1855. The progress of the Piedmontese in machinery has kept pace with the spread of their railroads. Formerly entirely dependent upon England for steam-engines, the lines which intersect the country are now traversed by locomotives of native construction.

In all these pursuits, Count Cavour has met with little support from the aristocracy, which has not yet reconciled itself to the change from an absolute monarchy, under which it monopolized every channel to power and distinction, to a representative form of government, where absence of title is no barrier to advancement. Except where fighting is concerned, the Piedmontese noble systematically opposes whatever Cavour proposes, and thinks it due to his caste to throw as many impediments in the way of reform as he can devise. The innovations of the day are mourned over by fully three-fourths of the old families of Turin, as if the precursors of the downfall of order and religion ; the subjects upon which the

country at large feels most enthusiasm, being precisely those regarded by these ultra-conservatives with the greatest indifference or aversion.

CHAPTER XVI.

Turin in 1858—Partisans of the old régime—The native Protestants—The conservative party—Their hostility to Cavour—Clerical intolerance—The fashionable promenade—Turinese characteristics—The Piedmontese dialect—A marriage in high life.

THE lover of strong contrasts would have enjoyed the transition from a morning spent at the Valentino to an evening at the Palazzo —, the circles of which include the most determined *codini* in the kingdom. The palace itself would have been counted handsome even in a city more rich in handsome palaces, and all the accessories were in keeping; no slovenliness, no undemolished cobwebs, no traditional crevices. In all this its owners were unconsciously doing homage to the spirit of the age. A wide, well-kept marble staircase, spacious vestibule and ante-rooms, servants in liveries on which

time had laid no hallowing touch, and a suite of drawing-rooms, sparingly lighted on account of the intense heat, but profusely furnished with all the modern variety of couches, *causeuses*, arm - chairs, rocking-chairs and divans, looking-glasses, nick-nacks, cushions, flowers, everything you could wish for, except books; of these I could not discover a trace.

In the last saloon were the guests, not formally invited, but the usual frequenters of the marquise's weekly reunions; a dozen or so of ladies, dressed in the height of Parisian fashion, either talking French or Piedmontese (the old *régime* set their faces perversely against Italian, which the Government desires should be generally in use), and calling each other incessantly by their titles, and a score of men, all seemingly octogenarians. High in name and station, this assemblage comprised the most conspicuous partisans of the old system, and by their ceremoniousness of manner, their profound courtesies and bows, carried me back, notwithstanding the vast difference

in the material accompaniments of the scene, to the antiquated *conversazioni* of the patricians of Ancona, in which I had yawned away so many hours.

The very way in which they greeted a bishop in violet stockings was significant. Such reverence belongs not to the present order of things. In point of animation, however, if my reminiscences did not deceive me, I should give the palm to the *coteries* of central Italy. The talk flowed more genially, barren of subjects as they were, than among these Turinese, with whom peevish regrets for the past, bitter allusions to the present, and Cassandra-like forebodings, furnished the staple of conversation.

Seated on the outskirts of a dreary semicircle of *élégantes*, some fragments of the discourse of a group surrounding the bishop occasionally reached my ears. It related to the opening of the Italian Waldensian or *Valdese* church in Genoa, the erection of which they evidently considered an act of sacrilege in the Government to have per-

mitted. Of the four native Protestant churches built within the last six years in the Sardinian States (the others are at Turin, Nice, and Pignerol), this has been the most fiercely opposed by the clerical party. I had a specimen of the bitterness of their feelings in the stories which were mingled with their invectives. It was inexpressibly diverting to one who knew the straitened circumstances of the *Valdese* pastors, and the difficulties they had encountered in raising subscriptions for the building of this church, to hear of the immense bribes they employed to gain converts to their communion. Three, four, nay five thousand francs was no uncommon largesse to a hopeful catechumen !* The circulation of Bibles was next lamented as a national calamity ; the burden of the whole being, that, through

* Apropos of this, I cannot help citing the witticism of a Genoëse, not a convert, more just than flattering to his townspeople. "I do not believe these charges of bribery," he said, "not from partiality to the *Valdese*, but because, if they paid people for going to their church, half Genoa would be with them."

the impiety and atheistical toleration of Cavour, the most sacred interests of religion were in jeopardy.

It was the same amongst the women. After they had discussed their children's health and perfections, for the Piedmontese fine lady is a tender, anxious mother ; the tittle-tattle of which Turin, like all small capitals, has a superabundant share ; and the court news from Vienna and Naples, as if, in the degeneracy of their own monarchy, the houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon were alone worthy of their attention,—no subject could be started which failed to bring in the President of the Council as a mark for their abuse. At one moment denounced as a socialist, the next as a renegade ; whatever went amiss, according to *codino* ideas, was laid upon him. You heard the name of Count de Cavour as often quoted in reference to his capacity for evil, as that of the Marquis of Carabas, in "Puss in Boots," cited by the feline phenomenon as the holder of each fair domain on which the king's eyes rested.

Availing myself of my privilege as a stranger, I sat more as a looker-on than a participator in the scene, and tormented my next neighbour, an acquaintance of some years' standing, with inquiries as to the different notabilities who were present. The good comtesse, knowing my inquisitive tendencies of old, though not indeed the fatal propensity of transferring my experiences into print, was obligingly communicative; her information being, of course, tinged with the sombre hue peculiar to her school of politics.

"That fine white head belongs to the Marquis Brignole. He is the last representative of one of the oldest families in Genoa, and for many years was ambassador from our court—ah, we had a court then!—to that of France; but when the constitution was established in 1848, he resigned his post. He was then named one of the senate by the king, but his principles did not suffer him to take the oath to a form of government he disapproved. In 1855, however, when that terrible Cavour brought in

his bill for the suppression of all religious orders,—”

“*Except* those devoted to preaching, education, and the care of the sick,” I observed, parenthetically.

“Ah! bah! that was but an insignificant exception. Where was I? Well, in such an emergency the marquis surmounted his scruples, took his seat in the upper chamber, and voted against the ministry. If his resistance was unavailing, at least he had the satisfaction of raising a noble protest in the church’s behalf.”

“And that other old man, with the quick keen eye, who is sitting on the bishop’s right?”

“That is the pillar of our cause, Count Solaro della Margherita. You have surely heard of him?”

Assuredly I had. Who that lives in Piedmont, or has read anything of Italian contemporary history, is not familiar with his name? For many years the absolute minister of Charles Albert, and now head of the extreme right, as it is termed,

in the chamber of deputies, that small, very small section of the national representatives, which only avails itself of the privilege of sitting in parliament to endeavour to overthrow the liberties secured to the kingdom by the charter of 1848. Forty or fifty years hence the memoirs of this statesman will reveal some curious secrets. Throughout Italy he is, whether justly or not I do not pretend to say, accused of having thwarted the late King Charles Albert in every liberal design; and, strong in the support of Austria and the Jesuits, to have retarded by some years the reforms which that monarch had long been desirous of introducing.

"The young abbé, comtesse, who has just come in, so studied in his dress, his hair so glossy, surely he must be Don Margotti?"

"Quite right. You doubtless know all about him? Our literary champion. Yonder is his patron, the Marquis Birago."

Both were well known to me by reputation. The young priest is editor of the

"Armonia," the chief organ of the clericals,—for by this as well as the terms *codini*, obscurantists, absolutists, and retrogrades, is that party equally designated,—and author of a book against England, which made a great deal of noise in Piedmont last winter. Its title was "Roma e Londra;" its purport being to demonstrate that, materially, intellectually, as well as spiritually, the Papal States were far in advance of Great Britain. The Marquis Birago, celebrated in his young days as a diplomatist and gay man of the world, has devoted his latter years to combating the spread of reform. The nominal director of the "Armonia," he has given up the ground-floor of his palace at Turin to its printing-press and offices, and out of his own income makes up the yearly deficit in its finances; the very fact of there being a deficit at all, arguing ill for the state of the public mind, not in Piedmont merely, but in the rest of the peninsula, where, of all the Sardinian newspapers, the "Armonia," and one or two others of the same family, alone enjoy free circulation.

Besides all these claims to consideration, peculiar interest just then attached itself to the marquis and his protégé. Returned as deputies at the beginning of the winter, their elections had recently been declared invalid on the ground of religious intimidation exercised upon the voters by the parish priest; and the result of a new canvass proving unfavorable, nothing remained for them but to assume the palm of political martyrdom.

"Talk of liberty, comtesse!" cried a very infirm old general, whom I remembered having heard of as one of the incapables in the first campaign of Lombardy, as, quite excited from a conversation with the victims, he broke the formal circle, and drew a chair in front of her: "talk of liberty, why, M. de Cavour in this late affair has shown himself a perfect*despot—a despot without reason or conscience! Who are to advise the common people to use their rights, since they are forsooth to have them, except their natural counsellors, their priests and spiritual directors?"

Not caring to argue whether the means employed on the occasion referred to, such as refusal of the absolution and the sacraments, did not exceed the limits usually supposed to constitute advice, I asked whether M. de Cavour had, on his sole authority, instituted this inquiry.

“Oh, of course there was the farce of a commission appointed by the chamber, or rather by that majority which is his tool, a majority of *lawyers*!—that despicable class which of late years has invaded every department of the State, and by their plausibility and intrigues are bidding fair to sweep away all that our forefathers held honorable or sacred. And then, as if lawyers of our own were not curse enough, we have shoals of them among the political refugees, admitted to the parliament, yes, even to the ministry!”

“Ah, true,” sighed the comtesse, “we are in a sad position; still we must not lose hope. Whenever I am unusually depressed I go and see the Duchess de —; she is one in a thousand for constancy and

courage. Do you remember, general, her spirited conduct eight years ago, at the time the Government had confined Monseigneur Franzoni, the archbishop, in the citadel ? ”

For the information of those who may have forgotten an occurrence which at the moment attracted all Europe's attention, it is necessary briefly to mention that the archbishop's offence consisted in peremptorily refusing the last consolations of religion to the Cavaliere di Santa Rosa on his death-bed, unless he solemnly retracted the share he had borne, as one of the ministry, in the promulgation of some ecclesiastical reforms. Not choosing to do violence to his conscience, the dying man, though devoutly attached to the observances of his church, expired, amidst the tears of his wife and friends, without receiving the viaticum or extreme unction. It was as a satisfaction to the popular indignation at this act of clerical intolerance, as well as to vindicate the authority of the Government, that the archbishop, after undergoing a few

weeks' imprisonment, was banished from the country.

"What particular instance of the duchesse's spirit do you allude to, comtesse?" asked the general. "I was in Savoy at the time, and only heard the barren facts of the outrage committed on the venerable prelate."

"Her husband was then in the cabinet, and of course implicated in this offence; but to show that she at least had no participation in it, she ordered out the old family coach with four horses, her footmen in their state liveries, and drove to the citadel, taking the most frequented streets on her way, to offer her sympathy and condolence to monseigneur. There she is, madame, nearly opposite to us."

I had scarcely taken a survey of this modern Griselda,* when a stir was perceptible, a title was announced, and everybody rose. The owner of a name which will be written in history as having held a post

* An Englishwoman by birth.

in the reign of Victor Emmanuel's predecessor, similar to that occupied in France by a Belle Gabrielle, or a La Vallière, entered the saloon ; a tall and commanding figure, with more than the remains of great beauty in her face. Until she took a seat, none resumed theirs.

Queenlike she sat, and with queenlike affability greeted those who advanced to speak to her, or addressed those on either hand, and talked about charitable societies of which she was the patroness with the bishop, and the last political intelligence with the ex-ambassador ; complimented the lady of the house on the beauty of her children, and congratulated the comtesse on an approaching marriage in her family, graciously announcing her intention to call and see the bride's *corbeille*.

It was not the fact of her being there which surprised me, but the deference, the obsequiousness shown towards her. Truly, as a specimen of the moral code of the strictest circles, the most severely religious of the high society of Turin, it was suffi-

ciently diverting. But no one present had a glimmering of this inconsistency.

"Believe me," said the comtesse, as we parted soon after, having made an appointment for the morrow to introduce me to her niece, the bride elect, "believe me, Madame de — is full of rare qualities. You could not wish for a better friend or adviser. Her own daughter is one of the three model wives of Turin, and reflects the highest credit on her training, which was simple, nay almost austere; at the same time nothing could surpass her maternal tenderness. I remember a sacrifice she made upon herself for three years, in hopes of obtaining the blessing of a grandchild. Passionately fond of ices, she resolutely abstained from tasting a single one till her prayers were heard!"

The next morning the comtesse and I devoted some time to the mysteries of shopping before proceeding to her sister's, whose daughter's wedding presents were to be displayed to us. The arcades or *portici* which line the Strada di Po, and the Piazza di Castello, a really magnificent square, are

the resort of all the fashionable idlers of both sexes in Turin, and, lined on one side by handsome shops, open on the other to the light and air, sheltered alike from rain and sun, really form a very attractive promenade. As the belles flit from *magasin* to *magasin*, undulating in a maze of crinoline and flounces, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are passed in review by the loungers at the *cafés*, as numerous under the arcades as in every other part of the town; the most redoubted of these tribunals of criticism and gossip being the Café Fiorio, frequented by the cream of the aristocracy. Even the comtesse, who, though not old, was singularly void of pretension, and quiet in her deportment, thought it necessary to evince some timidity at encountering this ordeal.

“When I am alone, madame, I always make a great *détour* to avoid passing before Fiorio’s. It is astonishing what remarks are made by those *messieurs*, and what stories they contrive to get hold of. When there is nothing else to be said, they pull one’s

toilette to pieces, and are merciless if everything is not perfectly fresh and in good taste. I assure you the expense of dress now amongst us is positively frightful; and those, like me, who have not a large income, are almost compelled to renounce going much into society, unless indeed they do as some I could point out to you,—run up bills for twenty or thirty thousand francs, which their husbands will eventually be compelled to pay, at great sacrifice and inconvenience probably; for we have not fortunes in Piedmont like your English nobility.”

“It is a pity that men by their fastidiousness contribute to this extravagance.”

“Undoubtedly it is, but there is no reasoning on the subject. A mad desire for spending seems to pervade all ranks. Even in the *bourgeoisie* a taste for luxury and elegance has of late exhibited itself which is appalling. The wives of shopkeepers who, ten or fifteen years ago, would have esteemed themselves happy with a simple cotton print, a freshly-ironed cap, and a black silk apron, for their Sunday costume, now

sweep along the Rue du Po in brocades of the value of three or four hundred francs, and with feathers in their bonnets!"

"Still, comtesse, as the example comes from above, it is not surprising it should find imitators."

"Ah, *chère*, that is just one of the ideas of the day! For my part I cannot understand why difference of rank should not be marked as it used to be, by regulations as to dress. We should see some curious transformations then!"

By this time we had left the dreaded Fiorio's some way behind, and coming upon another *café* of less dazzling celebrity, the open doors and windows of which gave pleasant glimpses of spacious saloons with gilded ceilings and mirrors, crimson velvet sofas, and a profusion of little circular marble tables, the comtesse proposed that we should enter and refresh ourselves with an ice, Turin etiquette not imposing the necessity of male escort on such occasions.

Though the Anglo-Piedmontese Gallenga, rendered fastidious by a quarter of a century's

sojourn in England, complains, in his recent work on his native country, of the tawdriness and dirt of the Turin *cafés*, they were so superior, in my humble scale of comparison, to those of the other parts of Italy where I had resided, that I found them most welcome and inviting. There was a luxurious sense of repose in looking forth upon the fierce sunshine on the Piazza di Castello through the softened twilight in which we sat, discussing, for the moderate consideration of twenty centimes each, two pyramidical masses of *crème à la vanille*, while plants and flowers in the window sills, without impeding the view of the busy life without, screened those within from the gaze of the passers-by. In such an atmosphere the *dolce far niente* would have seemed likely to predominate, but I noticed in the people as they came and went, in the earnestness with which they read the newspapers, the quick, short sentences in which they commented to each other on their contents, even while sipping the mixture of coffee and chocolate which is the favourite beverage of the Turinese, a

certain air of decision and promptitude not elsewhere to be found in Italy. Men of every grade were amongst them, from those pointed out to me by the comtesse in a whisper as senators and deputies, to some whose dress would have required no sumptuary laws to define their position. I also observed that Italian was almost universally spoken, the Piedmontese *patois* comparatively rarely, French not at all. This was an indication of the *café's* politics. By the persevering use or rejection of the Italian language, political sentiments in this country can be pretty well ascertained. The ministry, bent on its general adoption, have caused it to be substituted in the infant schools for the native dialect, of all the dialects of the peninsula the most guttural and the most mutilated, an innovation the wisdom of which it requires thorough stiff-necked *codino*-ism not to recognize. Instead of learning to read, as was formerly the case, in a tongue only partially understood, for no books are, or used to be, printed in Piedmontese, children are familiarized with Italian as the

preliminary step. In every department over which its influence extends the Government shows the same desire; the circulation of newspapers, the presence of the *emigrati*, and the discussions in the chambers powerfully assisting its endeavours, which have only failed with the aristocracy. Hence Italian is much more spoken by the middle than the higher classes in Turin.

But I have digressed, while, to finish my picture, it must be added that there was less talking among the visitors at the *café* than would have been possible in central or southern Italy, and but little lounging. Though a few appeared listless and unemployed, to the majority time was evidently not a worthless commodity; even in the ten minutes we passed there, some of the tables near us had more than once changed occupants.

"*Allons donc*," said the comtesse; "what shall we do now? Stay, there is the jeweller's where I must execute a commission for my sister, and then, if you please, we will pay her our visit."

At the shop we encountered a lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance; one of the *élégantes* of Turin, of the same political opinions, but of a more mundane turn of mind than my companion. She was elaborately dressed in visiting costume, and coming towards us with both hands extended, told the comtesse she was selecting a *souvenir* for her niece. Not to embarrass her choice, after a few complimentary phrases, we removed to some distance, the aunt not very graciously commenting on the announcement.

"A *souvenir* indeed! How I detest the indiscriminate fashion of giving presents! It confounds friends of yesterday with one's closest and dearest connections, and at last is regarded as an odious tax. Just because Madame de —— was my sister's *compagne de loge* last winter, when they shared a box at the opera, she fancies this attention is expected of her, or rather calculates it will give her *éclat*, when all the gifts are shown, to be cited as one of the donors. Look at her now, what open sleeves, and how short!

All to display her arms, she is so vain of them! You may be sure she has been exhibiting them before Fiorio's. I shall hear from my brother, who is generally there. Do you not think them too stout?"

The approach of their owner here cut short any more disparaging observations, and the house to which we were bound being close at hand, we all proceeded thither very lovingly together.

Just before we arrived I bethought myself that amidst all the rejoicing over the approaching marriage, I had not heard a single word with respect to the bridegroom's mental or personal attractions, and guardedly ventured on some inquiries concerning him.

"He is a very fine young man," said the comtesse, seemingly indifferent to what might have been thought no inconsiderable adjunct to the favourable features of this match; "just twenty-five. Thérèse is nineteen."

Upon hearing this I hazarded the supposition that, both being young and good-

looking, they were in all probability attached.

“He is certainly very much taken with Thérèse, and she, as far of course as she can understand such feelings, is greatly pleased with him. I hope it may turn out well,” added the good lady dubiously, “but one always fears for these marriages of affection.” A sentiment to which the Marquise de —, the fair one of the arms, adjusting her bracelets, uttered so fervent a response, that I at once concluded her to be a victim to this novel kind of misfortune.

The subject of these forebodings was waiting with her mother to receive us, all smiles and ecstasy, and without delay we were admitted to gaze on the glories of the *trousseau* and *corbeille*, before they were exposed to the general run of visitors. The *trousseau*, it is scarcely necessary to state, comprises the bride’s outfit in wearing apparel, carried now-a-days in Piedmont to the most lavish profusion, twelve dozen of each description of underclothing not being

considered anything out of the common way: the *corbeille* is a general term for all the bridegroom's presents, formerly enclosed in a basket of elegant workmanship and decoration. In these days of change, however, the genuine *corbeille* is replaced by an inlaid coffer, or any other sort of expensive receptacle. An elaborately-ornamented work-table had in this instance been chosen by the bridegroom to contain his offerings.

Mademoiselle Thérèse stands by, radiant with joy and pride, while her mother turns the key; and there, amid satin and lace, repose two Cashmere shawls. One from India; four thousand francs could scarcely have procured it, the gay marquise hastily calculates. The other French, but so beautiful a production that the most practised eye could scarcely detect the difference. Ah, how lovely, how enchanting! But see here, that *garniture* of Brussels lace; flounces, the bridal veil, trimming for berthe! What, a similar set in black Chantilly! Never, never has she seen their equal. There are, besides, dozens and

dozens of gloves from Jouvin's, fans, and embroidered handkerchiefs, some with the coronet of a marquise surmounting the name of Thérèse, each letter a perfect study of delicate flowery needle-craft; others with her family arms united with those of the bridegroom on the same escutcheon. What precision in the work, what exquisite cambric! Who would not be married to gain such treasures?

"And the diamonds?" Even the comtesse grows excited now, as the mamma calmly touches a spring, and the casket flies open. It is the crowning stroke; few brides in Turin can boast its equal. The diadem, the sprays for the hair, the pendants, the necklace. Oh, how entrancingly beautiful they are! The marquise devours them with greedy eyes; the aunt, stifling a sigh at the thought that she has no daughter to marry, mingled perhaps with a momentary pang at the contrast to her own modest *corbeille* fifteen years before, looks proud and gratified,—not the less so because she has detected the emotion of the com-

pagne de loge, on whom, since the intimacy with her sister, she bestows her intense aversion.

"But that is not all," said the bride's mother, who, though older than my *comtesse*, yet, as being handsomer and much richer, still kept her place as a belle, "we have a few trifles here besides." And a set of pearls, a watch, rich chain, and all sorts of those ornamental trifles called *breloques*, were successively exhibited.

"And all this from your *futur*?" *Thérèse* smilingly assents. "My child, you are indeed happy!" and the marquise kisses her with warmth, mentally weighing the chances of finding for her own daughter, when she comes home from the convent where she is being educated, a match equal in wealth or munificence.

"Then there are all the other pretty presents and *souvenirs*," and the mamma opens a cabinet of ivory and ebony, from the drawers of which she produces an infinite variety of morocco cases, some round, some long, some oval-shaped. Bracelets,

ah, what bracelets! Enamelled, gem-en-crusted, plain, arabesqued, inlaid, circles of emeralds and pearls, gold and coral, diamonds and rubies. Earrings too, and brooches to correspond. Crosses and locket: a perfect shopful of trinkets. It is the realization of many a maiden's dream; surely of thine, Thérèse!

Every relation of the two families, almost every acquaintance, was here represented; the ambition of not being outdone in generosity on these occasions of almost public display, leading many of the donors, as the comtesse had truly said, and as I found confirmed by general opinion, to regard as a heavy tribute to custom that which should be the spontaneous offering of friendship. But a truce to such reflections. The marquise has produced her present, and a glittering bauble of some three hundred francs' value is added to the young bride's collection.

Fortunate Thérèse! Her wedding dress is now brought forward. Being summer time, white muslin has been selected as the

most appropriate material, but this is so richly embroidered as to render it most costly. Her mother relates with complacency that the dressmaker has just sent her word that so magnificent a *toilette de mariée* has never issued from her work-rooms. Thérèse drinks all this in with silent rapture. What would it matter if she had to marry the Beast in the fairy-tale, with the certainty he could never turn into the Prince to boot, so long as all these joys are hers? Of her future husband, except as the appendage to their possession, she clearly never thinks, never has been taught to think. For the results of a marriage of affection such as this, the comtesse need have no fears.

CHAPTER XVII.

The House of Savoy—Its warlike princes—The Green Count—Prostration of Piedmont—Persecution of the Vaudois—The Island of Sardinia—Genoa added to Piedmont—The constitution of 1848—War with Austria—Victor Emmanuel.

I SHALL not even take up one of the very few pages left at my disposal by any descriptions of the royal palace, the armoury, the churches, the houses of parliament, and the various other sights of Turin; neither do I purpose indulging in any further feminine gossip respecting its domestic manners. I will rather close these sketches of Italian life and contemporary history with a brief account of the rise and development of the Sardinian monarchy, which has proved the nucleus of Italian independence.

The founder of the House of Savoy, the

oldest reigning house in Europe, was Beroldo, a powerful vassal of the Duke of Burgundy, who in the year 1000 was invested with the fief of Maurienne, in Savoy, in the possession of which he was succeeded by his eldest son, Umberto the White-handed; so named, it is recorded, from the unspotted honour and integrity of all his dealings.

It is good for a family, whether royal or otherwise, to have the example of such an ancestor to emulate; and accordingly, we find his successors, in an age when the code of Chivalry embodied all the virtues deemed essential to the well-being of society, proving themselves good knights and true, and spreading the fame of their prowess far beyond the narrow limits of their territories. By his marriage with Adelaide of Susa, a powerful and gifted princess, who brought as her dowry a considerable portion of the most fertile parts of Piedmont, the Count Oddone, fourth of his line, established a footing on the Italian side of the Alps, which secured Turin, Susa, Pignerol, and

the valleys since so famous as the abode of the Waldenses, together with the title of Marquis of Italy to his descendants.

Among the most warlike of these princes, we find Amadeus III., who died in the Second Crusade, and Amadeus V., celebrated as the deliverer of Rhodes; while the names of two others are too singularly interwoven with English history to pass unnoticed. Of these, the first was the Comte Pierre, uncle by marriage to our Henry III., who frequently visited England, was loaded with favours, and created Earl of Richmond by that monarch;—the Palace of the Savoy being, moreover, expressly built for his residence.

His son, Thomas I., enjoyed the same favour, which no doubt contributed to increase the discontent expressed by the English at their king's partiality for foreigners, and the expenses he incurred in entertaining them. One of the flattering distinctions paid to the Count of Savoy we should, however, in this age consider no wasteful superfluity—the streets of London, we are ex-

pressly told, having been swept in honour of his arrival. Both these princes possessed a great reputation for sagacity and moderation, especially the Comte Pierre, who was chosen as arbitrator in a quarrel between Henry and his prelates; and on another occasion negotiated peace between France and England.

But the hero of the house of Savoy, on whose fame the chronicles of the period love to dwell—whose daring and achievements, too, would require the genius of a Scott to have depicted—is Amadeus VI., commonly known as the Comte Vert, one of the most renowned princes of the fourteenth century.

He first displayed his address in arms at a solemn tournament held at Chambéry, the capital of Savoy, when he was but fourteen years of age, and presented himself in the lists arrayed in green armour, surrounded by esquires and pages similarly equipped. It was to commemorate his success on this occasion, when he obtained the suffrages of the assembled flower of European Chivalry.

that Amadeus adopted green as his especial colour, from which his surname of the Comte Vert was derived.

The great event of this reign was the expedition in aid of John Palæologus, Emperor of the East, who, being sorely pressed by Amurath at the head of his fierce Ottomans, implored the assistance of Christendom to prop his tottering throne. His kinsman, the Count of Savoy, promptly responded to this appeal; and causing a large fleet of galleys to be fitted out at Venice, repaired thither, across Italy, with a large force of knights, men-at-arms, archers, and slingers. A contemporary writer relates how, the day of departure having arrived, "the noble count, followed by his princes and barons, walking two and two, attired in surcoats of green velvet, richly embroidered, proceeded to the place of embarkation. Bands of music, going before, filled the air with harmony; while the people of Venice, thronging to behold this goodly spectacle, broke forth into shouts of 'Savoia! Savoia!' amidst which, and

prolonged flourishes of trumpets, the Comte Vert put to sea, 1366 A.D."

Gallipoli, a stronghold of the Turks, who thus closely menaced the safety of the imperial capital, was the first object of attack; and being carried by assault, the white cross of Savoy was displayed upon its walls. From thence proceeding to Constantinople, the count learned the disastrous intelligence, that the emperor was a prisoner in the hands of the Bulgarians. Determined to effect his deliverance, he at once passed the Bosphorus, entered the Black Sea, and landed on the shores of Bulgaria. Mesembria was taken by storm; and Varna, an opulent and strongly-fortified city, was obliged to capitulate. These rapid victories compelled the enemy to sue for peace, of which the liberation of the emperor was the first condition.

Returning in triumph to Constantinople with the monarch whom his prowess had set free, Amadeus seems to have experienced the proverbial thanklessness of the Palæologi; for, as the chronicler pithily remarks,

"it was reserved for Italy, by her magnificent reception of the Comte Vert, to atone to him for the ingratitude of the Greeks."

A still more remarkable evidence of the estimation in which Amadeus was held, is given by the fact of his being elected, a few years later, to decide on the conflicting claims of the rival republics of Genoa and Venice, between whom many sovereign princes, even the supreme pontiff himself, had ineffectually attempted to mediate. On an appointed day, the envoys of the contending States appeared before the Count of Savoy at Turin, and set forth their respective grievances, which he duly weighed and pondered over; then himself drawing up solemn articles of peace, they were sworn to and signed in his presence.

In the reign following that of the renowned Green Count, Nice, and a portion of the western shores of the Mediterranean, became incorporated with Piedmont and Savoy, by a nobler triumph than that of conquest, having petitioned to be united to the dominions of the House of Savoy, as

a guarantee of just and paternal government.

The life of Amadeus VIII., who flourished contemporarily with our Henry VI. and the disastrous Wars of the Roses, is another romance, which in the days when that style of composition was popular, would have furnished materials for half-a-dozen historical novels. After considerably extending his possessions in Piedmont, he received from the Emperor Sigismund of Germany—which country exercised a sort of suzerainship over Italy that, with the single exception of the kingdom of Sardinia, Austria retained up till 1859—the title of Duke, in lieu of Count of Savoy. Renowned for his wisdom, courage, and political foresight, Amadeus, when still in the meridian of his glory, abdicated, and with six of his former companions-in-arms and trusty counsellors, retired to the hermitage of Ripaille, near the lake of Geneva. The asceticism here practised does not appear to have been very severe, since *faire Ripaille* has passed into a proverb in Switzerland, to indicate

good cheer and easy living; but be this as it may, the duke was some years afterwards summoned from his retirement, having been elected pope under the title of Felix V.

For nearly a century following, the prosperity of the duchy was overcast; feeble princes, alternating with feebler regencies and their attendant evils, held the reins of government, and Piedmont became the arena on which the French and Imperialists contended. The Dukes of Savoy, alternately forced into alliance with Francis I. of France and the Emperor Charles V., the position of their territories rendering it impossible for them to preserve neutrality, lost equally from friend and foe. Far from being able to follow up the cherished policy of their family, and as the reward of their allegiance obtain "a few leaves of that artichoke Lombardy," to the possession of which they had ever aspired, they saw themselves gradually stripped of their ancestral dominions, till a single town in Piedmont was all that remained in their hands.

The singular firmness and energy of character which distinguishes these Highlanders of Italy, as they are termed, seems but to have gained strength from these vicissitudes. In the reign of Duke Emmanuel Philibert, "the Iron-headed," we find the House of Savoy restored to more than its pristine lustre, and reinstated in its former possessions, with the single exception of Geneva, which in the general turmoil had succeeded in establishing its independence. At a later period this prince, to strengthen his position in Italy, exchanged with Henri Quatre, Bourg en Bresse, Val Romey, and Bugey in Savoy, against the Marquisate of Saluzzo, adjoining Pignerol, at the foot of the Alps. This province had long been in possession of the French, and its transfer to Piedmont, though purchased by a sacrifice as respected extent of territory, was looked upon as a great step towards national independence, and the adoption of a clearly-defined Italian policy.

An evil phase in the history of Piedmont, is the persecution of the Waldenses or Vau-

dois. Established in their sub-alpine valleys and fastnesses from a very remote period, these sturdy champions of primitive Christianity were a constant source of umbrage to the papal see, who incited the princes of Savoy, as loyal servants of the church, to extirpate such foul heresy from their States. One of the most terrible of the ruthless crusades to which they were subjected was that in 1655, made familiar to most of us by Milton's noble hymn, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," and Cromwell's energetic remonstrance with the court of Turin in their behalf. It was not till the end of the seventeenth century that the sword of persecution was finally sheathed, although considerable restrictions still continued to be imposed upon the Vaudois, who were, nevertheless, remarkable for their faithful allegiance to their sovereign, and for their courage and hardihood as soldiers. The constitution of 1848 finally secured them the right to exercise their worship in any part of the Sardinian dominions; and placed them on perfect equality with the Catholic population.

A Waldensian, Signor Malan, sits in the Chamber of Deputies.

Little anticipating the tolerance their successors would one day exhibit, the heresy, no less than the independence of Geneva, was a grievous thorn in the flesh to the Dukes of Savoy, who could not easily forego their former right to its dominion ; and in 1602, a formidable expedition was secretly organized against it by Charles Emmanuel I., with the concurrence of the courts of Rome, Paris, and Madrid. Three hundred volunteers from the main body of the army had actually, in the dead of the night, succeeded in scaling the walls, when the premature explosion of a petard, designed to force open the city-gates, gave the alarm. The inhabitants, some hastily armed, others half-clad as they sprang from their slumbers, rushed into the streets, and drove back the invaders with great loss. Finding their retreat cut off by the destruction of the ladders by which they had ascended, the few survivors flung themselves from the ramparts into the ditch, and carried the intelligence of their

defeat to the Duke of Savoy, who was advancing to reap the enjoyment of the triumph he already deemed secure. The Escalade, as it is termed, is justly celebrated in the annals of Geneva, which, six months after, concluded a treaty with Savoy, on terms as flattering to herself as they were mortifying to the duke, who said in his last illness, "that those rebels of Geneva weighed like lead upon his stomach."

The opening of the eighteenth century again beheld Piedmont the theatre of bloody wars, in consequence of the disputed succession to the crown of Spain. The duke sided with the imperial party, which England also supported, and saw his States overrun by the French, who for some time held possession of Turin. The siege and recapture of his capital—in which Victor Amadeus II. was aided by his cousin, the celebrated Prince Eugene, Marlborough's colleague—was the turning point in his fortunes. The latter part of his reign was marked with signal prosperity. Invested with the title of King of Sardinia, the island

of that name having been transferred from the possession of Spain, and bestowed on him as some compensation for his losses and sacrifices in the war, he devoted himself to the embellishment of Turin, the formation of a standing army, and the restoration of the finances of the State, leaving behind him a reputation for indomitable energy and perseverance, on which the historians of Piedmont dwell with pardonable pride.

His successor steadily pursued his policy, and obtained some part of the Milanese territory—a few more leaves of the artichoke, towards which, like every enterprising prince of his line, his political views were constantly directed.

The outbreak of the first French Revolution again threatened the House of Savoy with destruction. Almost simultaneously, in 1792, the territory of Nice, and the whole of Savoy, were invaded, and occupied by the troops of the Directory; a few years later, Piedmont was incorporated into the French dominions, and Sardinia was all that remained to Charles Emmanuel IV.,

who, in 1796, succeeded to what he bitterly designated as "a veritable crown of thorns."

From this utter prostration, this dynasty, with that singular rebound observable in its annals, was recalled in 1814 to its continental possessions, with the addition of Genoa, who reluctantly saw herself degraded from her independent position as a republic, to form part of a kingdom which had long excited her jealousy and apprehension.

Between this period and 1848 the history of Piedmont offers little of interest. The quiet development of its internal resources, the accumulating wealth of its exchequer, the minute care bestowed on its army, being less conspicuous to a general observer, than the severity of its police, the rigour with which all political freedom of speech or writing was proscribed, and the especial protection which the Jesuits enjoyed. As before remarked, the Sardinian Government was looked upon as one of the most despotic of Europe, and its king as the most priest-ridden of princes.

Even the example of Pius IX. did not at first produce any perceptible results ; and for more than a year after the famous amnesty to the Romans not a change in the existing system at Turin foreshadowed the coming reforms.

The year 1848 is memorable for Piedmont. At its opening came the royal gift, the long yearned-for Constitution, embodying alike the freedom of the press, religious toleration, parliamentary institutions, a political amnesty, the formation of the National Guard, and the removal of numerous legal and administrative abuses.

Austria's suspicions were aroused, and she remonstrated. But in vain. The time had come ; the mask of years was thrown aside, and Charles Albert stood forth the avowed champion of Italian unity and independence. Three men to whom Italy is under lasting obligations, Gioberti, Count Balbo, and the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, by their writings had introduced an unwonted unity of action and moderation of aims amongst their countrymen. They taught them to sub-

stitute for the republican theories, which had been the bane of Italian patriots, those aspirations for constitutional monarchy, and for deliverance from the yoke of Austria, which in Charles Albert found their impersonation and their instrument. Everywhere hailed with enthusiasm as the appointed regenerator of Italy, the fulfilment of the destinies of his house now seemed within his grasp; and the poetical veneration he had always borne to the memory of his ancestor the Green Count, whose device, "*J'attends mon astre*," he had long before adopted, acquired greater force and significance.

At the invitation of the insurgent Milanese, he threw down the gauntlet against Austria, and with his two gallant sons, the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa, marched at the head of his army into Lombardy. But he was not suffered to reap where he had sown. To Charles Albert it was only given to lay the foundation of the edifice his son is raising to such loftiness. When, after two disastrous campaigns, and witness-

ing the total overthrow of his forces on the bloody field of Novara in March, 1849, he died in self-imposed exile at Oporto, there was little in the aspect of affairs in Piedmont, to give grounds for sanguine previsions for the future.

Dangers of no ordinary description hung over the kingdom he had resigned; or, to speak more correctly, the institutions he had inaugurated. The situation of the young king might well be termed desperate. A victorious enemy on his borders, a shattered army, an exhausted treasury, his clergy and nobility disaffected to the new order of things; to crown all, absolutism triumphant all over Italy, and the certainty that Austria was only watching for a pretext for a fresh invasion. It needed but for him to have annulled his father's concessions, to propitiate a large number of his subjects, disarm the hostility of his powerful neighbour and her satellites, and possess himself of those privileges of which his predecessor had stripped the crown. It will be registered in the grateful hearts of millions yet

unborn, that Victor Emmanuel was proof alike to warnings, entreaties, and blandishments. Through evil and good report, kinglike and manfully did he uphold the constitution to which he had sworn, till he met his reward in the wondrous confidence and enthusiasm of which he is now the object.

It is not a sudden impulse, this love of the Italians for Victor Emmanuel. On the contrary, when he mounted the throne, so great was the universal hatred for kings, generated by the perfidy of their own princes, that few reposed belief in his assurances. It was only when he was seen firmly contending with Rome against her encroachments and intolerance; throwing open his States to the political refugee without regard to his opinions, equally sheltering constitutionalist or republican; unflinching in maintaining the liberty of the press, and the dignity of the country, despite the menaces of Austria, and ever eager in promoting national prosperity and enterprise; that the prejudice against monarchy was overcome, and the Italians, from Venice to

Etna bestowed, upon him the surname of the "*Rè galantuomo*."

To the influence of Azeglio and Cavour, one or other of whom has rarely been absent from his councils since his accession, much is no doubt due; but while fully acknowledging their obligations to the patriotism, courage, and intrepidity of these ministers, as well as to the host of eminent men they have gathered round them from all parts of the peninsula, the Italians never forget to give the chief glory to Victor Emmanuel. Without his steadfast adherence to the Constitution, as to a trust bequeathed him by his father, Italy would not now be looking forward to assuming her place among the nations.

THE END.

18, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST. LONDON

NEW AND INTERESTING WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT,

SUCCESSORS TO MR. COLBURN.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE IV. FROM

ORIGINAL FAMILY DOCUMENTS. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits. 30s. bound.

Among the many interesting subjects elucidated in this work will be found : The Trial of Queen Caroline—The King's Visits to Ireland, Scotland, and Hanover—Female Influence at Court—The Death of Lord Castlereagh—Junction of the Grenville Party with the Government—The Political and Literary Career of George Canning—O'Connell and the Catholic Claims—The Marquess Wellesley in Ireland—The Duke of Wellington's Administration—George the Fourth as a Patron of Art and Literature, &c.

"The country is very much indebted to the Duke of Buckingham for the publication of these volumes—to our thinking the most valuable of the contributions to recent history which he has yet compiled from his family papers. Besides the King, the Duke of Buckingham's canvass is full of the leading men of the day—Castlereagh, Liverpool, Canning, Wellington, Peel, and their compeers. We are sure that no reader, whether he seeks for gossip, or for more sterling information, will be disappointed by the book. There are several most characteristic letters of the Duke of Wellington."—*John Bull*.

"These volumes are the most popular of the series of Buckingham papers, not only from the nature of the matter, but from 'the closeness of the period to our own times.'"—*Spectator*.

"There is much in these volumes which deserves the perusal of all who desire an intimate acquaintance with the history of the period. The comments of well-informed men, like Lord Grenville, and Mr. T. Grenville, disclosing as they do the motives of individuals, the secret movements of parties, and the causes of public events, are of high value to the student, and exceedingly interesting to the general reader."—*Daily News*.

"These volumes are of great intrinsic and historical value. They give us a definite acquaintance with the actions, a valuable insight into the characters, of a succession of illustrious statesmen."—*Critic*.

"The original documents published in these volumes—penned by public men, who were themselves active participators in the events and scenes described—throw a great deal of very curious and very valuable light upon this period of our history. The private letters of such men as Lord Grenville, Mr. T. Grenville, Mr. Charles Wynn, Mr. Freemantle, Dr. Phillimore, and Mr. Plumer Ward, written in the absence of all restraint, necessarily possess a high interest even for the lightest and most careless reader; whilst, in an historical sense, as an authentic source from which future historians will be enabled to form their estimate of the characters of the leading men who flourished in the reign of the last George, they must be regarded as possessing an almost inestimable value. The more reserved communications, too, of such men as Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Wellesley, Sir Henry Parnell, &c., will be received with great interest and thankfulness by every historiographer, whilst the lighter *billets* of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Henry Wynn will be welcome to every body. Taking this publication altogether, we must give the Duke of Buckingham great credit for the manner in which he has prepared and executed it, and at the same time return him our hearty thanks for the interesting and valuable information which he has unfolded to us from his family archives."—*Observer*.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF THE REGENCY.

FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY DOCUMENTS. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G. 2 vols. 8vo., with Portraits, 30s. bound.

"Here are two more goodly volumes on the English Court; volumes full of new sayings, pictures, anecdotes, and scenes. The Duke of Buckingham travels over nine years of English history. But what years those were, from 1811 to 1820! What events at home and abroad they bore to the great bourn!—from the accession of the Regent to power to the death of George III.—including the fall of Perceval; the invasion of Russia, and the war in Spain; the battles of Salamanca and Borodino; the fire of Moscow; the retreat of Napoleon; the conquest of Spain; the surrender of Napoleon; the return from Elba; the Congress of Vienna; the Hundred Days; the crowning carnage of Waterloo; the exile of St. Helena; the return of the Bourbons; the settlement of Europe; the public scandals of the English Court; the popular discontent, and the massacre of Peterloo! On many parts of this story the documents published by the Duke of Buckingham cast new jets of light, clearing up much secret history. Old stories are confirmed—new traits of character are brought out. In short, many new and pleasant additions are made to our knowledge of those times."—*Athenæum*.

"Invaluable, as showing the true light in which many of the stirring events of the Regency are to be viewed. The lovers of Court gossip will also find not a little for their diffusion and amusement."—*Literary Gazette*.

"These volumes cover a complete epoch, the period of the Regency—a period of large and stirring English history. To the Duke of Buckingham, who thus, out of his family archives, places within our reach authentic and exceedingly minute pictures of the governors of England, we owe grateful acknowledgements. His papers abound in fresh lights on old topics, and in new illustrations and anecdotes. The intrinsic value of the letters is enhanced by the judicious setting of the explanatory comment that accompanies them, which is put together with much care and honesty."—*Examiner*.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT AND CABINETS OF

GEORGE THE THIRD, FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY DOCUMENTS. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G., &c. THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES, comprising the period from 1800 to 1810 and completing this important work. 8vo., with Portraits. 30s. bound.

"The present volumes exhibit the same features as the former portion of the series. The general reader is entertained, and the reader for historical purposes is enlightened. Of their value and importance, there cannot be two opinions."—*Athenæum*.

"These volumes comprehend a period the most important in the events relating to our domestic affairs and foreign relations to be found in the British annals; told, not only by eye-witnesses, but by the very men who put them in motion. The volumes now published immeasurably exceed their predecessors in interest and importance. They must find a place the library of every English gentleman."—*Standard*.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF HENRY IV., KING OF

FRANCE AND NAVARRE. From numerous Original Sources. By MISS FREER. Author of "The Lives of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Elizabeth de Valois, Henry III.," &c. 2 vols. with Portraits, 21s.

LECTURES ON ART, LITERATURE, AND SOCIAL

SCIENCE. By HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN. 1 vol. with Portrait. (*In Preparation*.)

HENRY III. KING OF FRANCE AND POLAND;

HIS COURT AND TIMES. From numerous unpublished sources, including MS. Documents in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and the Archives of France and Italy. By MISS FREER, Author of "Marguerite d'Angoulême," "Elizabeth de Valois, and the Court of Philip II," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. with fine portraits, 31s. 6d. bound.

"Miss Freer having won for herself the reputation of a most painstaking and trustworthy historian not less than an accomplished writer, by her previous memoirs of sovereigns of the houses of Valois and Navarre, will not fail to meet with a most cordial and hearty welcome for her present admirable history of Henry III., the last of the French kings of the house of Valois. We refer our readers to the volumes themselves for the interesting details of the life and reign of Henry III., his residence in Poland, his marriage with Louise de Lorraine, his cruelties, his hypocrisies, his penances, his assassination by the hands of the monk Jaques Clément, &c. Upon these points, as well as with reference to other persons who occupied a prominent position during this period, abundant information is afforded by Miss Freer; and the public will feel with us that a deep debt of gratitude is due to that lady for the faithful and admirable manner in which she has portrayed the Court and Times of Henry the Third."—*Chronicle*.

"The previous historical labours of Miss Freer were so successful as to afford a rich promise in the present undertaking, the performance of which, it is not too much to say, exceeds expectation, and testifies to her being not only the most accomplished, but the most accurate of modern female historians. The Life of Henry III. of France is a contribution to literature which will have a reputation as imperishable as its present fame must be large and increasing. Indeed, the book is of such a truly fascinating character, that once begun it is impossible to leave it."—*Messenger*.

"Among the class of chronicle histories, Miss Freer's Henry the Third of France is entitled to a high rank. As regards style and treatment Miss Freer has made a great advance upon her 'Elizabeth de Valois,' as that book was an advance upon her 'Marguerite D'Angoulême.'"—*Spectator*.

"We heartily recommend this work to the reading public. Miss Freer has much, perhaps all, of the quick perception and picturesque style by which Miss Strickland has earned her well-deserved popularity."—*Critic*.

ELIZABETH DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF SPAIN, AND

THE COURT OF PHILIP II. From numerous unpublished sources in the Archives of France, Italy, and Spain. By MISS FREER. 2 vols post 8vo. with fine Portraits by HEATH, 21s.

"It is not attributing too much to Miss Freer to say that herself and Mr. Prescott are probably the best samples of our modern biographers. The present volumes will be a boon to posterity for which it will be grateful. Equally suitable for instruction and amusement, they portray one of the most interesting characters and periods of history."—*John Bull*.

"Such a book as the memoir of Elizabeth de Valois is a literary treasure which will be the more appreciated as its merits obtain that reputation to which they most justly are entitled. Miss Freer has done her utmost to make the facts of Elizabeth's, Don Carlos', and Philip II.'s careers fully known, as they actually transpired."—*Bell's Messenger*.

THE LIFE OF MARGUERITE D'ANGOULEME.

QUEEN of NAVARRE, SISTER of FRANCIS I. By MISS FREER. Second Edition, 2 vols. with fine Portraits, 21s.

"This is a very useful and amusing book. It is a good work, very well done. The authoress is quite equal in power and grace to Miss Strickland. She must have spent great time and labour in collecting the information, which she imparts in an easy and agreeable manner. It is difficult to lay down her book after having once begun it. This is owing partly to the interesting nature of the subject, partly to the skilful manner in which it has been treated. No other life of Marguerite has yet been published, even in France. Indeed, till Louis Philippe ordered the collection and publication of manuscripts relating to the history of France, no such work could be published. It is difficult to conceive how, under any circumstances, it could have been better done."—*Standard*.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE FOR 1860.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT. Corrected throughout by the Nobility. Twenty-Ninth Edition, in 1 vol. royal 8vo., with the Arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 31s. 6d.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE is acknowledged to be the most complete, as well as the most elegant, work of the kind. As an established and authentic authority on all questions respecting the family histories, honours, and connections of the titled aristocracy, no work has ever stood so high. It is published under the especial patronage of Her Majesty, and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and is annually corrected throughout, from the personal communications of the Nobility. It is the only work of its class, in which, *the type being kept constantly standing*, every correction is made in its proper place to the date of publication, an advantage which gives it supremacy over all its competitors. Independently of its full and authentic information respecting the existing Peers and Baronets of the realm, the most sedulous attention is given in its pages to the collateral branches of the various noble families, and the names of many thousand individuals are introduced, which do not appear in other records of the titled classes. For its authority, correctness, and facility of arrangement, and the beauty of its typography and binding, the work is justly entitled to the high place it occupies on the tables of Her Majesty and the Nobility.

"Lodge's Peerage must supersede all other works of the kind, for two reasons; first, it is on a better plan; and, secondly, it is better executed. We can safely pronounce it to be the readiest, the most useful, and exactest of modern works on the subject."—*Spectator*.

"A work which corrects all errors of former works. It is the production of a herald, we had almost said, by birth, but certainly by profession and studies, Mr. Lodge, the Norroy King of Arms. It is a most useful publication."—*Times*.

"As perfect a Peerage of the British Empire as we are ever likely to see published. Great pains have been taken to make it as complete and accurate as possible. The work is patronised by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort; and it is worthy of a place in every gentleman's library, as well as in every public institution."—*Herald*.

"As a work of contemporaneous history, this volume is of great value—the materials having been derived from the most authentic sources and in the majority of cases emanating from the noble families themselves. It contains all the needful information respecting the nobility of the Empire."—*Post*.

"This work should form a portion of every gentleman's library. At all times, the information which it contains, derived from official sources exclusively at the command of the author, is of importance to most classes of the community; to the antiquary it must be invaluable, for implicit reliance may be placed on its contents."—*Globe*.

"This work derives great value from the high authority of Mr. Lodge. The plan is excellent."—*Literary Gazette*.

"When any book has run through so many editions, its reputation is so indelibly stamped, that it requires neither criticism nor praise. It is but just, however, to say, that 'Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage' is the most elegant and accurate, and the best of its class. The chief point of excellence attaching to this Peerage consists neither in its elegance of type nor its completeness of illustration, but in its authenticity, which is insured by the letter-press being always kept standing, and by immediate alteration being made whenever any change takes place, either by death or otherwise, amongst the nobility of the United Kingdom. The work has obtained the special patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, which patronage has never been better or more worthily bestowed."—*Messenger*.

"'Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage' has become, as it were, an 'institution' of this country; in other words, it is indispensable, and cannot be done without, by any person having business in the great world. The authenticity of this valuable work, as regards the several topics to which it refers, has never been exceeded, and, consequently, it must be received as one of the most important contributions to social and domestic history extant. As a book of reference—indispensable in most cases, useful in all—it should be in the hands of every one having connections in, or transactions with, the aristocracy."—*Observer*.

LODGE'S GENEALOGY OF THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. A NEW AND REVISED EDITION. Uniform with "THE PEERAGE" Volume, with the arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound with gilt edges, price 31s. 6d.

The desire very generally manifested for a republication of this volume has dictated the present entire revision of its contents. The Armorial Bearings prefixed to the History of each Noble Family, render the work complete in itself and uniform with the Volume of THE PEERAGE, which it is intended to accompany and illustrate. The object of the whole Work, in its two distinct yet combined characters, has been useful and correct information; and the careful attention devoted to this object throughout will, it is hoped, render the Work worthy of the August Patronage with which it is honoured and of the liberal assistance accorded by its Noble Correspondents, and will secure from them and from the Public, the same cordial reception it has hitherto experienced. The great advantage of "The Genealogy" being thus given in a separate volume, Mr. Lodge has himself explained in the Preface to "The Peerage"

EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY DURING THE CONSULATE AND FIRST EMPIRE. By MISS PARDOE, author of "The Life of Marie de Medicis," &c. 2 vols. 21s.

"We recommend Miss Pardoe's 'Episodes' as very pleasant reading. They cannot fail to entertain and instruct."—*Critic*.

"One of the most amusing and instructive books Miss Pardoe has ever given to the public."—*Messenger*.

"In this lively and agreeable book Miss Pardoe gives a fair picture of the society of the times, which has never been treated in a more interesting and pleasant manner."—*Chronicle*.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. By MRS. THOMSON, Author of "The Life of the Duchess of Marlborough," "Memoirs of Sir W. Raleigh," &c. With Portrait. (*Just Ready*.)

THE LIVES OF PHILIP HOWARD, EARL OF ARUNDEL, AND OF ANNE DACRES, HIS WIFE. Edited from the Original MSS. By the DUKE OF NORFOLK, E.M. 1 vol. antique.

"These biographies will be read with interest. They throw valuable light on the social habits and the prevalent feelings of the Elizabethan age."—*Literary Gazette*.

MEMOIRS OF BERANGER. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. ENGLISH COPYRIGHT EDITION. Second Edition, with numerous Additional Anecdotes and Notes, hitherto unpublished. 8vo. with Portrait.

"This is the Copyright Translation of Béranger's Biography. It appears in a handsome volume, and is worthy of all praise as an honest piece of work. In this account of his life, the Poet displays all the mingled gaiety and earnestness, the warm-hearted sincerity, inseparable from his character. He tells, with an exquisite simplicity, the story of his early years. His life, he says, is the fairest commentary on his songs, therefore he writes it. The charm of the narrative is altogether fresh. It includes a variety of *chansons*, now first printed, touching closely on the personal history of which they form a part, shrewd sayings, and, as the field of action in life widens, many sketches of contemporaries, and free judgments upon men and things. There is a full appendix to the Memoir, rich in letters hitherto unpublished, and in information which completes the story of Béranger's life. The book should be read by all."—*Examiner*.

THE BOOK OF ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD, AND DECORATIONS OF HONOUR OF ALL NATIONS ; COMPRISING AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF EACH ORDER, MILITARY, NAVAL AND CIVIL ; with Lists of the Knights and Companions of each British Order. EMBELLISHED WITH FIVE HUNDRED FAC-SIMILE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INSIGNIA OF THE VARIOUS ORDERS. Edited by SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms. 1 vol. royal 8vo., handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price £2. 2s.

"This valuable and attractive work may claim the merit of being the best of its kind. It is so comprehensive in its character, and so elegant in its style, that it far outstrips all competitors. A full historical account of the orders of every country is given, with lists of the Knights and Companions of each British Order. Among the most attractive features of the work are the illustrations. They are numerous and beautiful, highly coloured, and giving an exact representation of the different decorations. The origin of each Order, the rules and regulations, and the duties incumbent on its members, are all given at full length. The fact of the work being under the supervision of Sir Bernard Burke, and endorsed by his authority, gives it another recommendation to the public favour."—*Sun*

"This is, indeed, a splendid book. It is an uncommon combination of a library book of reference and a book for a boudoir, undoubtedly uniting beauty and utility. It gives a sketch of the foundation and history of all recognised decorations of honour, among all nations, arranged in alphabetical order. The fac-similes of the insignia are well drawn and coloured, and present a brilliant effect. Sir Bernard Burke has done his work well ; and this book of the quintessence of the aristocracy will soon find its place in every library and drawing-room."—*Globe*

JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER IN INDIA.

By MAJOR NORTH, 60th Rifles, Deputy Judge Advocate-General, and Aide-de-Camp to General Havelock. 1 vol. with portrait.

"We must commend Major's North's 'Journal' to universal approbation. It is mainly in tone, noble in expression, and full of feeling, alike honourable to the soldier and and gallant profession. When we state that the book tells of the progress of the lion-hearted Havelock's little band which relieved Lucknow, and is the first faithful record of the deeds of arms performed by that phalanx of heroes, we have said enough to cause it to be read, we are convinced, by every person who can avail himself of the opportunity of learning what were the hardships of his countrymen, and how immense were the sacrifices they made to save the English besieged inhabitants from a repetition of the atrocities of Cawnpore. We have as yet seen no book connected with the Indian mutiny which has given us so much gratification as Major North's Journal."—*Messenger*.

EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES ;

The Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koukuli and Scutari. By A LADY VOLUNTEER. Third and Cheaper Edition, 1 vol. post 8vo. with Illustrations, 6s. bound.

"The story of the noble deeds done by Miss Nightingale and her devoted sisterhood will never be more effectively told than in the beautiful narrative contained in these volumes."—*John Bull*.

PICTURES OF SPORTING LIFE AND CHARACTER.

By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX. 2 vols. with Illustrations. 21s.

"This work may be characterised as a perfect synopsis of English sports in the 19th century. Were the whole of the books previously written on the subject destroyed, Lord William Lennox's alone would preserve a lifelike picture of the sports and amusements of our age. The volumes will be read with intense enjoyment by multitudes, for their author is an accomplished *littérateur*, who has known how to vary his theme so skillfully and to intersperse it with so many anecdotes and personal recollections of England's most distinguished men, that even those who are not themselves given to sport will be deeply interested in the light he throws upon English society."—*Illustrated News of the World*.

THE COUNTESS OF BONNEVAL: HER LIFE AND LETTERS. By LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON. 2 vols. 21s.

"The whole work forms one of those touching stories which create a lasting impression."—*Athenæum*.

"The life of the Count de Bonneval is a page in history, but it reads like a romance; that of the Countess, removed from war and politics, never oversteps the domestic sphere, yet is equally romantic and singular. An accomplished writer has taken up the threads of this modest life, and brought out her true character in a very interesting and animated memoir. The story of the Countess of Bonneval is related with the happy art and grace which so characterise the author."—*U. S. Magazine*.

THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS, QUEEN OF FRANCE, CONSORT OF HENRY IV., AND REGENT UNDER LOUIS XIII. By MISS PARDOE. Second Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. Portraits.

MEMOIRS OF THE BARONESS D'OBERKIRCH, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURTS OF FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY. WRITTEN BY HERSELF, and Edited by Her Grandson, the COUNT DE MONTBRISON. 3 vols. post 8vo. 15s.

"The Baroness d'Oberkirch being the intimate friend of the Empress of Russia, wife of Paul I., and the confidential companion of the Duchess of Bourbon, her facilities for obtaining information respecting the most private affairs of the principal Courts of Europe, render her Memoirs unrivalled as a book of interesting anecdotes of the royal, noble and other celebrated individuals who flourished on the continent during the latter part of the last century. The volumes form a valuable addition to the personal history of an important period. They deserve general popularity."—*Daily News*.

MEMOIRS OF RACHEL. 2 vols. with Portrait. 21s.

"A book sure to attract public attention, and well meriting it."—*Globe*.

SCOTTISH HEROES IN THE DAYS OF WALLACE AND BRUCE. By the REV. A. LOW, A.M. 2 vols. post 8vo.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MAJOR GENERAL SIR W. NOTT, G.C.B., COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF CANDAHAH, AND ENVOY AT THE COURT OF LUCKNOW. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait. 16s. bound.

RULE AND MISRULE OF THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA. By the Author of "SAM SLICK." 2 vols. post 8vo.

"We conceive this work to be by far the most valuable and important Judge Halliburton has ever written. While teeming with interest, moral and historical, to the general reader, it equally constitutes a philosophical study for the politician and statesman. It will be found to let in a flood of light upon the actual origin, formation, and progress of the republic of the United States."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WEST END LIFE; WITH SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN PARIS, INDIA, &c. By MAJOR CHAMBRE late 17th Lancers. 2 vols. with Portrait of George IV.

"We find in Major Chambre's lively sketches a mass of amusing anecdotes relating to persons eminent in their day for their position, wit, and political reputation. All that relates to George IV. will be read with attention and interest."—*Messenger*.

THE UPPER and LOWER AMOOR; A NARRATIVE

OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE. By T. W. ATKINSON. Author of "ORIENTAL and WESTERN SIBERIA." With Map and numerous Illustrations. (*In the Press.*)

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN

MOROCCO, SPAIN, AND THE CANARY ISLANDS. By MRS. ELIZABETH MURRAY. 2 vols. 8vo. with Coloured Illustrations.

"Mrs. Murray, wife, we believe, of the English Consul at Teneriffe, is one of the first of female English Water Colour Artists. She draws well, and her colour is bright, pure, transparent, and sparkling. Her book is like her painting, luminous, rich and fresh. We welcome it (as the public will also do) with sincere pleasure. It is a hearty book, written by a clever, quick-sighted, and thoughtful woman, who, slipping a steel pen on the end of her brush, thus doubly armed, uses one end as well as the other, being with both a bright colourer, and accurate describer of colours, outlines, sensations, landscapes and things. In a word, Mrs. Murray is a clever artist, who writes forcibly and agreeably."—*Athenæum*.

"Mrs. Elizabeth Murray is known to the artistic world as the principal star of the Female Exhibition of Paintings. She left England as she tells us, at eighteen, with all the hopes and aspirations of an artist before her. At Morocco she becomes the wife of a gentleman who is successively Consul at Tangiers and Teneriffe. She has, in consequence, peculiar advantages for the observation of Moorish and Spanish society, and as she possesses great observation and wields the pen as cleverly as the pencil, she has produced a book not only of interest, but of importance. In every way, whether descriptive or anecdotal, the work claims to be placed amongst the very best works of travel in the English Language."—*Chronicle*.

REVELATIONS OF PRISON LIFE; WITH AN EN-

QUIRY INTO PRISON DISCIPLINE AND SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS. By GEORGE LAVAL CHESTERTON, 25 Years Governor of the House of Correction at Cold-Bath Fields. Third Edition, Revised. 1 vol.

"Mr. Chesterton has had a rare experience of human frailty. He has lived with the felon, the forger, the *lorette*, the vagabond, the murderer; has looked into the darkest sepulchres of the heart, without finding reason to despair of mankind. In his belief the worst of men have still some of the angel left. Such a testimony from such a quarter is full of novelty as it is of interest. As a curious bit of human history these volumes are remarkable. They are very real, very simple; dramatic without exaggeration, philosophic without being dull."—*Athenæum*.

THE OLD COURT SUBURB; OR, MEMORIALS OF

KENSINGTON; REGAL, CRITICAL, AND ANECDOTICAL. By LEIGH HUNT. Second Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo.

"A delightful book. It will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner*.

MY EXILE. BY ALEXANDER HERZEN. 2 vols.

"Mr. Herzen's narrative, ably and unaffectedly written, and undoubtedly authentic, is indeed superior in interest to nine-tenths of the existing works on Russia."—*Athenæum*.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE IN OBTAINING PROBATES,

ADMINISTRATIONS, &c., in Her Majesty's Court of Probate; with numerous Precedents. By EDWARD WEATHERLY, of Doctor's Commons. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, Judge of the New Court of Probate. Cheaper Edition. 12s

"A most valuable book. Its contents are very diversified—meeting almost every use."—*Solicitor's Journal*.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA; A NARRATIVE OF SEVEN YEARS' EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN SIBERIA, MONGOLIA, THE KIRGHIS STEPPES, CHINESE TARTARY, AND CENTRAL ASIA. By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON. In one large volume, royal 8vo., Price £2. 2s., elegantly bound. Embellished with upwards of 50 illustrations, including numerous beautifully coloured plates, from drawings by the Author, and a map.

"By virtue alike of its text and its pictures, we place this book of travel in the first rank among those illustrated gift-books now so much sought by the public. Mr. Atkinson's book is most readable. The geographer finds in it notice of ground heretofore left undescribed, the ethnologist, geologist, and botanist, find notes and pictures, too, of which they know the value, the sportsman's taste is gratified by chronicles of sport, the lover of adventure will find a number of perils and escapes to hang over, and the lover of a frank good-humoured way of speech will find the book a pleasant one in every page. Seven years of wandering, thirty-nine thousand five hundred miles of moving to and fro in a wild and almost unknown country, should yield a book worth reading, and they do."—*Examiner*.

"A book of travels which in value and sterling interest must take rank as a landmark in geographical literature. Its coloured illustrations and wood engravings are of a high order, and add a great charm to the narrative. Mr. Atkinson has travelled where it is believed no European has been before. He has seen nature in the wildest, sublimest, and also the most beautiful aspects the old world can present. These he has depicted by pen and pencil. He has done both well. Many a fireside will rejoice in the determination which converted the artist into an author. Mr. Atkinson is a thorough Englishman, brave and accomplished, a lover of adventure and sport of every kind. He knows enough of mineralogy, geology, and botany to impart a scientific interest to his descriptions and drawings; possessing a keen sense of humour, he tells many a racy story. The sportsman and the lover of adventure, whether by flood or field, will find ample stores in the stirring tales of his interesting travels."—*Daily News*.

"An animated and intelligent narrative, appreciably enriching the literature of English travel. Mr. Atkinson's sketches were made by express permission of the late Emperor of Russia. Perhaps no English artist was ever before admitted into this enchanted land of history, or provided with the talisman and amulet of a general passport; and well has Mr. Atkinson availed himself of the privilege. Our extracts will have served to illustrate the originality and variety of Mr. Atkinson's observations and adventures during his protracted wanderings of nearly forty thousand miles. Mr. Atkinson's pencil was never idle, and he has certainly brought home with him the forms, and colours, and other characteristics of a most extraordinary diversity of groups and scenes. As a sportsman Mr. Atkinson enjoyed a plenitude of excitement. His narrative is well stored with incidents of adventure. His ascent of the Bielouka is a chapter of the most vivid romance of travel, yet it is less attractive than his relations of wanderings across the Desert of Gobi and up the Tangnou Chaiu."—*Athenæum*.

"We predict that Mr. Atkinson's 'Siberia' will very often assume the shape of a Christmas Present or New Year's Gift, as it possesses, in an eminent degree, four very precious and suitable qualities for that purpose,—namely, usefulness, elegance, instruction and novelty. It is a work of great value, not merely on account of its splendid illustrations, but for the amount it contains of authentic and highly interesting intelligence concerning regions which, in all probability, has never, previous to Mr. Atkinson's explorations, been visited by an European. Mr. Atkinson's adventures are told in a manly style. The valuable and interesting information the book contains, gathered at a vast expense, is lucidly arranged, and altogether the work is one that the author-artist may well be proud of, and with which those who study it cannot fail to be delighted."—*John Bull*.

"To the geographer, the geologist, the ethnographer, the sportsman, and to those who read only for amusement, this will be an acceptable volume. Mr. Atkinson is not only an adventurous traveller, but a correct and amusing writer."—*Literary Gazette*.

TRAVELS IN EASTERN AFRICA, WITH THE

NARRATIVE OF A RESIDENCE IN MOZAMBIQUE: 1856 to 1859.

By LYONS McLEOD, Esq. F.R.G.S. &c. Late British Consul in Mozambique. 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations.

A JOURNEY ON A PLANK FROM KIEV TO EAUX-

BONNES. By LADY CHARLOTTE PEPYS. 2 vols, with Illustrations. 21s. (*Just Ready*).

LAKE NGAMI; OR EXPLORATIONS AND DIS-

COVERIES DURING FOUR YEARS' WANDERINGS IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH-WESTERN AFRICA. By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON. 1 vol. royal 8vo., with Map and upwards of 50 Illustrations, representing Sporting Adventures, Subjects of Natural History, &c. Second Edition.

"This narrative of African explorations and discoveries is one of the most important geographical works that have lately appeared. It contains the account of two journeys made between the years 1850 and 1854, in the first of which the countries of the Damaras and the Ovambo, previously scarcely known in Europe, were explored; and in the second the newly-discovered Lake Ngami was reached by a route that had been deemed impracticable, but which proves to be the shortest and the best. The work contains much scientific and accurate information as to the geology, the scenery, products, and resources of the regions explored, with notices of the religion, manners, and customs of the native tribes. The continual sporting adventures, and other remarkable occurrences, intermingled with the narrative of travel, make the book as interesting to read as a romance, as, indeed, a good book of travels ought always to be. The illustrations by Wolf are admirably designed, and most of them represent scenes as striking as any witnessed by Jules Gérard or Gordon Cumming."—*Literary Gazette*.

THE OXONIAN IN THELEMARKEN; OR, NOTES

OF TRAVEL IN SOUTH-WESTERN NORWAY, WITH GLANCES AT THE LEGENDARY LORE OF THAT DISTRICT. By the Rev. F. METCALFE M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College. 2 vols. with illustrations.

"This new book is as lively as its predecessor, its matter is as good, or better. The intermixture of legends and traditions with the notes of travel adds to the real value of the work, and strengthens its claim on a public that desires to be amused."—*Examiner*.

THE OXONIAN IN NORWAY; OR, NOTES OF

EXCURSIONS IN THAT COUNTRY. By the Rev. F. METCALFE, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. New and Cheaper Edition, revised, 1 vol. post 8vo., with Map and additional Illustrations.

"Mr. Metcalfe's book is as full of facts and interesting information as it can hold, and is interlarded with racy anecdotes. Some of these are highly original and entertaining. More than this, it is a truly valuable work, containing a fund of information on the statistics, politics, and religion of the countries visited."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

SIX YEARS IN RUSSIA. BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

2 vols. post 8vo. with Illustrations. 21s. bound.

A SUMMER AND WINTER IN THE TWO SICILIES.

By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. with illustrations, 21s. bound.

"Miss Kavanagh is a woman of genius and imagination. She has a graceful and brilliant pen, much observation of character, and a keen eye for the aspects of nature. Her volumes contain much that is new. They are among the pleasantest volumes of travel we have lately met with, and we can cordially recommend them. Readers will find in these volumes the glow and colour of Italian skies, the rich and passionate beauty of Italian scenery, and the fresh simplicity of Southern life touched by the hand of an artist, and described by the perceptions of a warm-hearted and sympathising woman."—*The Press*.

THE JEWS IN THE EAST. BY THE REV. P.

BEATON, M.A. From the German of DR. FRANKL. 2 vols. 21s.

"Those persons who are curious in matters connected with Jerusalem and its inhabitants, are strongly recommended to read this work, which contains more information than is to be found in a dozen of the usual books of travel."—*Times*.

"This book will richly reward perusal. We cordially recommend the narrative for solid information given from an unusual point of view, for power of description, for incident, and for details of manners, domestic habits, traditions, &c."—*Globe*.

"A very interesting work, one of the most original books of modern travel, that we have encountered for a long time."—*John Bull*.

CHOW-CHOW; BEING SELECTIONS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT IN INDIA, &c. By the VISCOUNTESS FALKLAND.

New and Revised Edition, 2 vols. 8vo., with Illustrations. 21s.

"Lady Falkland's work may be read with interest and pleasure, and the reader will rise from the perusal instructed as well as amused."—*Athenæum*.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

with Numerous Incidents of Travel and Adventure during nearly Five Years' Continuous Service in the Arctic Regions while in Search of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin. By ALEX. ARMSTRONG, M.D., R.N., late Surgeon and Naturalist of H.M.S. 'Investigator.' 1 vol. With Map and Plate, 16s.

"This book is sure to take a prominent position in every library in which works of discovery and adventure are to be met with."—*Daily News*.

THE WANDERER IN ARABIA. BY G. T. LOWTH,

Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. with Illustrations. 12s.

"Mr. Lowth has shown himself in these volumes to be an intelligent traveller, a keen observer of nature, and an accomplished artist."—*Post*.

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE NEW WORLD;

OR, DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOOSE HUNTING IN THE PINE FORESTS OF ACADIA. By CAMPBELL HARDY, ROYAL ARTILLERY. 2 vols. post 8vo. with illustrations. 12s.

"A spirited record of sporting adventures, very entertaining and well worthy the attention of all sportsmen who desire some fresher field than Europe can afford them."—*Press*.

A PILGRIMAGE INTO DAUPHINE; WITH A VISIT

TO THE MONASTERY OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, AND ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, AND SKETCHES FROM TWENTY DEPARTMENTS OF FRANCE. By the REV. G. M. MUSGRAVE, A.M. 2 vols. with Illustrations.

FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF

THE ARISTOCRACY. BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Among the many other interesting legends and romantic family histories comprised in these volumes, will be found the following:—The wonderful narrative of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough, who claimed on such strong evidence to be a Princess of the House of Orleans, and disputed the identity of Louis Philippe—The story of the humble marriage of the beautiful Countess of Strathmore, and the sufferings and fate of her only child—The Leaders of Fashion, from Gramont to D'Orsay—The rise of the celebrated Baron Ward, now Prime Minister at Parma—The curious claim to the Earldom of Crawford—The Strange Vicissitudes of our Great Families, replete with the most romantic details—The story of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn (the ancestors of the French Empress), and the remarkable tradition associated with them—The Legend of the Lambtons—The verification in our own time of the famous prediction as to the Earls of Mar—Lady Ogilvy's escape—The Beresford and Wynyard ghost stories, &c.

"It were impossible to praise too highly as a work of amusement these two most interesting volumes, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. The volumes are just what ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour. It is not the least of their merits that the romances are founded on fact—or what, at least, has been handed down for truth by long tradition—and the romance of reality far exceeds the romance of fiction. Each story is told in the clear, unaffected style with which the author's former works have made the public familiar."—*Standard*.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM; OR, NARRA-

TIVES, SCENES, AND ANECDOTES FROM COURTS OF JUSTICE. SECOND SERIES. BY PETER BURKE, Esq., of the Inner Temple Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:—Lord Crichton's Revenge—The Great Douglas Cause—Lord and Lady Kinnaird—Marie Delorme and Her Husband—The Spectral Treasure—Murders in Inns of Court—Matthieson the Forger—Trials that established the Illegality of Slavery—The Lover Highwayman—The Accusing Spirit—The Attorney-General of the Reign of Terror—Eccentric Occurrences in the Law—Adventuresses of Pretended Rank—The Courier of Lyons—General Sarrazin's Bigamy—The Elstree Murder—Count Bocarmé and his wife—Professor Webster, &c.

"The favour with which the first series of this publication was received, has induced Mr. Burke to extend his researches, which he has done with great judgment. The incidents forming the subject of the second series are as extraordinary in every respect, as those which obtained so high a meed of celebrity for the first."—*Messenger*.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE. BY WILLIAM

HOWITT. 3 vols. post 8vo. (*Just Ready*).

SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS,

JACOBITE BALLADS, &c. By G. W. THORNBURY. 1 vol. with numerous Illustrations by H. S. MARKS. Elegantly bound. 6s.

"Mr. Thornbury has produced a volume of songs and ballads worthy to rank with Macaulay's or Aytoun's *Lays*."—*Chronicle*. "Those who love picture, life, and costume in song will here find what they love."—*Athenæum*.

POEMS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," "A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN," &c.
1 vol. with Illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER. 10s. 6d. bound.

"A volume of poems which will assuredly take its place with those of Goldsmith, Gray, and Cowper, on the favourite shelf of every Englishman's library. We discover in these poems all the firmness, vigour, and delicacy of touch which characterise the author's prose works, and in addition, an ineffable tenderness and grace, such as we find in few poetical compositions besides those of Tennyson."—*Illustrated News of the World*.

"We are well pleased with these poems by our popular novelist. They are the expression of genuine thoughts, feelings, and aspirations, and the expression is almost always graceful, musical and well-coloured. A high, pure tone of morality pervades each set of verses, and each strikes the reader as inspired by some real event, or condition of mind, and not by some idle fancy or fleeting sentiment."—*Spectator*.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN," &c.

"In 'A Life for a Life' the author is fortunate in a good subject, and she has produced a work of strong effect. The reader, having read the book through for the story, will be apt (if he be of our persuasion) to return and read again many pages and passages with greater pleasure than on a first perusal. The whole book is replete with a graceful, tender delicacy; and, in addition to its other merits, it is written in good, careful English."—*Athenæum*.

"This book is signally the best this author has yet produced. The interest is intense, and is everywhere admirably sustained. Incident abounds, and both dialogue and style are natural and flowing. Great delicacy in the development of character, and a subtle power of self-analysis are conspicuous in 'A Life for a Life,' while the purity of its religious views, and the elevation—the grandeur, indeed—of its dominating sentiments, render its influences in every sense healthy and invigorating."—*The Press*.

"'A Life for a Life' is one of the best of the author's works. We like it better than 'John Halifax.' It is a book we should like every member of every family in England to read."—*Herald*.

REALITIES OF PARIS LIFE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS," &c. 3 vols. with Illustrations. 31s. 6d.

"'Realities of Paris Life' is a good addition to Paris books, and important as affording true and sober pictures of the Paris poor."—*Athenæum*.

"There is much new matter pleasantly put together in these volumes. Their merit will commend itself to all readers."—*Examiner*.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS, FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA. By J. C. JEAFFRESON, Esq. 2 vols. with Portraits. 21s.

THE RIDES AND REVERIES OF MR. ÆSOP SMITH.

By MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S., Author of "Proverbial Philosophy," "Stephen Langton," &c., 1 vol. post 8vo.

"This work will do good service to Mr. Tupper's literary reputation. It combines with lucidity and acuteness of judgment, freshness of fancy and elegance of sentiment. In its cheerful and instructive pages sound moral principles are forcibly inculcated, and everyday truths acquire an air of novelty, and are rendered peculiarly attractive by being expressed in that epigrammatic language which so largely contributed to the popularity of the author's former work, entitled 'Proverbial Philosophy.'"—*Morning Post*.

A MOTHER'S TRIAL. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE," "THE TWO BROTHERS," &c. 1 vol. with Illustrations, by BIRKET FOSTER. 7s. 6d. bound.

"'A Mother's Trial,' by Lady Emily Ponsonby, is a work we can recommend. It breathes purity and refinement in every page."—*Leader*.

SEVEN YEARS.

By JULIA KAVANAGH.
Author of "NATHALIE," 3 vols.

"Nothing can be better of its kind than Miss Kavanagh's 'Seven Years.' The story never flags in interest, so life-like are the characters that move in it, so natural the incidents, and so genuine the emotions they excite in persons who have taken fast hold on our sympathy."—*Spectator*.

LUCY CROFTON.

By the Author of "MARGARET MAITLAND," 1 vol.

"This is a charming novel. The characters are excellent; the plot is well defined and new; and the interest is kept up with an intensity which is seldom met with in these days. The author deserves our thanks for one of the most pleasant books of the season."—*Herald*.

THE WOOD-RANGERS.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

From the French of Louis de Bellemare.
3 vols., with illustrations.

THE LITTLE BEAUTY.

By MRS. GREY.
Author of "THE GAMBLER'S WIFE," 3 v.

MR. AND MRS. ASHETON.

By the Author of "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS," 3 vols.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

By ALISON REED. 3 vols.

"There is a spell and fascination upon one from the first page to the last."—*John Bull*.

ALMOST A HEROINE.

By the Author of "CHARLES AUCHETER," &c. 3 vols.

"This novel is the author's best."—*Herald*.

WAIT AND HOPE.

By JOHN EDMUND READE. 3 vols.

"'Wait and Hope' reminds us of the style of Godwin."—*Athenæum*.

RAISED TO THE PEERAGE.

By MRS. OCTAVIUS OWEN. 3 vols.

"'Raised to the Peerage' possesses very many of the requisites of a really good novel."—*Examiner*.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

By LADY CHARLOTTE PEPPYS, 2 vols.

LETHELIER.

By E. HENRAGE DERRING, Esq.
2 vols.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

By WILKIE COLLINS. 3 vols.

"'The Queen of Hearts' is such a fascinating creature that we cannot choose but follow her through the pages with something of a lover's tenderness. As for the three old men, they are as good in their way as the Brothers Cheeryble of immortal memory."—*Literary Gazette*.

STEPHAN LANGTON.

By MARTIN. F. TUPPER, D.C.L. F.R.S.
Author of "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," &c., 2 vols. with fine engravings.

"These volumes are pre-eminently qualified to attract attention both from their peculiar style and their great ability. The author has long been celebrated for his attainments in literary creation, but the present work is incomparably superior to anything he has hitherto produced."—*Sun*

CREEDS.

By the Author of "THE MORALS OF MAY FAIR," 3 vols.

"This is a novel of strong dramatic situation, powerful plot, alluring and continuous interest, admirably defined characters, and much excellent remark upon human motives and social positions."—*Literary Gazette*.

THE LEES OF BLENDON HALL.

By the Author of "ALICE WENTWORTH."

"A powerful and well-sustained story of strong interest."—*Athenæum*.

NEWTON DOGVANE.

A Story of English Life.

By FRANCIS FRANCIS.

With Illustrations by LEACH. 3 vols.

"A capital sporting novel."—*Chronicle*.

HELEN LINDSAY;

OR, THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

By A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER. 2 vols.

WOODLEIGH.

By the Author of "WILDFLOWER," "ONE AND TWENTY," &c. 3 vols.

BENTLEY PRIORY.

By MRS. HASTINGS PARKER. 3 vols.

"An acquisition to novel-readers from its brilliant descriptions, sparkling style, and interesting story."—*Sun*.

NOW IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR MODERN WORKS.

Each in a single volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

A volume to appear every two months. The following are now ready.

VOL. I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH.

"The first volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions of Popular Modern Works forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type, and good paper, the lesser, but still attractive merits, of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Morning Post*.

"This new and cheap edition of Sam Slick's popular work will be an acquisition to all lovers of wit and humour. Mr. Justice Halliburton's writings are so well known to the English public that no commendation is needed. The volume is very handsomely bound and illustrated, and the paper and type are excellent. It is in every way suited for a library edition, and as the names of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, warrant the character of the works to be produced in their Standard Library, we have no doubt the project will be eminently successful."—*Sun*.

VOL. II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability, better than any former work, we think, of its deservedly successful author. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand, as a gift book in many households."—*Examiner*.

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this, his history, is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and many of the scenes are full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotman*.

VOL. III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review*

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than 'The Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets, and which no other writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."—*Sun*.

VOL. IV.—NATHALIE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant. We should not soon come to an end were we to specify all the delicate touches and attractive pictures which place 'Nathalie' high among books of its class."—*Athenaeum*.

"A tale of untiring interest, full of deep touches of human nature. We have no hesitation in predicting for this delightful tale a lasting popularity, and a place in the foremost ranks of that most instructive kind of fiction—the moral novel."—*John Bull*.

"A more judicious selection than 'Nathalie' could not have been made for Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library. The series as it advances realises our first impression, that it will be one of lasting celebrity."—*Literary Gazette*.

[FOR OTHER VOLUMES SEE NEXT PAGE.]

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY OF CHEAP EDITIONS.

Each in a single volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

(CONTINUED).

VOL. V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner*.

"The author of 'John Halifax' will retain and extend her hold upon the reading and reasonable public by the merits of her present work, which bears the stamp of good sense and genial feeling."—*Guardian*.

"These thoughts are good and humane. They are thoughts we would wish women to think."—*Athenæum*

"This really valuable volume ought to be in every young woman's hand. It will teach her how to think and how to act. We are glad to see it in this Standard Library."—*Literary Gazette*.

VOL. VI.—ADAM GRAEME, OF MOSSGRAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. MARGARET MAITLAND."

"'Adam Graeme' is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The plot is cleverly complicated, and there is great vitality in the dialogue, and remarkable brilliancy in the descriptive passages, as who that has read 'Margaret Maitland' would not be prepared to expect? But the story has a 'mightier magnet still,' in the healthy tone which pervades it, in its feminine delicacy of thought and diction, and in the truly womanly tenderness of its sentiments. The eloquent author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in the life, with a delicacy, a power, and a truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Morning Post*.

"'Adam Graeme' is full of eloquent writing and description. It is an uncommon work, not only in the power of the style, in the interest of the narrative, and in the delineation of character, but in the lessons it teaches."—*Sun*.

VOL. VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"The best of all Judge Haliburton's admirable works. It is one of the pleasantest books we ever read, and we earnestly recommend it."—*Standard*.

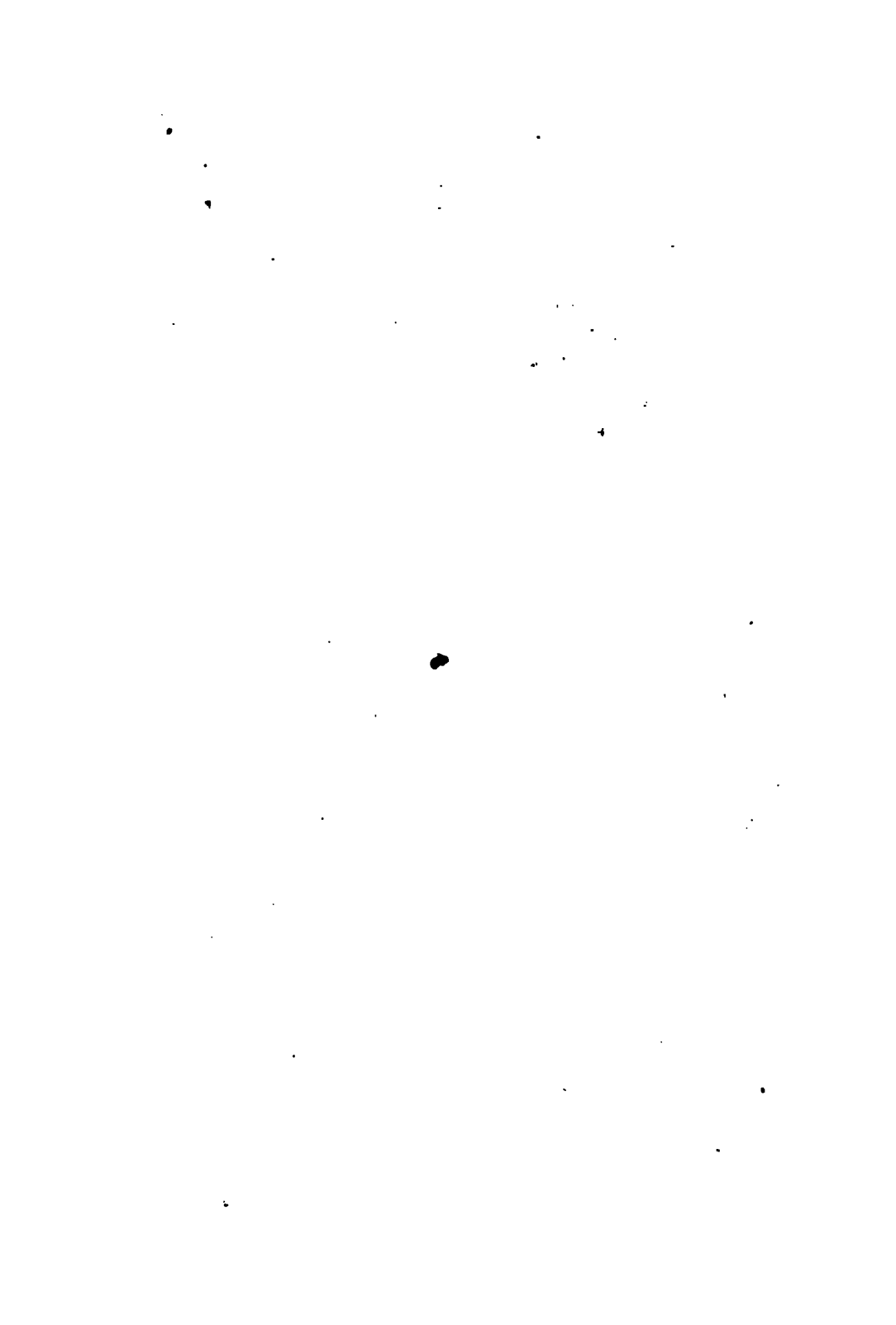
"The humour of Sam Slick is inexhaustible. He is ever and everywhere a welcome visitor; smiles greet his approach, and wit and wisdom bang upon his tongue. The present production is remarkable alike for its racy humour, its sound philosophy, the felicity of its illustrations, and the delicacy of its satire. We promise our readers a great treat from the perusal of these 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances,' which contain a world of practical wisdom, and a treasury of the richest fun."—*Post*.

VOL. VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"There is no dynasty of European sovereigns about which we English entertain so much vague curiosity, or have so little information, as about the successors to the Papedom. Cardinal Wiseman is just the author to meet this curiosity. His book is the lively record of what he has himself seen, and what none but himself, perhaps, has had so good an opportunity of thoroughly estimating. There is a gossiping, all-telling style about the book which is certain to make it popular with English readers."—*John Bull*.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has here treated a special subject with so much generality and geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum*.

"In the description of the scenes, the ceremonies, the ecclesiastical society, the manners and habits of Sacerdotal Rome, this work is unrivalled. It is full of anecdotes. We could fill columns with amusing extracts."—*Chronicle*.



1

2

3



